JAN. 23,
1937

Liberty

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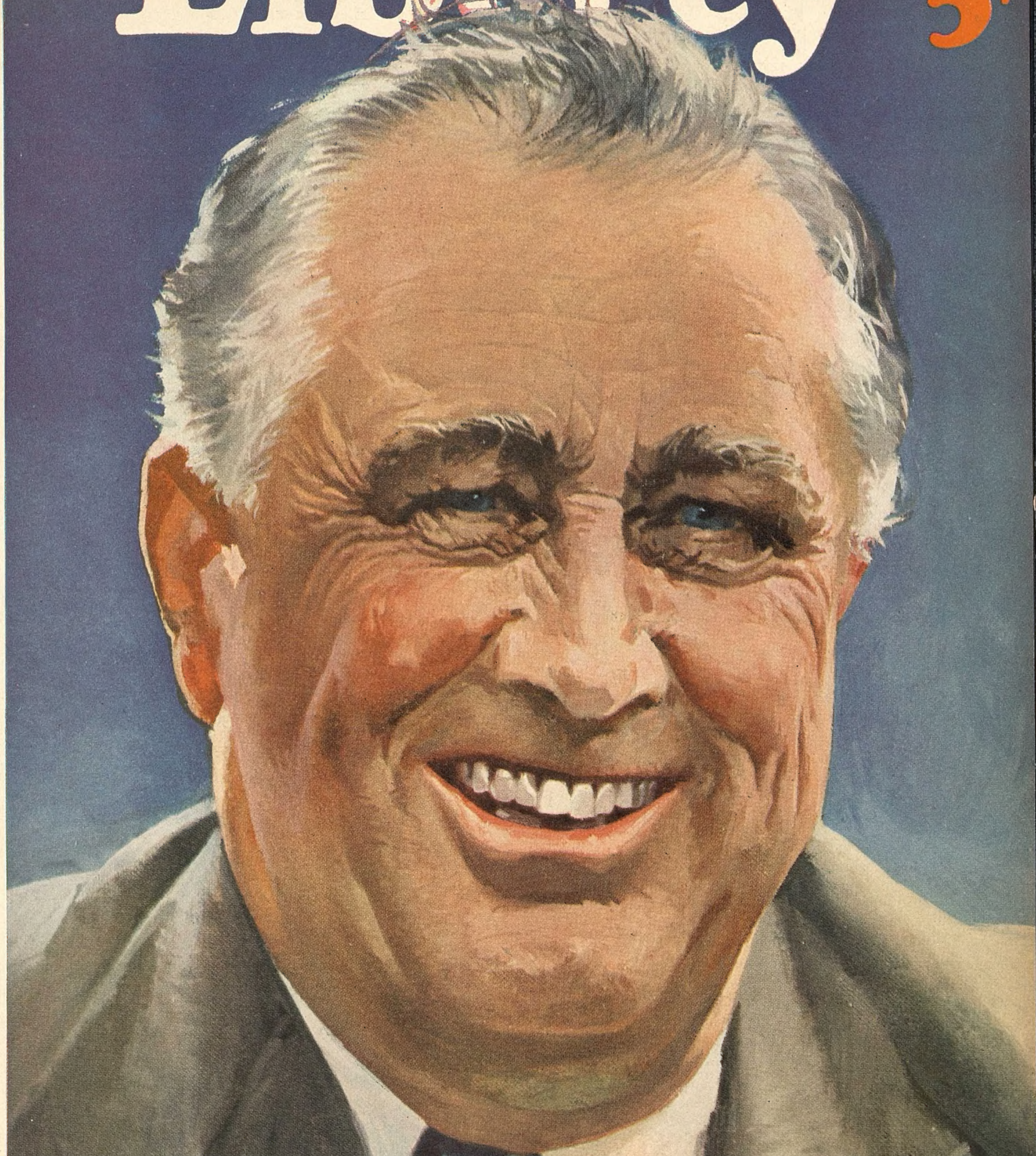

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS ABOUT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

BY Dr. STANLEY HIGH

REE! 60 PONTIACS

1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE AND PONTIAC AUTO RADIO

ALSO 960 THRILLING CASH PRIZES!

6 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS *Enter Each Week*

EACH WEEK 170 PRIZES

10 FIRST PRIZES—*Each a* **PONTIAC** *2-door de Luxe 6 Sedan—Each with 1000 gallons TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF Gasoline—and $53.95 Pontiac Auto Radio FREE. Each Week!*

10 SECOND PRIZES, $50 *each* · **50 THIRD PRIZES, $5** *each*
100 FOURTH PRIZES, $2.50 *each*

GET 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE *FREE!* AS YOU NEED IT!

Wherever you need it . . . in all 48 states! Specifications altered to match the season, the locality . . . to give full mileage and full power.

LOOK! YOU MAY WIN THIS BEAUTIFUL 1937 PONTIAC 2-DOOR DE LUXE 6 SEDAN

e most beautiful thing
wheels . . . enriched with
ore basic advancements
an any 1937 car of its
ice . . . new Unisteel Body
Fisher . . . greater power,
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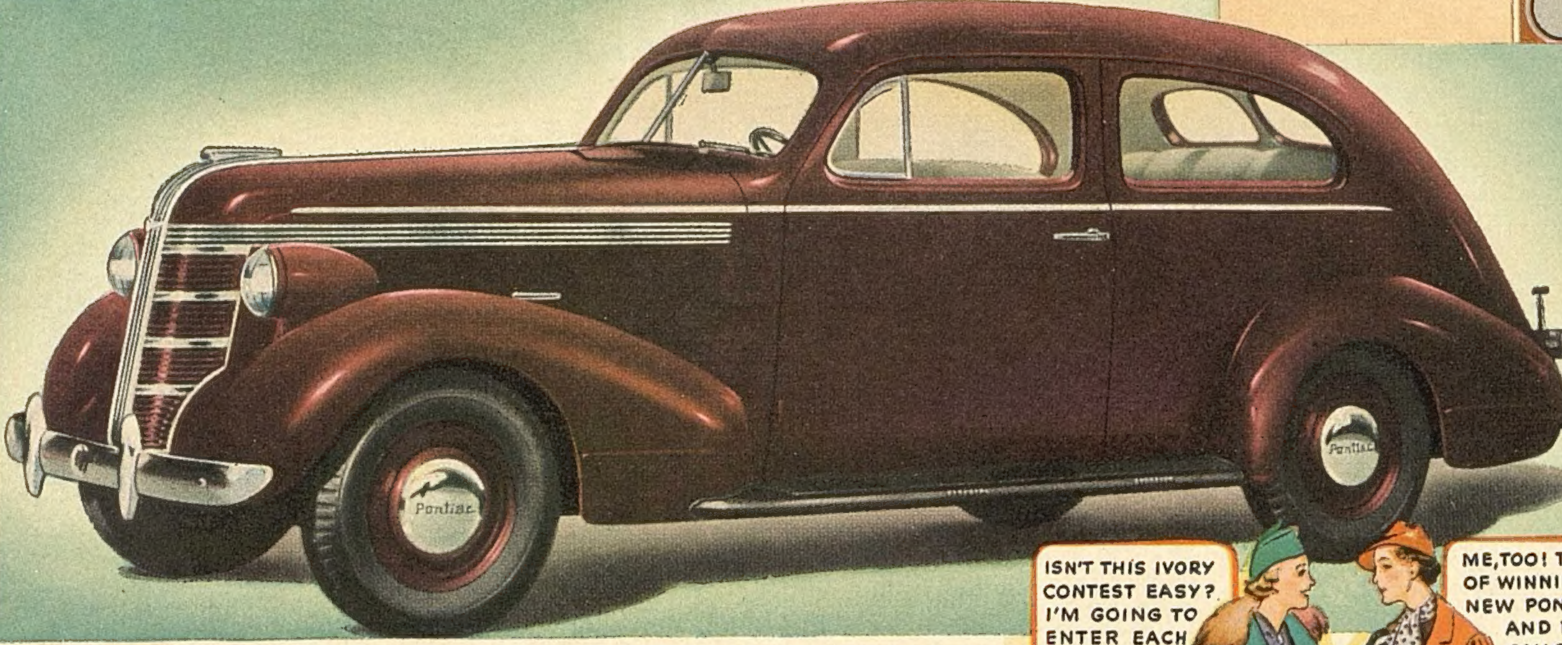
e inches more wheelbase
. America's finest low-
iced car.



ISN'T THIS IVORY CONTEST EASY? I'M GOING TO ENTER EACH WEEK!
ME, TOO! THINK OF WINNING A NEW PONTIAC AND 1000 GALLONS OF FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE!

VIN! START NOW! JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE,

I like Ivory Soap because ________________ (*in 25 additional words or less*)

ew contest each week! Enter now . . enter every week!

Pontiacs! . . . each with Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline to st the average driver a year! . . . each with a Pontiac uto Radio! 960 cash awards! What a *wealth* of prizes!

We chose Pontiacs for distinctive Silver-Streak styling . remarkable economy . . . extra size and roominess . . . eir long list of special safety features.

We chose Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline because you'll *joy* driving your new car on this full-mileage, full-power soline.

We chose Pontiac Auto Radios for their greater power . better sensitivity and selection . . . finer tone!

And all you have to do is finish the sentence that starts in the entry blank . . . in 25 additional words or less.

HINTS TO WIN! Probably you use Ivory for your bath, complexion, shampoo . . . for baby's bath . . . for silks and woolens . . . for dishwashing and smooth hands. So just tell us about it . . . as simply as this:

"*I like Ivory Soap because it's pure, and so kind to the tender skin of my baby I know it's kind to everything it touches.*"

See . . . it's *not* fancy writing that counts. It's *sincerity . . . your own thoughts . . . and clearness!* So, sit down and just "talk on paper" . . . as though you were writing to a friend. Ivory *is* a friend. And one day a letter may come from Procter & Gamble telling you . . . that *you* have won a brand new Pontiac . . . for your own.

TUNE IN ON "THE O'NEILLS" FOR HINTS ON WINNING!

(Here are the times, see your local newspaper for stations)
N. B. C. RED NETWORK
COAST TO COAST
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

Eastern Standard Time, **3:45** P.M.
Central Standard Time, **2:45** P.M.
Mountain Standard Time, **1:45** P.M.
Pacific Standard Time, **12:45** P.M.

Prize-winners will be announced on "The O'Neills" shortly after each contest closes.

ENTRY BLANK

I like Ivory Soap because ________________
____
____
____
____
____
________________ "

INISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS . . . OR LESS

VORY SOAP, Dept. LL-17, Box 28, Cincinnati, O.
Here is my entry for the Ivory Soap Contest. I at-ch the wrappers from one Medium Size cake and ne Large Size cake of Ivory Soap (or facsimiles).

ame________________
treet________________
ity________________ State________

Please enclose the name and address of dealer or dealer's clerk who sold you Ivory Soap

FILL OUT THIS ENTRY BLANK AND MAIL TODAY!
IVORY

99 44/100 % Pure
It Floats

READ THESE EASY RULES:

1. Finish this sentence "I like Ivory Soap because ————————" (in 25 additional words or less). Write your entry on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Be sure to give name and complete address of dealer who sells you Ivory Soap.

2. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra.

3. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest	—Now	Sat. Jan. 23
2nd Contest	—Sun. Jan. 24	Sat. Jan. 30
3rd Contest	—Sun. Jan. 31	Sat. Feb. 6
4th Contest	—Sun. Feb. 7	Sat. Feb. 13
5th Contest	—Sun. Feb. 14	Sat. Feb. 20
6th Contest	—Sun. Feb. 21	Sat. Feb. 27

4. Attach the wrappers from *one Large Size cake and one Medium Size cake* of Ivory Soap (or a facsimile of each) to your entry. Mail to IVORY SOAP, Dept. LL-17, BOX 28, CINCINNATI, O.

5. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight to be eligible for the contest. Those arriving late for one contest will be automatically entered in the next week's contest.

6. Enter each week's contest as often as you choose, but be sure to attach the wrappers from one Medium Size cake and one Large Size cake of Ivory Soap (or facsimiles) to each entry.

7. The contests will be judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore and her associates. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. All entries and the contents thereof become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries will be returned.

8. Any one may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests are limited to the United States only and are subject to all Federal, State and Local Regulations.

9. Prizes to be awarded in each weekly contest are as follows:—Ten First prizes, each a Pontiac de Luxe (6 cylinder) 2-door Sedan, equipped with a Pontiac Auto Radio and accompanied by 1000 gallons of Texaco gasoline. 10 Second prizes of $50 each. 50 Third prizes of $5 each. 100 Fourth prizes of $2.50 each. Every dealer who helps a winner of a first prize will receive $50 in cash.

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

The Widows Know the Technique

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THOUGH we may be censured for envying the royal prerogatives of a king, there are but few women who do not envy the alluring personality possessed by Mrs. Simpson.

The world has never produced a superdrama that has aroused more interest than the abdication of King Edward, due to his love for this charming woman.

Every American woman should swell up with pride at the thought that what England would call a "commoner" has won the love of the former King of England.

The American press has gone to the limit in describing this Baltimore girl, who seems to have been reared in accordance with the ordinary American standards. And when a man who could make his choice from the most bewitching beauties of the world has his head turned by this fascinating divorcee, it must be admitted that her feminine attractions must indeed be unusual.

Now, what is the secret? Why did Mrs. Simpson stand out above all other competitors who have in the last twenty years or more tried to win the affections of the former Prince of Wales?

We might repeat that the widows know the technique. But the former king has doubtless come in contact with many widows, and it is apparent that marriage has never previously entered his mind.

There was seemingly a hypnotic charm about this particular lady that intrigued him beyond all others.

Therefore, what's the answer?

If we could induce Mrs. Simpson to write her beauty secrets, much valuable information might be obtained. But she is apparently a normal, unusually intelligent, healthy woman. In the movies recently her swimming indicated she might be termed athletic. That would insure her the animation and the aliveness which is first of all necessary to win the admiration of the opposite sex.

Then, she has been married twice and she should understand the masculine mind.

And to win a king, what woman would not "stoop to conquer" in such a situation?

Now, the intricate technique of enticing masculinity can hardly be learned without experience.

But the fundamental principles back of it all are the instincts of highly developed femininity founded on superb health, with the masculine appreciation which brings romance to life.

Such feminine charms cannot be acquired solely in the beauty parlors. And it is indeed commendable to note that expert operators are now everywhere recognizing that beauty, after all, is simply a manifestation of the surging forces of buoyant health, and they are everywhere advising their patrons that cosmetics and the various wares of the beauty salon are merely adjuncts.

The prudery of bygone years, which looked upon the body as obscene, accompanied by voluminous clothing and health-destroying tight corsets, has been mostly eliminated. But much of the elemental knowledge necessary to fully bring out feminine allurements is not common property.

The compelling force of sex attraction which brings marriage and builds homes would not end in the divorce courts so frequently if these subjects were discussed more freely, not only in adult life but beginning even in the youthful impressionable period.

False modesty has destroyed the lives of millions of people and some of its vile products are still with us. In the vulgar imagery of the past, even the source of life was veiled in the vilest mystery.

But if it could be generally understood that womanly attractions are an innate common possession, and that they automatically appear if one will lead a normal, healthy, wholesome life, much feminine worry would be avoided.

Bernarr Macfadden

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UNANSWERED QUESTIONS *About the President-Elect*

From One of Roosevelt's Most Trusted Advisers . . . A Further Authoritative Survey of Plans and Policies by the Author of Liberty's Recent Forecast . . .

Dr. STANLEY HIGH

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE is an old saying among newspapermen that the President—any President—is always news. But not any President is always news in the Franklin D. Roosevelt sense. His four years have been headline years. No other Chief Executive—in war or peace— has been so much and so continuously a front-page President. He has been that because both his acts and his personality have been "front-page stuff."

And if there was anything lacking in the newspapers, the radio supplied it. For four years, in millions of American homes, the declaration at the supper table that "the President is on the air tonight" has been enough to alter the plans for the evening in order to enable the family to listen in. Probably some of these families did not like what the President said. But all of them wanted to hear him say it.

The result is that at the beginning of his second administration Franklin D. Roosevelt is not only a household word: he is a household personality to the vast majority of the American people.

But even with the newspapers and the radio, the President and the Presidency are still remote. Today, on the eve of his second inauguration, the American public wants to know about Franklin D. Roosevelt—what he will say, how he will say it, what he will reveal of his plans for the next four years. And the day after his inauguration the editorial columns of the press will carry countless thousands of words, interpreting, one way or another, his declarations of policy.

In general, I suppose, the American people will want to know whether the New Deal is to go on—whether the policies of economic reform begun in the last four years are to be continued, and whether new policies of a similar sort are to be introduced. I am certain that that question can be answered with a very positive "yes." The President's policies will not change because his objectives will not change.

I have heard Mr. Roosevelt's critics argue that the President's interest in "the forgotten man," his appeal to the "masses," his economic liberalism and social vision were merely evidence of his political shrewdness and not expressions of his own convictions. Since the election I have heard these critics contend that now—because it is no longer necessary to garner votes—the President will "swing to the right." By that they mean that he will drop his advocacy of social justice, dissociate himself from the cause of the underprivileged, and take his stand with "his own kind" among the Knickerbocker Club and the Union League Bourbons.

But those who cherish that hope forget both the President's ancestry and his own career. The President is proud of his forebears. He is particularly proud of the fact that so many of them were political nonconformists. Among the traditional conservatives of Dutchess County they refused to "stay put." Mr. Roosevelt's own father was a Lincoln Democrat. To have been a Democrat at all among the rich landowners of the Hudson Valley required a good deal of courage. But to have been a Lincoln Democrat in 1863 was reckoned even worse than to have been a New Deal Republican in 1936.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt went to Albany as a youthful member of the state Senate he had a nonconformist precedent to maintain. He maintained it with great enthusiasm, not for the sake of the precedent, but because, like his father, he was temperamentally inclined to take the side of the underdog. In Albany he forthwith jumped into the middle of the fight with the traction interests—not with the interests but—and to the horror of some of the neighbors—against them. He has been fighting them—or their equally selfish successors—ever since.

The President was only a boy when his father died. But there must have been a very deep understanding between the two. After a lapse of many years one has the feeling that his father is still a living and very vital influence in the President's life. The bitter hostility of many of the President's long-time friends—his Harvard classmates and some of his long-time family friends—has been more than compensated for by the conviction that his father would have understood the New Deal and approved it.

Moreover, this liberalism which was always a part of the fundamental point of view of Franklin D. Roosevelt was unquestionably strengthened and intensified by the long illness from which he suffered. It is psychologically true that such experiences either destroy a man's sympathies or greatly enlarge them. In the case of the President this was an enlarging and deepening experience.

No, there will be no "swing to the right" in so far as that means an abandonment, even in part, of the social and economic objectives of the New Deal. Neither will there be a swing to the left. There will be—as much as that is humanly possible—a continuance of that middle-of-the-road program which refuses to go the way of either the reactionary or the radical. That, in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, is the only genuinely conservative course, and he regards himself as a conservative.

So far as further New Deal legislation is concerned, that, of course, is difficult to forecast. It is certainly probable that legislative measures will be proposed to strengthen weak spots in laws already passed. There will be some changes in the Social Security Act. The existing utility legislation is likely to be made more stringent. Measures will be proposed, and probably passed, which will broaden the present crop-conservation law to make a more adequate long-time program for agriculture.

I doubt very much if in the realm of economic reform we will have any drastically new legislation. Some of the key measures of the first administration were declared unconstitutional, particularly those which had to do with the regulation of industry. New laws in this field will be

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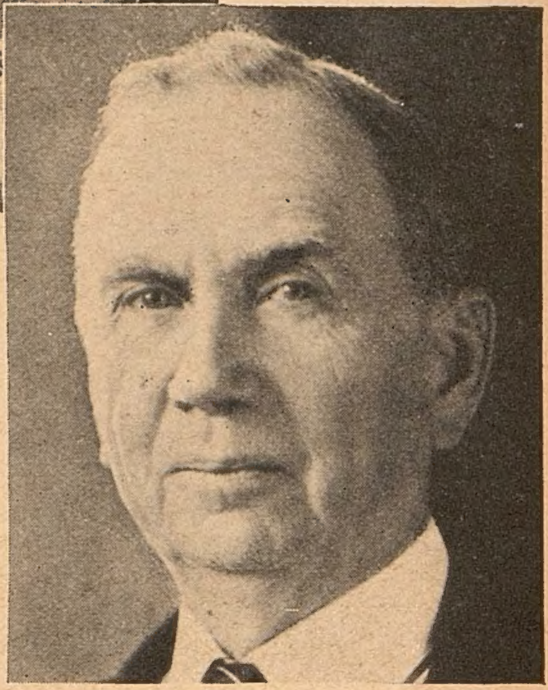
Cabinet members who cannot quit: Miss Perkins and, below, Dan Roper.

Harry L. Hopkins, WPA head (below), may be offered a new cabinet post.

Pictures, Inc., photo



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proposed in the hope that they will be upheld by the Supreme Court. But I do not believe that there are any big surprises in the Presidential folder. In general, the New Deal is already on the statute books. What is required now is not so much more legislation as tightened administration. That, I think, will be forthcoming.

But, aside from party bickerings, the present session of Congress is likely to be both short and sweet. That certainly will be the President's plan for it.

A great deal of speculation is under way now about governmental reorganization. The President is committed to such reorganization in so far as it will increase the efficiency of government operations. I expect to see a proposal for the creation of a new cabinet post: the Public Welfare Department. Under this head will be grouped the administration of relief, social security, the Bureau of Education, and, perhaps, public works. The Department of the Interior, in such a case, will probably be changed to the Department of Conservation.

IT is most likely that the new cabinet post—the Public Welfare Department—will be offered to Harry Hopkins, who has done what will eventually be agreed is a splendid job in the administration of the Works Progress Administration. Mr. Hopkins is very close to the President. He is unquestionably loyal. He is a hard worker. And no man in Washington has the more enthusiastic support of his immediate associates.

I do not believe that there will be any such wholesale cabinet shake-up as is sometimes suggested. The President does not like to make changes in personnel. He particularly does not like to make such changes after widely publicized suggestions have been made that he should make them. Miss Perkins will not be allowed to quit. She is under fire. Dan Roper will not be allowed to quit. He, too, is under fire. Perhaps when this second term has gone on for its first year there may be major cabinet changes. But not now.

In a previous Liberty article I indicated that the President's greatest achievements in his second term may be in the realm of foreign affairs. After his long-debated South American trip and its signal success, I am more than ever convinced that that will be the case. Before his second term is ended—and barring another world war in the interim—it is likely that the good offices of the government of the United States or, at least, the personal influence of the President will be exerted toward the lessening of the war perils in other parts of the world.

This does not mean involving this country in foreign political entanglements. Mr. Roosevelt is deeply opposed to such entanglements. He knows, also, that our influence in world affairs is in almost exact proportion to our aloofness from the imbroglios that threaten the world's peace.

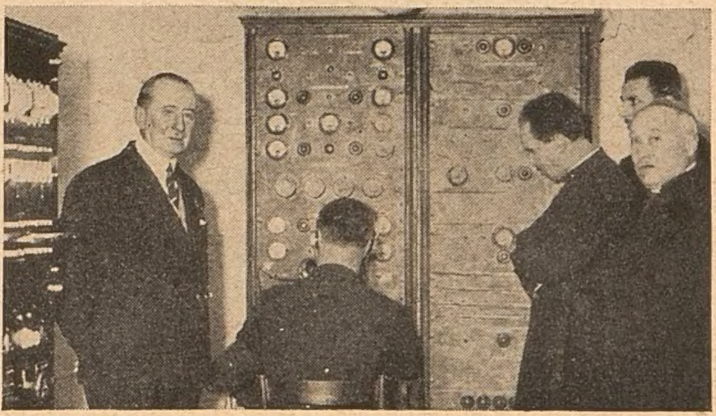
That aloofness will be further safeguarded probably during the present session of Congress. More effective neutrality legislation is almost sure to be proposed and passed. The effort to bring the munitions makers more directly under government control will continue. It is not at all improbable that during the next four years the first steps will be taken looking toward the complete nationalization of the munitions industry.

Such proposals will go hand in hand with a policy of adequate national defense. Committed to disarmament though he is, the President is unalterably against any reductions, particularly in our naval forces, that are not simultaneous with similar reductions in the forces of the other chief naval powers. If the other nations continue to increase the size of their fleets, Mr. Roosevelt's administration will match those increases. In this we will not set the building pace. But as a precautionary measure in a world that is unbalanced we will continue to build after and only in such amount as other nations build.

For the immediate future, however, the major effort of the second Roosevelt administration will be made in the field of government finances. If it is within the power of the federal government to prevent it—and it probably is—there will be no inflation. On the contrary we are likely to see a regime of economy unmatched even in the days of Calvin Coolidge. When it comes to the question of a balanced budget it must be borne in mind that the President's ancestry is Dutch and that the Dutch are a notably frugal people. Mr. Roosevelt believes in Dutch housekeeping. There will be no change in his policy of providing work for the unemployed and greater security for the underprivileged. But there is certain to be an increased scrutiny of government expenditures, and a lopping off of unnecessary services. The administrators who survive in this second administration will have to be economy-conscious.

THE END

FAITH
Is Man's Bridge to Infinity


Marconi (left) directing a test of the short-wave radio system he arranged for the Pope.

Marconi, Wizard of the Wireless, Confesses His Creed—"Science Is But a Lantern in a Forest!"

by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MARCONI is a devout Christian. When Mussolini restored the sovereignty of the Pope, it was Marconi who arranged for the Holy Father a marvelous wireless system enabling him to speak without interference to the city and to the world.

The Pope made Marconi a member of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences; Mussolini appointed him president of the National Research Council of the Royal Academy of Italy and a member of the State Council; the King of Italy made him a senator and a marquis. The son of an Irish mother and an Italian father, the vivacity of both races animates his keen features. In 1912 an accident deprived him of one eye. Science and his own energy enable him to do with the other the work of two.

Marconi did not promulgate the theory of wireless telegraphy, but—in the opinion of a judge of the United States Circuit Court—he was the first to describe and the first to achieve "the transmission of definite intelligible signals by means of the hertzian rays."

"Man's ability to communicate with his own kind and to record his experiences," Senator Marconi remarked, "is one of the chief differences between him and the animals. How difficult lion hunting would be if lions could communicate with each other! How awkward for hunters if the lions could record their experiences!

"As wireless communication becomes more and more part and parcel of our lives, we shall soon be able to talk to any one anywhere in the world. Yet I sent the first wireless message less than forty years ago!

"The future of the radio belongs to the short wave and to the so-called micro wave. It is a great question how many more high-power wireless stations the ether can accommodate. The micro wave, with which I am experimenting, gives a new range to wireless communication. A few years ago we thought we knew everything there was to be known about radio. Today we realize that we were mistaken.

"Man's foot has hardly reached the first rung of the ladder of all knowledge. The topmost rung is hidden in the clouds. But there is no doubt that, in spite of occasional tumbles, man is ascending the ladder."

"Do you think," I asked, "that progress has brought happiness to mankind?"

"Life in the ancient world was grim for the masses. Today, in spite of economic convulsions, the masses of the people are better off. I am not sure that they are happier."

"Being at home in both Italy and England, do you think that democracy or dictatorship is the more conducive to human felicity?"

"Democracy," Marconi replied, "is the safest for those who govern, but not necessarily the best form of government. That form seems to be the corporative state, which is being evolved in Italy. In the corporation, capital and labor find equally important places and work together under the control of the state for the welfare of the people and the increase of the nation's power.

"The great forward strides in human progress are made by individuals, not by groups. No committee could write Shakespeare or Dante. No committee, however wise, could take the place of Michelangelo. In science, too, no great invention ever comes through boards or committees. Such democratic institutions are more likely to check than to stimulate progress."

"But," I said, "in America democracy has been a success."

"America needed leaders like Washington and Lincoln to interpret her yearnings. In science, at any rate, only the individual advances. Others may have held the same idea on wireless as I, but I had more faith."

"Do you believe that science will be able to prolong human life beyond its present span?"

"That is by no means impossible. Biologically, old age and death are probably not a necessity."

"Do you believe in survival of the individual soul?"

"I could not reconcile its destruction with the economy of the universe."

"Would you say that electricity furnishes the key to the riddle of the universe?"

"Science can do much. It cannot give us the key to the absolute. In the end, faith, not science, must be our guide.

"I do not," he added, "depreciate science. Science enables man to know the fantastic velocity of the stars, the infinitely great in the immensity of space, and the infinitely little in the minute complexity of the atom. Yet the human brain must borrow the symbols of mathematics to express the knowledge thus acquired. Overwhelmed by the cosmos, we are unable to form a concrete idea of its enormous mechanism in our limited minds.

"If we consider the phenomenon of life, the feeling of our incapacity to grasp it is confirmed. Both life and death are, for us, a book sealed with seven seals.

"Chemistry goes deeply into the study of vital phenomena. Physics isolates novel forms of energy. The task of neither science is finished. But every new step discloses new marvels. The X ray, cosmic ray, and other rays play an important part in our vital processes.

"Perhaps less apparent, but not less interesting, is the influence of radiations which physicists have not yet uncovered. They comprise an extended scale. And the infra-red rays, the ultraviolet ray, and innumerable rays from radioactive substances have not yet given up all their secrets. There is not a cosmic corpuscle but influences in some way our life.

"But science is hardly more than the dim light of a pocket lantern in the black forest through which mankind painfully gropes its way to God. Only faith can bridge the gulf between man and infinity."

THE END

Lots ABOUT Love

by OSCAR GRAEVE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A Tale of a Mythical Romeo, Two Meddling Men, and a Girl Who Got What She Wanted

MYRTLE COSTELLO knew what she wanted all right, but the trouble was she didn't know how to get it. Or that's what we thought. That's why we tried to help her. What she wanted was Thornton Van Slack, her boss. Our boss, too. Bill Appleton's and mine.

It was a cozy little business that we were all engaged in: The Colonial Silver Company. Salesrooms and showrooms on Park Avenue. Very elegant and exclusive, catering only to a limited list of the finest department and jewelry stores. Silver bowls, platters, tea and coffee sets, flat silver. All sterling too. None of your plated ware for the Colonial Silver Company.

Thornton Van Slack had inherited the business from his father, who, in turn, had inherited it from his father, and so on. Thornton had certainly been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but now he kept it in his pocket, tightly clasped. That's how he owned and controlled the business.

Bill Appleton was Van Slack's business manager. I was the advertising manager. And both of us were young, a little irresponsible and slightly devil-may-care. Or that's what we liked to think.

The beautiful and, to be kind, let's call her naïve Myrtle, when she had first been hired as a secretary, had given Bill an appraising eye. For Bill was tall and dark and slender and looked as if he had a lot of money even if he hadn't. But after a few preliminary skirmishes Bill persuaded Myrtle somehow that all women were poison to him and that he had no intention of getting married for the next ten or maybe twenty years. But she and Bill became good friends.

She used Bill as a sort of father confessor, for Myrtle felt she needed advice, which, Heaven knows, she did. But maybe not Bill's. As for me, Myrtle always regarded me as if I were something that had been delivered by mistake.

Anyway, before long, Myrtle's ambitious eyes had fastened upon Thornton Van Slack—upon the old boy himself. And he, in an embarrassed way, was becoming acutely conscious of Myrtle's beauty. And she was beautiful. Make no mistake about that. She had the fresh loveliness of an apple tree when in the spring it first bursts into pink-and-white bloom. She was a dream, a promise, a vision.

She soon found out, too, that behind his Bond Street clothes and his puffy pomposity, Thornton was really only a shy fattish little man, so ridiculously afraid of women that that was why, perhaps, he had never married. And that knowledge lured her on. But she didn't realize what she was up against.

For another reason Thornton had never married was because he had a mama whom he feared and worshiped. Also, on his own, he had some exceedingly snooty ideas about his own proud birth and name and the position they gave him in society. He was one of the original “It's really not done” boys.

But maybe these obstacles did not discourage Myrtle because she was so naïve she could not appreciate what formidable obstacles they were.

“Mr. Van Slack told me his family was one of the original settlers, Bill,” Myrtle said one day. “What's that mean?”

“It means that his Dutch grandpa came over in the Mayflower and discovered tobacco growing in Virginia.”

Myrtle was thoughtful for a moment. It was unusual for Myrtle to be thoughtful. Finally she said, “Well, I don't see what he's got on me. My grandpa came over from Ireland and, after a while, bought the house in Dominick Street where we're still living. Only, the saloon isn't there any more. It's a store now.”

“Too bad,” said Bill.

“What's too bad?”

“Too bad the saloon isn't there any more. There's nothing like a good old-fashioned saloon in one's background.”

“Oh, Bill!” she cried, her cerulean blue eyes wide. “I think you're kidding me. Don't kid me. This is serious.”

That made Bill serious. “Myrtle, you really don't think you can snatch old Van Slack, do you? Why, in his opinion, and in his mama's too, he'd be condescending if he married a Vere de Vere.”

“I don't know what a Vere de Vere is,” Myrtle said stubbornly, “but I think Mr. Van Slack likes me. He's asked me to have dinner with him.”

“All I can say is you'd better watch your step, kid,” said Bill.

WE did not learn much more of the Costello-Van Slack affair until Bill himself saw them dining together in one of those expensive intimate little restaurants in Fifty-second Street that used to be speakeasies. They didn't see Bill. They were, he said, too much engrossed in each other.

“We'll have to look into this, Dick,” Bill said to me. “Maybe we'll have to sound the storm warnings for Myrtle. She's a nice kid even if she is dumb. Let's ask her to lunch.”

Myrtle accepted our invitation eagerly. But she said, “Where are we going? Maybe I'd better meet you down on the corner. It wouldn't look right if we all went out together, would it? He might see us.”

“He's jealous, is he?” asked Bill.

“Oh, terribly!” said Myrtle with complacency.

“Then we'll meet under the old oak at midnight,” said Bill.

“I thought this was for lunch,” said Myrtle, puzzled.

“Oh, Myrtle!” said Bill sadly. “We'll meet in the lobby of the Sherman Hotel at twelve thirty. No one goes there. Better write it down.”

“O. K.,” said Myrtle. “I'll write it down in shorthand. He can't read that.”

“Myrtle, sometimes I think you're kidding me,” said Bill.

“And why not?” asked Myrtle gaily.

We gave Myrtle a nice luncheon in the dingy old Sherman Hotel where the food, however, was remarkably good. We broke all rules and had a cocktail first, followed by stuffed lobster baked in the shell, potatoes cooked in some tricky way, and a salad to knock your eye out.

And we were discreet about Thornton until Myrtle was well stuffed and expansive with stuffed lobster. Then Bill asked, “How goes the campaign?”

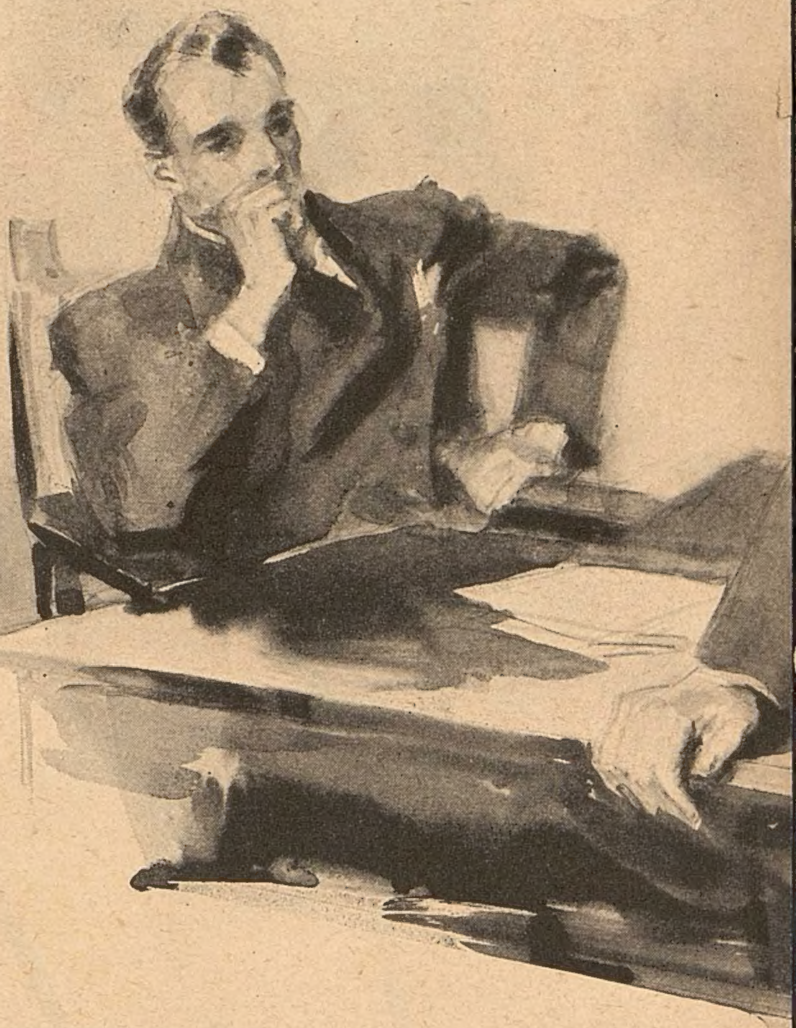
“What campaign?” Myrtle asked.

“I mean General Costello's attack on the old Van Slack fortress,” said Bill. “If she doesn't understand that, Dick, you tell her.”

“He means how are you and Mr. Van Slack getting along,” I explained.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES

Myrtle was doubtful about the letter. “It doesn't sound quite ladylike,” she said.



Myrtle looked doubtful. “I don't know as I ought to tell you,” she said. “I don't think that Thorny would like it.”

“Thorny!” Bill exclaimed. “Is that what you call him?”

“Well, it's awfully hard to make a pet name out of Thornton,” Myrtle said.

“Yeh, and it's awfully hard to make a pet out of a Van Slack,” said Bill. “But maybe you're the gal to do it, my sweet. How long have you been calling him Thorny? Did he hear you?”

“Of course he heard me!” Myrtle said indignantly. “He heard me and he liked it. He says all his life he's been starved for affection.”

Bill put his head down on the table and groaned. “I can't take it!” he muttered.

“I don't think you're very nice,” Myrtle said, “always kidding, or something. I don't think I'll tell you about going to Thorny's apartment.”

That brought Bill to. He sat up straight and a little angry.

“He took you to his apartment?” he demanded.

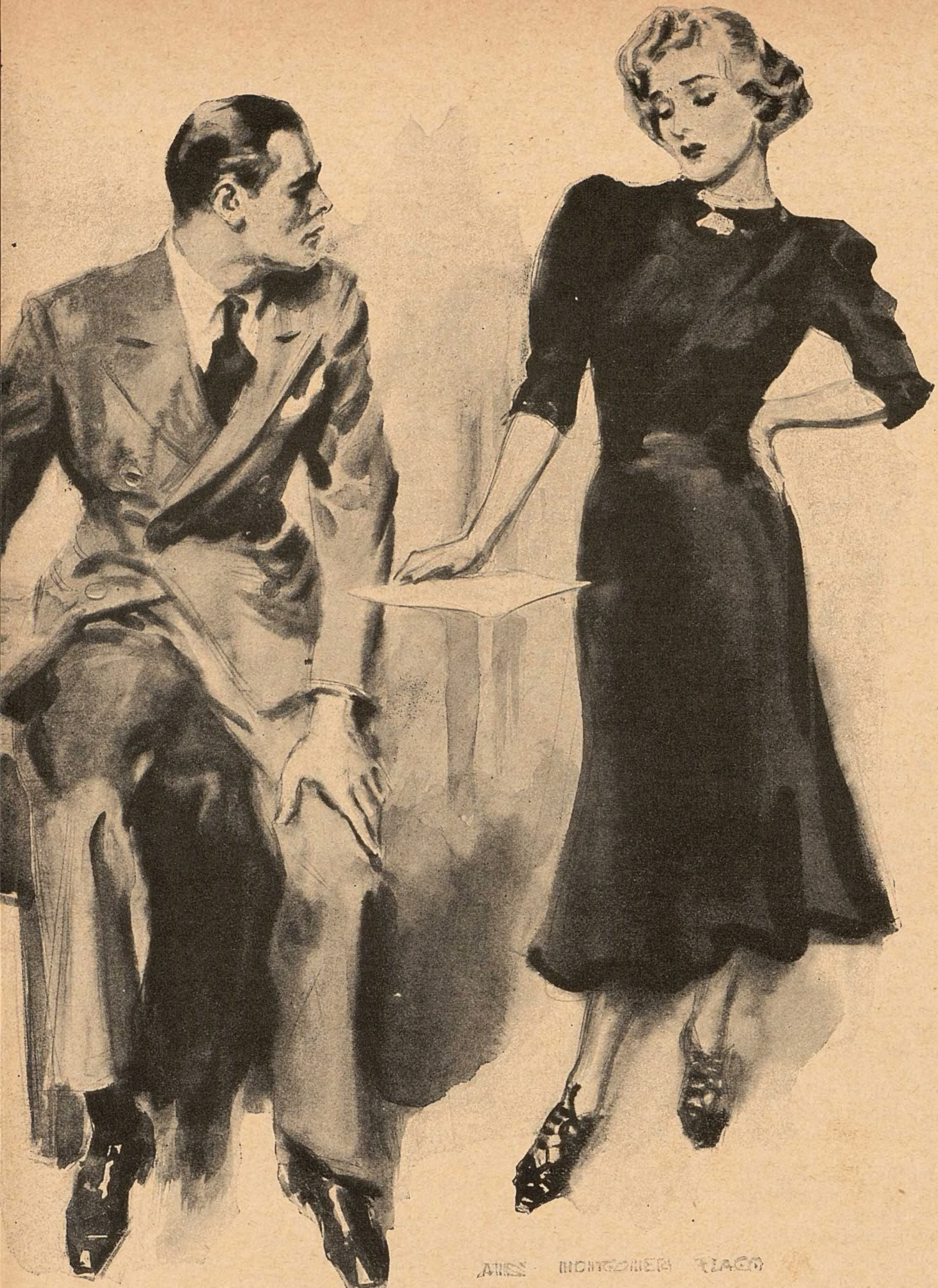
“Yes. I asked him to take me. I wanted to see it.”

“Go on!” said Bill urgently.

“Well, nobody was home,” said Myrtle, “not even the servants. He told me he'd waited for a night when he'd be sure of that, and that made me mad and I told him I wasn't sure it was all right for a lady to visit a gentleman in his apartment when none of his folks were home, and then—”

“And then—” Bill exploded.

“And then he explained that his mother—she's the only folks he's got—was a little peculiar and old-fashioned and thought a great deal about family and things like that. So I forgave him and let him hold my hand and rub my



arm for a while until he got sort of purple, so I thought we'd better go."

"High time, too," said Bill. "I wish he'd got so purple he'd burst. Then where did you go?"

"We went to a movie."

"And is that all?" asked Bill.

"Yes. What did you expect?" said Myrtle, looking at us with her wide childlike gaze. "I guess Thorny's a little afraid of his mother."

"I guess you're right," Bill agreed, "and I guess you don't know what that's going to do to your matrimonial ambitions, my pet. Do you really and truly want to marry this souvenir of old Knickerbocker days, Myrtle?"

"Well, I like Thorny a lot," said Myrtle; "that is, he isn't so bad. And ever since I was in high school I decided that some day I'd marry somebody swell. That's why my family let me have all that education. They knew I had the looks, but they needed polish, my family said. And you don't meet many swell people in Dominick Street."

"That's because the saloon's gone," said Bill.

"Now, Bill, please stop kidding," said Myrtle. "I don't like all this kidding about Thorny and me. It hurts my feelings."

"WELL, if you really expect to land him over mama's objections," said Bill, "we'll have to think of a plan. We'll have to get Thorny worried in one way or another. Otherwise all he'll do for the rest of his life and yours is sit in the dark corners of restaurants, hold your hand, and get purple. That's about all the guts Thorny has for an affair anyway."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about him in that way," said Myrtle.

"Somehow I can't believe a girl as young and lovely as you could really fall for that old dodo," said Bill.

"Oh, Bill, do you think I'm lovely?" said Myrtle in a glow. "That's the first time you've ever said it."

"We'll let it pass," said Bill. "Maybe you do like Thorny, although I can't see why. But, on the other hand, why do you think you'd make him a good wife?"

"Why wouldn't I make any man a good wife?" Myrtle countered with annoyance. "I'm young and lovely—you said so yourself. I'm nice and cheerful nearly always. I'm a good cook and I'd make a good mother. I love children. What more could any man ask?"

Bill looked thoughtful. "It's a good sales talk anyway, Myrtle," he admitted at last. "I didn't know you had it in you. Well, Dick and I will try to think of some sound way of winning your man."

Late that afternoon Bill and I got together and discussed this plan and that.

"If Thorny hears about this, Bill," I said, "we'll both lose our jobs."

"We're in too deep to stop now," said Bill. "Besides, I've got that standing offer from the LaPointe Silver Company to go with them."

"Yeh, that's fine!" I said. "That's lovely! But what about me and my job?"

"Oh, I'll shoulder the blame somehow," said Bill carelessly. "Don't worry. If the worst comes to the worst Thorny will demand the sacrifice of only one goat, not the whole flock. As a matter of fact we're doing Thorny a good turn. He should be thankful to us for trying to get him over his mama complex. And, so far as that goes, Myrtle will be a much better wife than he deserves."

"You're not falling for Myrtle yourself, are you?" I asked scoffingly.

"Certainly not!" Bill shouted angrily, and then added in a more subdued voice, "But I wish to hell she wasn't so good-looking."

Anyway we finally invented Patrick O'Day. Patrick O'Day, as we imagined him, was Myrtle's childhood sweetheart, a broth of a bhoy, a fine upstanding young Irish-American who had done remarkably well both in politics and in the contracting business. He was, he always had been, passionately devoted to Myrtle, and until the swell Thornton Van Slack had come along Myrtle had always thought that some day . . .

Bill and I gloated over Patrick O'Day. We loved that broth of a bhoy. Upstanding and independent as he was, he was ours and we could mold him to our purpose. But it was a little difficult to make Myrtle understand.

"But, darling," said Bill, "don't you see you've got to play on Thorny's jealousy? You said he was jealous."

"He is. He don't even like me to talk to you boys as much as I do," said Myrtle. "He spoke to me about it."

"But, listen, Myrtle," said Bill. "You've got to get him agitated. You've got to get action. You must have competition. Competition is the life of trade."

"What's his name?" asked Myrtle.

"Whose name?"

"The name of this fellow who's supposed to be crazy about me."

"Patrick O'Day."

"Maybe I'll forget it."

"Write it down, my innocent," said Bill; "write it down in shorthand."

"O. K.," said Myrtle.

"And the next time Thorny asks you to have dinner with him, say you can't go. Say you're having dinner with Pat O'Day, your childhood sweetheart. Tell him all about Pat. Spill it."

At last Myrtle agreed—but reluctantly.

Yet, judging from Myrtle's report later, Patrick O'Day worked very well. "Thorny asked me a million questions about him," she said. "He asked me so many questions that I was dizzy."

"How did you answer them?" Bill asked.

"I didn't answer them," said Myrtle; "I didn't know how. After the first few I just sort of shook my head and smiled. Anyway, I know when to keep my mouth shut."

"And that's the beginning of wisdom," said Bill. "Myrtle, we're proud of you. But did Thorny seem jealous of Pat?"

"He squeezed my hand and looked sad," said Myrtle.

"I don't know whether that sounds promising or not," said Bill doubtfully. "Still, I think we're working along the right lines."

"Yes, if it wasn't for his mother," said Myrtle. "It's his mother that makes him afraid to come through."

"You'll have to run away with him," said Bill; "get married on the quiet and not let his mother know anything about it until you've got the marriage certificate signed and framed and hung on the parlor wall."

"Yes, that's what I think," said Myrtle. "That's what I planned."

BUT at this critical stage something unfortunate happened. Thornton Van Slack decided his annual trip to call personally upon some of his most important customers was overdue. Once a year he appeared before these customers to shed upon them, benignly and in person, the prestige of the Van Slack name and fortune. They expected it. Or that's what he fondly imagined. He had to call upon firms in Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and Chicago.

"Just when he was almost ready to pop," said Myrtle tearfully on the day of Thornton's departure. "Do you suppose he's running out on me, Bill? Do you suppose he's going away so's he can forget me?"

"Oh, he won't forget you," said Bill, patting her shoulder, and patting it, I thought, a little too tenderly. "He won't find much affection in Pittsburgh or Buffalo or even Chicago. Not Thorny. He's not the type those cities love. Respect, yes. But love, no!"

"And he told me I had to write him," said Myrtle, brightening; "he told me I had to write him every day."

"That's fine," said Bill. "You've no reason to worry, Myrtle."

"The letters worry me," said Myrtle. "You boys have got to help me. I never was any good at writing letters all by myself. I wouldn't know what to say—not every day."

"YOU actually mean you want us to write your letters?" Bill asked in amazement.

"Well, certainly you can help me," said Myrtle. "I write awfully dumb letters. I know it. Maybe Thorny will think I am dumb when he reads my letters. I don't want him to think that. And if you help me, he won't. Both you and Dick write swell letters. It will be easy for you to think of things to say. You and Dick can take turns."

"But, Myrtle, you don't realize what you're asking. What in the world can we write to Thorny?"

"Oh, just put in lots about love," said Myrtle. "Thorny likes lots about love."

Bill undertook Myrtle's first love letter:

DEAR, DARLING THORNY [he wrote]—It's only a day since you left me, but even so I miss you very much. It's been a beautiful day, too, but I just sit here looking out of the window and thinking of you, that is, when Mr. Appleton and Mr. Campbell don't keep me busy writing letters, as they both seem to have a great deal of work to do in your absence.

Those boys certainly work hard and they're nice boys, too—never fresh or anything, if you know what I mean. Or I used to think they were nice until you and I got to know each other so well and I found you were even nicer.

I am going to lead a very quiet life while you are gone and go to bed early every night like a good girl and get my beauty sleep, although some people say I'm the one person in the world that doesn't need that. But I do want to look my best when you get back. I hope you think of me often the way I think of you. Remember me in Pittsburgh, be true to me in Buffalo, and don't forget me in Chicago.

Lovingly,
Your MYRTLE.

When Bill had finished the letter he showed it to me before he let Myrtle see it. "God help us, Dick!" he said. "Do you think it will do?"

"If love's so blind it has the staggers, maybe it will," I said.

"Oh, well," said Bill, "let's see what Myrtle thinks."

Myrtle thought it was cute. That was the word. Cute! She copied it painstakingly in her own handwriting and mailed it.

It was my turn the next day and my letter was more restrained than Bill's. I think it dwelt mainly on the beauties of nature and how I—that is, Myrtle—would love to travel.

However, Myrtle pronounced my letter cute too. "How did you know I'd love to travel, Dick?" she asked, and favored me with her Grade A smile, which was pretty dazzling. "You boys are awfully smart."

Bill followed the next day, and I'm afraid Bill let himself go in that second letter of his. He lost control or something.

MY OWN THORNY-WORNY [he wrote]—I can remember the very first night I called you Thorny. I didn't know whether I ought to or not because, after all, you were my boss and I don't believe I've ever respected a man more in all my life. But sometimes a girl can't help herself.

I felt all sort of funny and choked up when I was out to dinner with you that night, and then all of a sudden it burst out. Thorny, I mean. But you were sweet about it and I'll never forget that look in your eyes when you said you liked it. And when you held my hand I went hot and cold all over. I don't know whether that's the way a nice girl should feel, Thorny, dear, but that's how I felt about you. Do you blame me? If you do, don't blame me too much. When a man like you takes an interest in a girl like me you can't tell what it will do to that girl. Or maybe it's just little me that feels that way about you.

I count the days until you come back, dear, and I'm hoping you are enjoying my letters as much as I do yours. I've received two from you and I'm keeping them—guess where?

Lovingly,
Your Myrtle.

OSCAR GRAEVE *started in the publishing business as an office boy and eventually worked himself into the worries of an editor's job, which is his sad lot at present. He is a native New Yorker; considers it more a matter of fate than good fortune.*

Myrtle was extremely doubtful about that letter. "It doesn't sound quite ladylike," said Myrtle. "I'd never write a letter like that."

"Why not?" asked Bill, offended.

"Well, I don't feel that way about Thorny. Not quite," said Myrtle. "And I never felt hot and cold about anybody. I never felt hot and cold anyway, unless it was that time I had the measles."

"Oh, don't argue," said Bill angrily; "send it. You said you wanted lots about love."

So Myrtle finally sent it. But Myrtle was correct in her doubts.

I wrote a very discreet letter for Myrtle the next day in an attempt to counteract Bill's passionate epistle. But after Thorny received that second letter of Bill's, Myrtle received no more letters from her Thorny. Myrtle did not hear from him for two days. For three. For a week.

"It was that second letter of yours, Bill," Myrtle said reproachfully. "Now I guess I've lost Thorny. He's run out on me all right."

"The ingrate!" cried Bill. "After all we've done for him! I'm going to write and give him a piece of my mind. I mean of your mind. No, I know what we'll do. We'll fix him, Myrtle. Don't you worry. We'll call on Patrick again, good old Patrick O'Day. He worked before and he'll work again. Here! Give me a piece of paper."

Angrily and furiously Bill wrote his final letter for Myrtle.

Dear Mr. Van Slack [he wrote]—I haven't heard from you for days and I don't know why. Just because a girl lets a man know how she feels about him is no reason why he should turn against her. If a man tells a girl he likes her, he thinks it's O. K.; but if a girl tells a man, he thinks she's forward. That isn't fair play. And, anyway, I don't think a real man would feel that way. Patrick O'Day wouldn't.

And I might as well confess to you that Pat has come back into my life in a big way. I wouldn't have encouraged him if you had answered my last letters, but you didn't and Pat is really, truly fond of me. I know it. I can see it in his eyes. His eyes get all soft when he looks at me.

He renewed his attentions first by sending me a beautiful bouquet of red roses—the expensive kind with long stems—on my birthday (which you forgot), and since then he's been after me almost every minute to go out to lunch or dinner or the theater with him. In fact, I know I only have to say the word to make Pat the happiest man in the world.

Even so, Thorny dear, I can't help remembering how nice you were at times. And when you told me that all your life you'd been starved for affection, it did something to me. It made me feel starved too, although, goodness knows, I've had plenty of affection in my life. Pat, for instance, just oozes affection. And in this cruel silence of yours, and with Pat right here begging me to be his little bride—well, I don't know what to do. If you would only write me, advise me, that might help. With a little encouragement from you I still think that I could be

Lovingly,
Your Myrtle.

Well, Myrtle sent that letter, but the results were appalling. Thorny continued to maintain his thorny silence. In fact, he continued it after his return to New York to the office. He would speak to Myrtle only when in the course of business it was necessary, and then he barked at her in the most churlish, outrageous manner.

"I feel like giving him a poke," said Bill. "He has no right to act that way toward Myrtle, no matter what we've done. Give me two cents, Dick, and I'll take a good sock at him. To hell with the job! What Myrtle sees in that mama's darling is more than I know anyway."

So the affair was ended. Or so we thought. But it wasn't. Not by any means. It was Myrtle who put through the necessary bit of engineering.

One morning we came in to find Thorny affable again and Myrtle looking glum but triumphant. Thorny kept her by his side all day, however. He even took her out to lunch.

It wasn't until late that afternoon, after Thorny's departure—in fact, after everybody's departure except Myrtle's and Bill's and mine—that Myrtle was able to tell us about it.

She switched off the light over her desk, came over to us, and, looking a little white and strange, said, "Well, it's all right, boys. I fixed it."

"What do you mean? How did you do it?" Bill asked.

"I killed Patrick."

"You killed him!"

"Yes. I told Thorny Patrick had died, and I cried and said Thorny was all I had now, and the way he was acting was breaking my heart. He thought that second letter of yours, Bill, was terrible, but he said the one about Patrick was worse. It made him decide he was through with me forever. So I killed Patrick. He died in an automobile accident."

"Poor Patrick!" said Bill.

"Yes, I felt sorry for him, too," said Myrtle. "But, you see, he didn't only make Thorny *jealous*. He made him mad and a little afraid, I guess. He said even if we did get married, Patrick sounded as if he'd be popping up all the time to make trouble. And Thorny didn't want that. He wants a nice quiet married life without any Patricks in it. So I killed Patrick. I had to."

Myrtle paused, and then she said, "So it's all right now. He's asked me to marry him. We're going to be married in City Hall without telling his mother. We're going to Bermuda, and Thorny will send his mother a radio as soon as we're safe at sea on the boat."

And then, suddenly, Myrtle began to cry.

Bill jumped up and put his arms around her. "Now what's the matter, kid?" he asked, "Now that it's all fixed happily and you've got what you want, what are you crying about?"

"It isn't what I want," Myrtle said, sobbing against Bill's shoulder. "I don't want to marry Thorny. I guess I never did."

"Well, what in the world do you want?" Bill demanded, and added jokingly, "I suppose that you want to marry me?"

"Yes, I do," said Myrtle. "I guess I always have. But what's the use? You don't want to marry me."

"Who says I don't?" Bill cried, and then they went into a nice old-fashioned clinch.

I saw it was no place for me. "I'd call up the LaPointe Silver Company in the morning about that other job, Bill, if I were you!" I shouted over my shoulder on my way out.

But do you know, somehow, ever since, I've had a feeling that Myrtle wasn't so dumb after all.

THE END

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

Who Will Be the New

WHO will be the favorites of the entertainment world this year? On what personalities will the public bestow the approval that points toward stardom?

In Hollywood, if an unusual personality and the right part happen to come together, a new star is made. With all the current talk about "art," movie success is still about ninety per cent personality and ten per cent art.

Almost every year some new young man captures the screen world. In 1936 there were two—Robert Taylor and Errol Flynn. Each earned stardom in one picture—The Magnificent Obsession and Captain Blood respectively, and each strengthened himself in the collective heart of audiences with every succeeding picture.

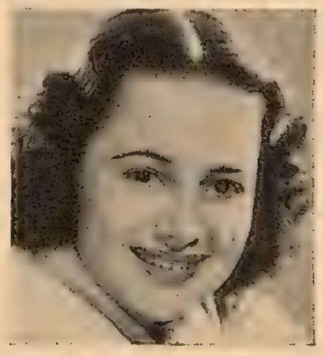
It was sometime early in February that a young man called at my apartment for a girl who was visiting my daughter. His name was Tyrone Power, Jr., and he was the son of the late Tyrone Power, so long a popular figure in our theater. The lad was romantically good-looking, tall, dark, with an amiable smile and a boyish personality. He told me that he was twenty-three years old, an actor, but "not working at the moment." Although he had already had five years of good solid theatrical training, he was walking Broadway looking for a job.

Nine months later a picture called Lloyds of London opened on Broadway (at two dollars a seat), and Tyrone Power woke up to find himself the talk of the town. Meanwhile he had played a bit with Katharine Cornell in Saint Joan, been tested and signed for Hollywood, played two small parts in pictures, and been chosen for the juvenile lead in this one.

Curious about the unanimous raves over the lad who less than a year before couldn't find a job, I went to see the picture. Then I understood. He is a combination of the clean-cut youth and charm that make Robert Taylor so popular and the romantic chivalry of Leslie Howard; he photographs like a million dollars; and above all he knows his stuff. Unless I am very much mistaken Tyrone Power, Jr., will be the sensational new star of 1937.

Tyrone Power woke to find himself famous.

Gladys George, "like a refined Mae West."



Olivia de Havilland isn't going to teach.

Frances Farmer landed from an ocean liner.

Luise Rainer, at home in six different arts.

Simone Simon may be a star in a stormy sky.

Nino Martini, a tenor who is a real he-man.

The Earl of—Aw, beg pardon!—Mr. Brooke.

Jim Stewart can't be called handsome, but—

John Howard wanted to teach "English Lit."

Seldom does a woman achieve this sort of immediate unexpected success. But several actresses made such an impression in '36 that they are candidates for stardom in '37. There was, for example, Gladys George in Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.

It is ironic that Paramount, so badly in need of stars, should have furnished the vehicle by which a new star was created for their competitor, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Paramount seems to have a genius for pulling this kind of boner. They did it for Shirley Temple in Little Miss Marker. Shirley was just another kid on the Fox lot, earning $150 a week, when Paramount borrowed her. When she was returned she was the biggest box-office bet in the whole picture business. Now Paramount, borrowing Gladys George from Metro, seems to have repeated the transaction. This charmer, with natural blonde hair and huge expressive hazel eyes, might be called a more refined Mae West. Like Mae, she is completely frank, and she has the most delicious sense of humor.

Born of theatrical parents, Gladys went on the stage as a very young child, and has since traveled all over the country playing everything from vaudeville to Shakespeare. Brock Pemberton starred her in Personal Appearance, which led directly to a screen contract. As so often happens in Hollywood, she was left cooling her heels while Metro tried to find a suitable story. Her so-called sudden success has years of work and struggle behind it. So she is well prepared for picture stardom when it comes.

Not since Elsie Ferguson was called the "Orchid of the Screen" has a girl of charm and obvious good breeding had such instantaneous success as Olivia de Havilland. It was the German Max Reinhardt who first discovered this girl of twenty playing Puck in a school production of A Midsummer Night's Dream. He sent for her to understudy the part Gloria Stuart was to play in the Hollywood Bowl presentation of it. Gloria was recalled to the studio for picture work, and Olivia, stepping into the breach, scored a hit. A film test—and she was handed a contract. She had been studying to be a schoolteacher. Now she has given up that idea. Who wouldn't have?

Movie Stars of 1937?

Watch These, Says One Who Knows Whereof She Speaks . . A Look at Some Rising Candidates for Fame on the Screen . . and in Radio Too

by

CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Rupert Hughes, on the air and a coming ace.

Another. This rising lad is C. B. De Mille!

Muriel Dickson was a D'Oyly Carte soprano.

Hildegarde has sung before lots of kings.

Thirteen, and already starry: Deana Durbin.

Is Bazooka Bob Burns to be Will Rogers, 2d?

In one picture, Come and Get It, another girl attracted the unanimous attention of movie fans. Frances Farmer is extremely good to look at, although not at all beautiful in the standardized picture sense. She, like Olivia, has youth, poise, charm, and refinement. She came to Hollywood by a circuitous route. Having won a popularity contest in Seattle, she was given a trip to Moscow as the prize. Besides traveling through Russia, she visited Poland, Germany, France, and England. On shipboard, coming home, she met a theatrical producer. He took her to a Paramount talent scout. She had traveled 12,000 miles to get from Seattle to Hollywood. Now it looks as though she were traveling toward certain stardom.

Almost every season gives us some new Continental favorite, and last year was no exception. Luise Rainer, appearing first with Bill Powell in Escapade, captured extraordinary fan interest which was further stimulated by her performance of Anna Held in The Great Ziegfeld.

People who know Luise well say that she plays the piano, sings, dances, paints, and sculpts with equal ease and ability. They also tell me that she says and does exactly what she feels like saying and doing.

She has had the advantage of European theatrical training: hard groundwork and varied experience in the classics. First starred by Max Reinhardt in Vienna, she was famous in the European capitals before a Metro scout brought her to Hollywood. An interesting personality has this Rainer girl—fire, sex, charm, a special elfin quality. So I nominate her for stardom, and think it likely to come in 1937.

Another young Continental fast gaining favor is the petite French Simone Simon. So far she has played only small parts, but the public began to notice her in Girls' Dormitory, talked considerably about her in Ladies in Love, and are now wondering what she is going to do next.

In France she was known as *la sauvage tendre*—the gentle savage—because of her alternating sweet and wild moods. She was literally "picked up" in a Paris café by a French picture director who saw great screen possibilities. Tested, signed up by a Paris company, she was seen by a Fox scout and brought to America.

A combination of French sophistication and Oriental mysticism, Simone seems to have a new kind of appeal. And I have a feeling that unless she grows too temperamental—she has already had a violent quarrel with her director which resulted in his leaving the studio—she will be a star in the near future.

There is a general impression to the effect that tenors are effeminate and should be heard rather than seen if their romantic appeal is to be maintained. But Nino Martini in The Gay Desperado belies this. He is so handsome, so gallantly masculine, that both he and the picture made a sensational hit. His beautiful voice is already familiar to millions of radio fans.

Having achieved operatic success in his native Italy, Nino came to this country seven years ago to make his debut with the Philadelphia Opera Company. Now, with three fat contracts in his pocket—one with the Metropolitan Opera Company, one for radio, and one for pictures—he is sitting pretty. He is twenty-nine and unmarried. But he says he is eager to marry, if he can find a wife who will be his for keeps.

The Latin type has always been popular with Americans, and since we haven't had a new Latin hero for a long time, it looks to me as though Nino might click.

When an authentic British nobleman comes to Hollywood as an actor, that's news. When, in addition, he is handsome and has that easy English charm, it's a bet that he will capture the feminine fans. The Earl of Warwick, working under the modest name of Michael Brooke, and popularly known in Hollywood as "Mike," has great possibilities for screen success. He admits that the only reason he is working in pictures is that he needs money to maintain the estates of the Earl of Warwick.

Two American lads belong in this forecast: James Stewart and John Howard. Both typify American simplicity and unsophistication. Both are good actors of the natural modern school and both are destined to go places.

Jimmy Stewart isn't handsome; he can't even be called good-looking. He is tall, lanky, with the kind of hair that just won't stay combed. He went to Princeton, and by his own admission all he got out of it was to learn to play the accordion and to act in Triangle shows, which earned him a job in a summer stock company at Falmouth. Apparently his cheery personality got across the footlights, because he was taken to New York for a part in the production of Good-bye Again. Followed more stage experience, a picture test, a long-term contract. And now popular success.

When John Howard was asked by Oscar Serlin, Paramount scout, if he would like to go to Hollywood, he answered without a second's hesitation, "Not interested." He had just been awarded a Phi Beta Kappa key at the Western Reserve University in Cleveland, and his ambition was to become a professor of English in a university. But it would take money to go on with his studies, and he couldn't even find a job. He thought over Serlin's offer and decided to go to New York for a test. To his great surprise, he photographed exceptionally well and showed a pronounced turn for acting.

Besides all these, there are others who may any day flash into the limelight.

Next, let's have a look at the possibilities for radio stardom. Last autumn marked the tenth anniversary of the National Broadcasting Company. So accustomed have we become to getting entertainment over the air that it is hard to realize there have been only ten years of it. We find Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Major Bowes, Ed Wynn, Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee, Burns and Allen, and a lot of other old favorites still tops.

But each year new personalities gain favor. Many stars have come to the screen via the radio; many successes from other fields are making good on the air. For example, in 1936 Rupert Hughes and Cecil B. De Mille, famous in the literary and picture worlds respectively, have repeated their success on the air. I have been told by excellent authority that the programs on which they appear have increased enormously in popularity, and that both Rupert and C. B. are destined to be radio aces.

Muriel Dickson came to radio by the grand-opera route, and to opera from musical comedy. Just two years ago she arrived in America to tour with the D'Oyly Carte Company in Gilbert and Sullivan repertory—not as a star, since it is against the policy of the D'Oyly Carte people to star any of their singers. But the critics and the public raised her to stardom. Then Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan engaged her for the spring season. Once more the public voiced its approval, and Muriel was given a contract to sing with the Met. during the regular winter season. Typically English in her wildflower loveliness, with a rare *bel canto* voice and amazing versatility in acting, she is apt to go straight to the top of the entertainment ladder, just as Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and Gladys Swarthout have done before her.

AN American radio and night-club singer has been engaged for the London festivities attendant upon the coronation—a girl who calls herself simply Hildegarde. She sang before the Duke of Windsor when he was the carefree Prince of Wales, before the King of Sweden and the ex-King of Spain, before a flock of dukes and duchesses and lords and ladies. That's a long way for a little American choir singer to travel. She is back here now, giving radio concerts and captivating the public.

A thirteen-year-old girl named Deanna Durbin, sponsored by Eddie Cantor, has so amazed radio audiences by the clarity and range of her voice that they are predicting a grand-opera career for her. Although she is still in school, she has a Hollywood contract and makes her debut in a picture called Three Smart Girls. She is a lovely-looking child. She may or may not reach picture stardom as early as 1937, but she is so popular over the air that there is no telling how far she will go.

Bob Burns of the bazooka seems to be the logical candidate for the mantle of Will Rogers. Making an immediate hit over the radio, he was of course signed up for pictures. And then he was handed an assignment to write a daily column for the newspapers. On a recent vaudeville tour he drew such mobs to the box office that managers everywhere are predicting he will be one of the biggest bets in next year's theatrical field.

The screen has always borrowed—or stolen—heavily from the theater. Every opening night in New York sees studio talent scouts in the audience. Four actors and actresses appearing on Broadway this season have won special honor by the brilliance of their performances. One is American, one Italian, two English.

London correspondents of American newspapers frequently and approvingly mentioned an English actor named John Gielgud. They warmly praised his Richard of Bordeaux and could scarcely find enough adjectives to express their enthusiasm over his Hamlet. Last fall the New York dramatic critics felt likewise about the latter. And, obviously, the public agrees.

Tall, slim, pensive, John Gielgud acts the melancholy Dane with an electrifying realism. His timing and spacing, his method of stopping to think out what he says, give the effect of emotions which come from the heart rather than familiar quotations which proceed only from the lips. So far, he has shown no interest in the many screen offers he has had. Perhaps he is a good trader, or it may be that, like Katharine Cornell, he wishes to concentrate all his energies on the theater. Certainly when he acts he makes you feel that every cell and fiber of his being are centered on his work. And that augurs greatness in any field of expression.

MAURICE EVANS, another English actor familiar to American audiences by his fine performance of Romeo to Katharine Cornell's Juliet, and of the Dauphin to her Joan of Arc, gave a magnificent performance as Napoleon in St. Helena. The play had only a short run, but he scored a great personal triumph.

I asked him if he was going to Hollywood. "I hope not," he said. "At least, not yet. Sooner or later I'll probably capitulate—we all do—but I do want to stay in the theater; there's so much more to learn and to do."

If he is fortunate enough to find a vehicle which the American public wholeheartedly likes, he will unquestionably become one of our most popular stars.

Marta Abba, a favorite in her own country, Italy, made her first appearance in New York as the Grand Duchess in Tovarich and was hailed by critics and audiences as a great actress. Both the play and Miss Abba are what Broadway calls "smash hits." America had not seen her before because she could not speak English. But now that she can, she can be an important star in whatever field of entertainment she may choose to enter.

Tallulah Bankhead, the only American I have included in this list, is not new to our public, but for some reason has never created the sort of furor in her own country that she did in London. However, her play of the season, Reflected Glory, seems to be making a wide audience aware of her great charm of personality. And there is a persistent rumor that she is to play Scarlett O'Hara in the film version of Gone with the Wind. If she does, she is apt to become the greatest sensation of the new year.

How does it happen that three out of the four actors whom this season's audiences have so far glorified are European? Are we more intrigued by foreign personalities than by our own? I don't think so. I think our frequent special approval of foreign actors is due to our appreciation of their mastery of their art. Where can our own actors get like training and experience? There is no such thing as a good training ground in the United States. We have not a single place such as the Old Vic in London or the Comédie Française in Paris. The phrase "first appearance in Shakespeare," which was printed opposite the names of almost the whole American cast supporting John Gielgud in Hamlet, tells part of the story. The rest of it is that, at the very first sign of audience approval, Hollywood grabs new actors, and thus puts an end to their all-too-brief experience in the theater.

Take away Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, and Jane Cowl, and who is left to bring honor to our stage? We do not want only foreign stars; we want and need good actors of our own. But how to get them?

It might be done, I think, by the establishment of an endowed repertory theater where young people could be placed under a contract binding them to stay long enough to assure thorough training in the craft and art of acting.

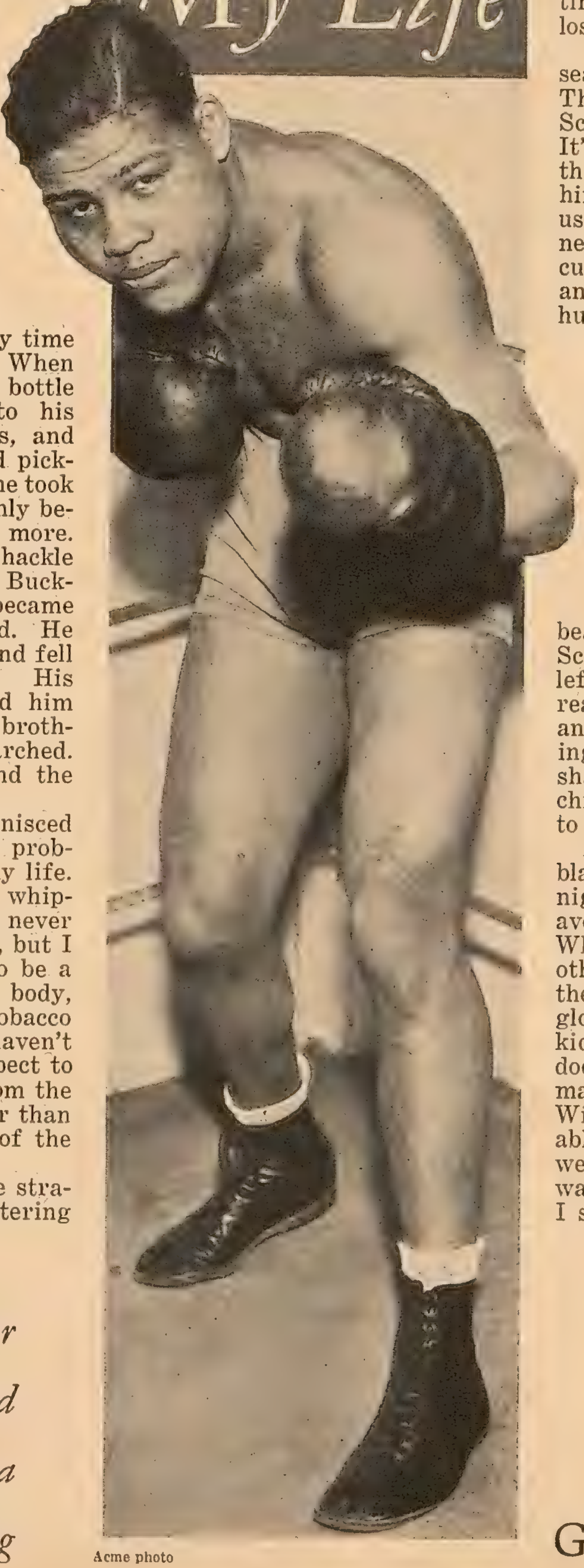
THE END

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

An Apology for My Life

A Sensational Fighter Tells of His Past and Justifies His Place in a World of Clean Living

by JOE LOUIS as told to GENE KESSLER



Acme photo

WHEN Joe Louis wedged through milling admirers to his dressing room in the Yankee Stadium after knocking out Max Baer in the fourth round, I was waiting for him. I had to get his first-person story of the fight.

"I'm sorry about that prediction," he said. "I thought Mr. Baer would get up and go to the fifth, but he just stayed down."

In his prebattle forecast Louis told me to say he would knock out Max in the fifth round, and he didn't like being wrong. Perhaps if he hadn't promised to knock out Max Schmeling in the second he wouldn't have been overanxious then. But that's getting ahead of this story. The man is that sincere about everything in life. When I asked him if he ever tasted intoxicating liquor, Joe answered, "Yes, once, but I was too young to know better. I learned my lesson."

So Joe Louis told of the only time in his life he drank whisky. When only four years old he found a bottle partly filled. It belonged to his father. His mother, brothers, and "pappy" were out in the field picking cotton. Joe sipped. Then he took a big swallow. Then he suddenly became very dizzy. He drank more. The room of that squalid ramshackle cabin where he was born in the Buckalew Mountains of Alabama became alive, and little Joe grew afraid. He crawled behind a large trunk and fell asleep. And how he slept! His mother came home and found him missing. She summoned his brothers and they searched and searched. Finally some one looked behind the trunk.

"I'll never forget that," reminisced the heavyweight fighter. "It probably was a turning point of my life. My mother didn't give me a whipping. She gave me a lecture I'll never forget. I wasn't very old then, but I understood that if I wanted to be a big strong man with a healthy body, I'd have to leave whisky and tobacco alone. I promised her, and I haven't broken that vow, and don't expect to break it even after I retire from the ring. I value my health higher than the pleasure I might get out of the stuff."

Since rocketing into headline stratosphere, Joe has received flattering offers to endorse liquor and tobacco testimonials. He unhesitatingly refused all. He rejected a tempting proposition to appear on a radio program sponsored by a distiller. Joe Louis has divorced himself from liquor. He knows it is the only way to become a great ring champion and win the respect of young Americans of all races. And he knows it is the surest road to healthy security.

—GENE KESSLER.

TIMING is the key to fighting as well as music. When one horn misses notes, the entire orchestra turns sour. And when your swing timing doesn't clock in the ring, you lose your punch.

I know, because I unraveled at the seams the night of June 19, 1936. This isn't a bellyache because Max Schmeling knocked me out that night. It's an invoice. Schmeling was much the better man in that fight. I hit him with more punches than I had used to ice all my five previous opponents (Charley Retzlaff, Paolino Uzcudun, Max Baer, King Levinsky, and Primo Carnera), and I didn't hurt Max badly at any time. He hit me with something like seventy solid right-hand smashes and every one shell-shocked my chin until my toes turned up.

None of the wild rumors circulated after that nightmare was true. I wasn't doped, except by the stolid German's glove. I wasn't worried over domestic troubles. I had no arguments of any kind with my managers, trainer, or my beautiful wife. I didn't try to carry Schmeling for the movies. I simply left my punch in training camp, the reason for which I will explain in another article. My timing was missing fire. My co-ordination was so shattered I got careless and left my chin exposed. There was no rhythm to my boxing.

And I realized I had no one to blame but myself. I had my off night, something no athlete ever avoided, and it set me to thinking. Why was I in this business of fighting other men? Then I thought about the first time I ever put on boxing gloves. I was only fourteen then, a kid living in Detroit, and the boy next door got a set of gloves for his Christmas present. His name was Holman Williams and he has made considerable progress as a professional lightweight since. Holman asked me if I wanted to box. Did I want to box? I sure did. It was good clean sport

and we liked it. We used to box often. Why? Because it was a lot of fun.

Now, here I was, eight years later, a strong healthy man of twenty-two, standing better than six feet and weighing more than 200 pounds. I had tasted success, probably more than my share. I might retire and live the rest of my life without fighting or working, because I had saved about $200,000. But right then I wanted to fight more than at any other time. I owed it to myself and my health. I owed it to the sport. I owed it to my race to redeem myself, win the heavyweight championship and show the world a colored man can wear the crown and still be a good citizen who might influence youths to develop strong bodies and live clean lives. That always has been my goal, and I couldn't give up just because I lost a fight.

Also, I owed it to my mother to keep on until I'd done her proud. She had objected when I first started boxing, and I had to slip away from home for my first bout. When she saw I had my heart and soul in the game, she said, "I don't know anything about this fight business, Joe, but if it's honest I suppose there's no use my objecting to it. Just one thing: You'll meet a lot of the wrong kind of people, but keep yourself clean and well and strong. Don't let people sway you. Be the kind of a boy your own folks will love and the white folks will admire. You hear me now, Joe?"

Then one day, after I had flattened Carnera and thought the world was sitting in the palm of my glove, I guess I got to feeling too important. I came in at mealtime and announced, "Can't eat now, mom. I gotta get downtown."

"My boy ain't gonna say that to me after I fixed up a steak for him the way he likes it," she said. "Not as big as he is, he can't. You set down there and eat. Can't be a fightin' man unless you eat plenty."

I sat down and enjoyed that steak. I also filled up on vegetables, especially celery, and I realized that mom was looking after my health and had been doing that for twenty-one years—seeing that I ate plenty of health-giving vegetables. Now I eat several bunches of celery during every meal, even breakfast, and realize it helps me to relax and sleep soundly.

"Son," my mother once told me, "you come from a hardy tribe. Your dad was Monroe Barrow and his great-grandfather was James Barrow, a white plantation owner down in Alabama. Your grandmother on your pappy's side was Victoria Harp Barrow, who was the granddaughter of Charles Hunkerfoot, a full-blooded Cherokee chieftain. So you have the blood of three great races in your veins. When you were born you weighed fourteen pounds and you just kept right on growing."

My mother is a good woman. I remember how she used to take me to church, walking miles over rough country road to get there. She taught me the right way to live.

My early training at home was a great builder-upper for a ring career. To begin with, we were poor and I had to work. And poor kids eat only nourishing food with lots of vegetables, which we raised in the garden. All we got in the way of sweets were fruits, prunes, and watermelons.

Also, poor kids learn how to take care of themselves early in life and to cultivate their bodies. I remember a game we used to play down in Alabama's hills which I know developed my shoulders and stored away punching power and energy so useful now. It was called "skin a tree."

Now, skin a tree is the hillbilly kids' game of tag. The boy unfortunate enough to be "it" had to count ten. While he was counting, the rest of us would run and climb trees. We would try to pick out a tall slender sapling, preferably hickory or maple, which would bend without breaking. Then the "it" boy would come after us. His objective was to climb and tag one of us, so he would look to see which had made the least progress, then go after him. The chappie he was after would climb for all his worth until he reached the top, then get a good handhold and swing out with his feet bending the tree over until he could leap safely to the ground. Sometimes he was caught before he could get out. Sometimes the kid who was "it" would get close enough to the top so he, too, could swing out with his feet and drop almost at the same time. Then they would race for it.

I remember one time I was after a kid and didn't get high enough to drop when he swung out and dropped. Well, he let go and that tree flew back so fast I was almost shaken out. After that I made sure I had a good grip at all times.

We used to play this game like little Tarzans for hours at a time, and I got so I could skin up a tree hand over hand like a rope climber. It sure gave me the wrist, arm, and shoulder muscles for punching, because, while developing them, it kept my muscles long and loose.

MY father died when I was five, and when I was ten, my new stepdad, Pat Brooks, moved us to Detroit, where things began happening mighty fast for me. I fell in love with Northern games, especially baseball. As a catcher on our grade-school nine I found the backwoods training useful. My eyesight was sharp for hitting fast pitches. My shoulder and wrist muscles put power behind the drives. Home-run hitting came easy for me, and I probably would have kept right on playing baseball excepting that I knew the game offered little chance for a colored boy to reach the top.

Mother wanted me to play a violin because, she said, "music just runs in our family and you ought to make something of it." But I didn't like taking violin lessons. The music was all right and didn't seem hard to learn, but I wanted to play ball when I had to stay in the house and practice. Holman Williams had joined the Detroit A. C. and was winning bouts, getting his name in the papers, and feeling mighty proud. I wondered about my chances as a boxer. Then one day I was walking along with the fiddle tucked under one arm and was bouncing a ball on the sidewalk with my other hand, when I saw Thurston McKinney, a school chum.

"What you want t' play that ol' fiddle for?" asked Thurston. "Why don't you come over to the club and

AT LEFT: JACK SHARKEY, AL ETTORE, AND JORGE BRESCIA, KAYOED BY LOUIS IN THE COMEBACK CAMPAIGN THAT HAS A RETURN MATCH WITH MAX SCHMELING (RIGHT) AND A TITLE MATCH WITH JIM BRADDOCK AS ITS GOAL.

learn how to box? It's a lot more fun and—who knows? —you might be heavyweight champion some day."

Thurston was amateur lightweight champion of Michigan and the envy of every boy in school. So I skipped my violin lesson that day, joined the Detroit A. C., and began my career as boxer. That was in 1931 and I was seventeen and weighed 170 pounds. "Kid" Ellis, coach of the club, just couldn't seem to see me, and I worked out every Friday with Thurston and other boys for nine months before getting a chance in an interclub bout. My first fight was with Johnny Miler, who made the 1932 Olympic team and naturally had too much experience for a green punk like me. As I mentioned before, I slipped away from home to box Miler and I gave my name as just Joe Louis, dropping the Barrow so mom wouldn't read about it in the papers.

IN spar sessions I had been able to drop opponents with my right hand, so I got all set to knock out Miler with one punch. I hit him all right, then I stepped back to let him fall. Well, he fell into me with both hands flying and knocked me down seven times, but I managed to get up and go the limit.

My position then was much as it was after the Schmeling setback. I had lost my first fight and I was all the more determined to come back and convince myself I was a better fighter.

George Moody, who had replaced Ellis as coach of the Detroit A. C., encouraged me. "Joe," he said, "any kid who can get up seven times has something. Next time jab with your left before shooting that right hand."

His system was the McCoy. I started knocking over foes, running up a string of thirteen straight knockouts. One night I was boxing in a top bout on the Detroit newsboys' Christmas benefit show in December, 1932, when Mr. Moody called me to one side. "I want you to meet John Roxborough," he said. "Mr. Roxborough is the friend of poor colored kids in Detroit."

Roxborough took a fatherly interest in me, accompanying me wherever I went to box and giving me advice and encouragement.

"You may want to try your fists at professional fighting one of these days," he said. "Any boy with the punch you have should get the most out of it. If you do, remember that all good athletes are idols of kids. If you ever win the world's heavyweight championship your habits will reflect physically. You have to live the kind of a life which will influence youngsters."

I was anxious to try my hand at professional boxing and asked Mr. Roxborough to help me get the chance. "Wait," he advised. "Maybe if you win the National A. A. U. heavyweight crown, the time will be right." So we agreed to wait. I had captured the light-heavy title in St. Louis that spring (1933), and I had a job in an auto plant now which paid twenty-five dollars per week.

My job consisted of lifting auto chassis on to the assembling carrier. It was mighty hard, but a year of it hardened me for fighting. Mother got the idea that I could stay in the plant and learn a trade. But I couldn't see any use spending all day just lifting heavy auto frames when I might be getting some place as a fighter. So I up and quit the job and went home.

"Mom," I said, "I'm through working in that factory. I can make more money fighting."

Naturally she didn't like it. She called Mr. Roxborough and had him come over. "Joe's done quit his job," she told him. "Won't you ask him to go back?"

"Don't you want to work?" he asked me.

"Can't see any use working," I replied, "when I can do better boxing. At least I'd like to try fighting for money."

"In that case," spoke up my mother surprisingly, "you better get him a fight, Mr. Roxborough. Only, remember this, Joe: if you're bound to be a fighter, be a good one, and you can't be a good one unless you live right. You do just what Mr. Roxborough tells you."

So my professional career started, after one more amateur match I already had scheduled. Roxborough and his Chicago business associate, Julian Black, became my managers and they advanced me money to tide me over through a training siege. They hired Jack Blackburn, the old lightweight ring master, as my trainer. Now Blackburn certainly taught me all the tricks of fighting professionally—how to keep my balance, how to strike with my fists flat and the palms down, how to shuffle in and out of range and how to hook, uppercut, and use other punches—as I explained in other articles in Liberty.

Yes, I've probably had more than my share of success. After all, I've lost only one of thirty-two professional fights. I've knocked out all but five opponents.

I know I've been lucky to have a mother who taught me the value of good clean living and a healthy body. Also I am fortunate in having a good wife with whom I'm in love. If a fellow is crazy about his home, why, he doesn't have any desire to go gallivanting around. Marva Trotter has done everything to co-operate.

Before the Schmeling fight Marva looked forward to the day when I would retire. I had promised to quit after winning the heavyweight title and defending it once, and at that time it looked like less than a year more in the ring. Then I lost, and when I came home she said, "Honey, you can't win them all. You just forgot to duck. Next time you'll knock Schmeling out in a hurry, and I'm going to see you get in the best condition of your life."

In order to get into my best form, and in order to earn a return shot at Schmeling, I realized I had to go out and fight often. Marva has encouraged me.

And now that I've knocked out Jack Sharkey, Al Ettore, and Jorge Brescia, I know my timing is clicking again and that my goal—a title match—is in sight once more. For the first time in my career I was nervous and worried when I faced Sharkey in my initial comeback biff. But after I scored one knockdown I "went to school," as Blackburn says. My co-ordination was right. I was in condition and my punch had returned.

I won't stop now until I have won the championship, even if it should take several years. I'm still ambitious and young, and I'm getting a lot of fun out of fighting.

THE END

GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade

PART TWO—GIRLS ARE KINDER THAN COPS

The Author of "My Man Godfrey" Gives You an Even More Hilarious Tale . . . Don't Miss the Thrill of Following This Hurricane of Fun

by

ERIC HATCH

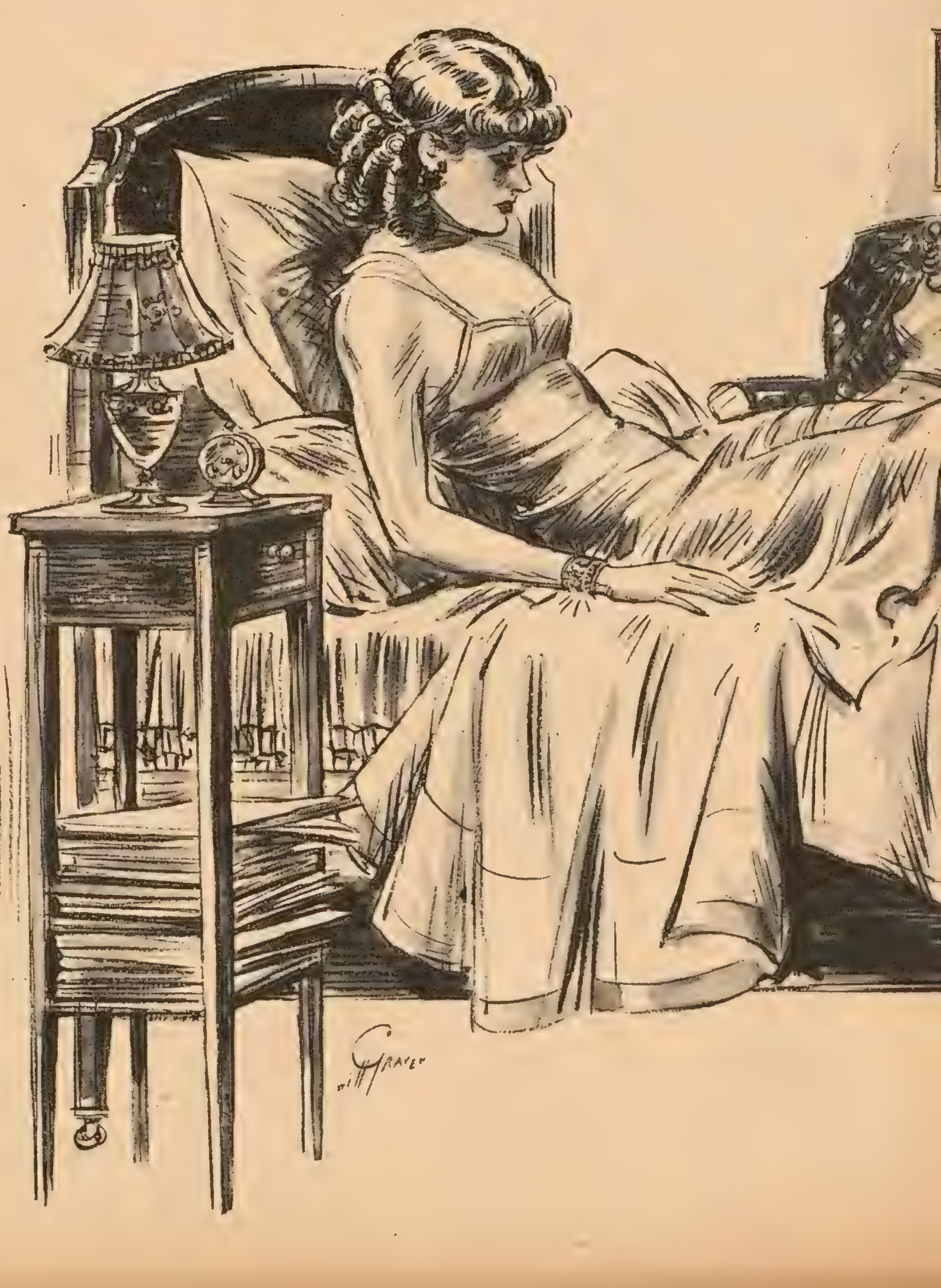
JACK HALCOMBE is in a spot. He is—or was—a Hollywood film producer. He's been having a slick time with his father's dough, making movies that brought no money back but thrilled the critics. Now he learns that his father's gone bust. A whopping check of the senior Halcombe has bounced. Jack decides on a farewell gesture. He gives a big binge at his Beverly Hills estate to the bunch that has been nice to him. Lovely Gloria Brown comes to it. Gloria is a star. Jack is mad about her. They escape into the garden, where, prettily, she begs for a part in his next picture. He kisses her. Apparently she loves it, but when he tells her he's stony broke she slaps him. All he asks, now, is that she go back and spread the news that the party's over.

Alone, he returns to the bench where he'd made love to Gloria, and heaves himself, discouraged, upon it. The bench sags and bumps something beneath. This "something" turns out to be a girl—a movie extra, Wynne Leroy. Tired from overwork, she'd left the party and gone to sleep. Wynne and Jack talk over his troubles. He must do a skip, says Wynne, or the police will nab him, and he couldn't pay his debts in the clink. When he hears the booming voices of cops he knows she's right, grabs her by the hand, and they bolt out of the garden, across an alley, over fences, and—of all places!—into the dog kennels of Gloria Brown.

With the police chasing them there's nothing for it but to accept the hospitality of Fifi, Gloria's great Dane. Snuggled beside her in her doghouse, they must take large loving kisses from her wet tongue.

IT seemed to good old Jack Halcombe, as he lay there listening to Wynne's whispered talk and Fifi's snoring, almost impossible that a short half-hour ago he had been one of the people Hollywood feted and kowtowed to, and that now he was lying curled up in a doghouse with a girl he didn't know, plotting ways of evading the police.

The full realization of what had happened to him was beginning to strike home. It made him utterly and completely miserable. His path through life had been until now utterly primrose. Now, suddenly, it was distinctly full of weeds. He was beginning to realize that he'd have to do something about it, and he felt lost as a child on its first day at school; for that was really just about the posi-



was in. Without realizing he was doing it, he reached over Fifi's hindquarters and found Wynne Leroy's hand.

“What am I going to do, Wynne? You don't mind my calling you Wynne, do you? What am I going to do?”

“Well, for one thing”—her voice had a faint trace of giggle in it, for Wynne, now that the immediate danger was past, was beginning to get back her normal enjoyment of life—“I don't mind your calling me Wynne, good old Jack; in fact, I should think you'd feel like a damn fool calling me anything else.”

“Thank you. But what am I going to do? After all, I can't go on living in Gloria Brown's doghouse.”

“Well—my frand—that's what you've been doing right along; I don't see where an hour or so more of it's going to make any difference.”

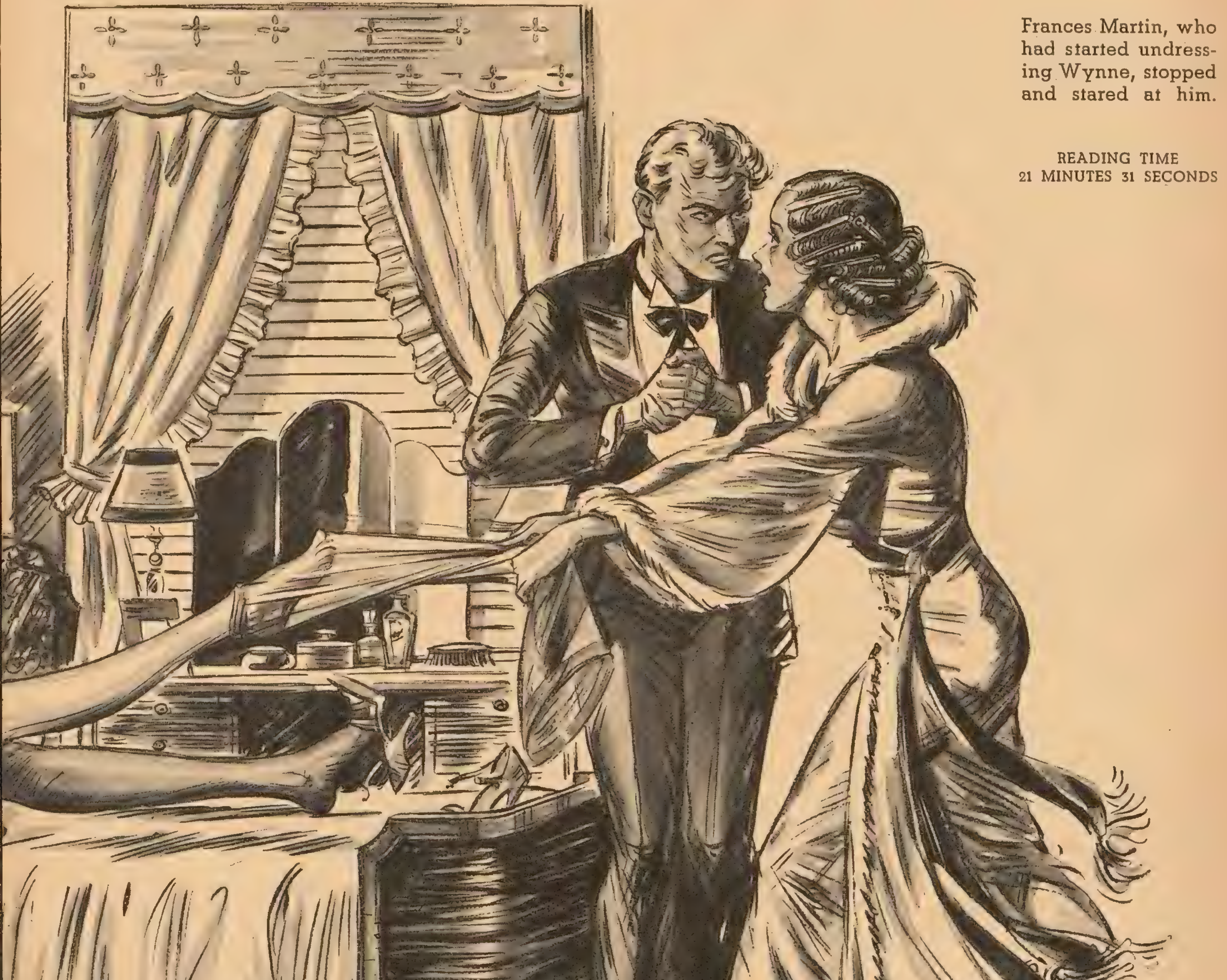
Good old Jack didn't like the tone of her voice. He summoned such dignity as he could:

“What do you mean that's what I've been doing right along?”

“Well, you see”—Wynne's voice once again had in it that lilt of secret amusement—“I wasn't asleep under that bench until after you and she'd left it. God, I couldn't get to sleep for all the talk that was going on! This guff about artistic pictures and stuff. Where does she get off, to think she's an actress?”

Good old Jack muffed it again. He said, “Well, she's managed to get herself a lovely place.”

Wynne said, “Sure, with a swell doghouse. So what?”



Frances Martin, who had started undressing Wynne, stopped and stared at him.

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

That "so what" thing is almost impossible to answer. Even bright clever lads and lassies who get their names in the papers on account of their witticisms haven't been able to answer it. John Halcombe didn't even try. He said, "Look. I've got to go somewheres. I suppose after a while I've got to eat. I've got to sleep. I'm a complete person and yet, dammit, I'm not. I'm just kind of floating around like a—like a—"

"Ectoplasm," said Wynne. "But, as I said *in re* doghouses, you've been doing that too for a long while and just haven't noticed it."

"Floating around like an ectoplasm? The hell I have!"

"The hell you haven't! What do you think you've been doing?"

John Halcombe gave Fifi a shove and sat up. Then he devoted a little retrospective thought to the subject of what he had been doing. The more he thought about it the less it seemed to him he'd been accomplishing anything. But he'd been, due to his money, such a godhead that it was hard for him to realize he'd had inside his exceedingly expensive shoes feet of clay. He was beginning—having, as we know, been occupied until now with the exciting business of escape—to realize that on the morrow there would be no secretaries to say: "Good morning, Mr. Halcombe. The rushes will be ready for you in room four." "Good morning, Mr. Halcombe. Miss this, that, and the other called." "Good morning, Mr. Halcombe. And shall we send this ad off to the Reporter?" The morrow didn't look so good. In fact he couldn't even imagine facing it. He was licked. In his own mind he was completely licked. He said, "But what am I going to *do?*"

Fifi sighed in her sleep, vastly, cozily, comfortingly. Wynne sighed in imitation of her, mockingly.

"I know exactly what you're going to do," she said. "You're going to sneak out of here in about half an hour, and you're probably going to come home with me. So help me, I don't want you, but there it is. What can I do?"

In the darkness of the doghouse she shrugged her small shoulders. Wynne didn't want this slug hanging about her tiny apartment, but, being a nice girl, didn't see how she could leave him lying in Gloria Brown's doghouse. There was, too, a little more than just plain altruism mixed up in her thoughts. John Halcombe was a great name in Hollywood. To have John Halcombe in private captivity might bring a little reflected glory to the captor.

WYNNE LEROY lived in an apartment so small it was more nest than apartment. It was on one of those hillside byways north of Sunset Boulevard and it looked down on the amazing neon valley that is Hollywood by night. She lived there with a girl friend who was a good cook and who too did extra parts and tiny bits in pictures whenever there were any for her. Wynne and Frances Martin and their wee household were typical of the hundreds and hundreds of girls drawn by the magnet that makes people give up everything they've ever known in the hope of being able to make themselves into people they never could possibly be. Yet, being very young, Wynne Leroy and Frances Martin managed to have a nice time and it never occurred to either of them that they represented a tragic sociological condition.

It was almost four in the morning when Jack Halcombe and Wynne arrived at the nest. They arrived on foot—lame, weary, bedraggled, and scarcely speaking. They had been through vast quantities of mental anguish and physical exertion since they had left the warm shelter of Fifi's house some hour and a half ago. As Wynne put her key into the lock Halcombe momentarily succeeded in pulling himself together enough to say, "This really isn't fair of me, you know, getting you mixed up in something that isn't your fault."

"Naturally it isn't," said Wynne. She shoved the door open. "Shut up and go upstairs as quietly as you can. Frances would be asleep."

"Frances?"

Nothing had been said about Frances.

"My roommate."

"Oh, but I can't possibly stay here, then—not ju two girls, I mean. It wouldn't be—"

Wynne gave him a look. It was a dirty look. She said, "You were perfectly willing to stay when you thought it was just one girl living here. Where do you get that stuff?"

Halcombe turned dignified and haughty.

"I meant"—he bowed—"that I thought there wouldn't be room for me. Besides, I feel as if I knew *you* awfully well now. I mean we're friends and all that. Your roommate mightn't like my being here."

"I don't like it myself," said Wynne, "but I don't see what I can do about it. Will you just please go on upstairs? I'm so tired!"

With that she proceeded to fold up. From sheer physical exhaustion she collapsed and went sound asleep on the bottom step. Jack Halcombe, who in spite of what he'd said about knowing her very well really hardly knew her at all, stared at her in panic. Wynne's own friends got so used to her folding up and falling asleep when she was tired that they mostly didn't pay any attention to her at all. Good old Jack thought she'd fainted. Good old Jack, being a man, thought that men should rally round the flag terrifically when ladies fainted. Good old Jack beat it up the stairway as fast as his legs could carry him to get succor. Succor, to him, meant Frances the roommate. Arrived at the first floor, he pounded on the first door he saw. It was opened by an Iowan in a nightshirt—a slightly annoyed Iowan.

"Where's Frances?" Halcombe bellowed it.

"PICTURE guy, eh?" said the Iowan, and slammed the door in his face. Halcombe skimmed up another flight, banged on another door. There wasn't any answer. He banged louder, and presently the door opened. A very young lady swathed in a terrific amount of negligee stood in the opening. She was a pretty young lady in spite of the curlers in her nighttime hair.

"Yes?" she said.

"Are you Frances?"

"Yes—" And then again that unanswerable "So what?"

"Wynne—I mean Miss Leroy's fainted at the bottom of the stairs. Have you got anything we can give her? I mean—"

Frances Martin looked at him almost contemptuously.

"I told her she shouldn't let herself get taken to that rats' riot Halcombe was giving tonight! The kid'd worked too hard. She shouldn't've gone out. Where is she?"

"At the foot of the stairs. And it wasn't a rats' riot."

"How do you know?"

"Because I'm Halcombe."

"God! Have *I* placed the foot in it!" She looked closely at him. "Say, where have you been? You're all mud."

Halcombe succeeded in entirely forgetting himself for a second. "Look," he said. "This kid's fainted—you're her roommate—you must know what to do!"

"Well," said Frances. "In the first place I don't believe you're John Halcombe, and in the second place I'm blamed sure Wynne hasn't fainted. She's fallen asleep—probably from being so damn bored. You go down and carry her up here and we'll check up on things. Yes?"

"Oh, yes!" said Jack.

He went down the two flights of stairs and found Wynne, still comfortably sleeping on the bottom step of the first flight. He looked at her. He looked at her from all angles because he hadn't the faintest idea how one should pick up a lady who's fallen asleep and cart her upstairs, and he had even less of an idea how one picked up a lady who's fainted. He decided to do a little research. He shoved her shoulder, Pullman-porter fashion. Then he grabbed one of her hands and yanked at it a little. Her eyes stayed closed. Then he said, "Oh, the hell with it!" He said it quite loudly, and picked her up in his arms and staggered up the two flights of stairs. Frances was waiting for him at the top. She took one look at Wynne and said, "Fainted my eye! We'll just put that one to bed."

Then she led the way through a tiny foyer, a living room almost as small, and into a bedroom. Here she instructed Halcombe to lay down his lovely burden. Halcombe laid down his lovely burden with a vast sigh of relief.

Frances turned to him.

" Thank you very much," she said. " Good night."

" Good night," said Jack. " Where do I sleep? "

" Where does anybody sleep? In bed, I suppose."

Jack blushed. " Oh," he said, " but I couldn't do that."

Frances Martin, who had started undressing Wynne, stopped and stared at him. He felt she was staring right through him. When she spoke it was in a not too pleasant voice.

" Since I've been in Hollywood," she said, " I've met some queer ones, but you certainly outclass all of 'em."

It gradually began to dawn on Halcombe that, probably because nobody'd told her, this girl didn't realize that he was part of the household. He said, forcing a little laugh that sounded silly even to him, " I don't think you understand. I'm staying here tonight."

Frances shook her head. " Oh, no! You may have thought so, but you thought wrong."

Halcombe felt this was getting him nowhere. With a terrific effort he managed to achieve something of his producer manner. He drew himself up, looked vague, put one hand in his trouser pocket and rattled his coins.

" My dear young lady—" he began.

It didn't work.

" Out, louse," said Frances, " or I call the cops! "

This got him. The producer manner dropped from him like a cloak and he wilted. It was the best thing he could have done, for when wilted Jack was far more attractive than when wearing an arrogance that wasn't natural in him. His eyes took on a hunted, pleading look.

" Not that! " he said, " Oh, please not that! You see, Wynne and I've been dodging cops for the past three hours. We even hid in a dog kennel," he gulped. " With a dog."

Frances Martin dropped the stocking she had been holding, and seemed to realize for the first time that she was talking to a man and not just saying things to something inanimate the wind had blown in. " What was it? " she said. " Car smash? Driving under the influence and all that? I know a lawyer who can—"

HALCOMBE interrupted her: " I wish that was it. You see, I was giving this party, and I went broke, and they tried to grab me. Wynne helped me get away. That's all."

" Then you *are* Halcombe the producer."

He shook his head. There was a genuine wistfulness in the gesture. " No," he said wearily. " I *was* Halcombe the producer. I don't think I'm anybody at all right now. Please let me stay here tonight. I've had a hell of a bad time, really."

Lots of times when the extra parts were few and far between, and even before that when she'd been working in a department-store basement, Frances Martin had had a hell of a bad time. She recognized the storm warnings in Halcombe's eyes. When she spoke now her voice was quite different.

" Come in the parlor," she said. " You can tell me about it while I whip up a bed for you on the couch. Murph's busted or I'd give you a real bed."

He followed her into the living room, looking once over his shoulder at Wynne, who, deep in peepsie-by-land, had forgotten all about such things as policemen and finance and Central American revolutions and sore feet. He wondered vaguely, in a tired sort of way, what he could ever do to repay her. She looked thin, he thought, and unutterably worn out and pathetic.

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In the living room Frances was busily putting sheets on the one small sofa and getting blankets out of a closet. He wondered if all the little extra girls he'd been snooty to when he'd been a maestro were like these two. He thought they probably were, underneath their make-up, and felt a swine for having dared be snooty to them.

Presently Frances said, " Go in there and fix yourself. You'll find some pajamas you ought to be able to get into in the closet behind the tub. When you get in the hay, yell, and I'll bring you a drink. You look like you could use some soothing."

John Halcombe pottered around the tiny bathroom in a fog. He found the pajamas—they were female but quite big enough for him—climbed into them, and hung up his clothes carefully so they would be out of the way. Then he went back to the living room. One lamp was burning there by the couch. The couch had been made most inviting-looking. Cigarettes, matches, and an ash tray had been left by its head. In the soft light and in his soft-headed condition it looked like one of the nicest places to sleep he'd ever seen—much, much nicer than the gold-and-blue bedroom in the house in Beverly Hills that now belonged to the creditors. Fella could rest here—cozy. Nice women around to take care of fella if he went nuts in the night or got sick or anything.

He climbed in between the sheets and pulled the covers up over his shoulders. Then he yelled, " Hey, Miss Martin! "

SHE came in a few seconds, carrying a tall steaming glass in one hand, and Wynne's dress, for hanging up in the closet, in her other hand. She stood by the couch.

" I don't need the drink; I—"

" You'll drink the drink! "

" I just wanted to say thank you and to say how nice I think it is here. Is Miss Leroy—Wynne—all right? "

" Is Miss Leroy—Wynne—all right? Of course she's all right. Here! "

She handed him the glass. He took a long sip of the toddy. It did feel good. The warmth of it got down in his belly and made him feel the way he'd felt as a kid when his mother'd brought him a glass of hot milk after he was in bed, only much better. Frances Martin busied herself in the closet. The business of hanging up a girl's evening dress when it's the girl's only evening dress is a pretty serious business. When she left the closet and went back to the couch, Halcombe, the toddy half finished but still in his hand, was sound asleep.

She looked down at him for a long moment. Then she took the glass out of his hand and set it on the table. Then she put out the light. Then, in the first light of dawn, she looked at him again. Then, in a voice so tender it scarcely matched the words it issued, she said, " I knew one of us would bring home a puppy or a stray or a dog that had been run over and hurt." She sighed. " Oh, Lord, I guess we have! "

John Halcombe smiled in his sleep. . . .

He awoke late in the morning. He awoke, naturally, with that sense of feeling swell, and at the same time realizing that something awful has happened, that comes to people when they wake up in jail or after being chucked out by sweethearts or after being in horrible accidents. It took him several seconds to remember what the awful thing was. Then it took him several more, the while he sat up and stared about the little room, to figure out where he was and how he happened to be there. Then he chanced to catch a glimpse of himself in a mirror on the other side of the room, and he blushed.

The pajamas he had foggily selected the night before were not only female in cut but they had little rosebuds sewn on them here and there in really most embarrassing places.

He quickly pulled the covers back over him and then glanced craftily toward the bedroom door. It was still shut. He sighed with relief. It was one thing, losing all one's money and position and being hounded by police like a jacked deer. It was quite another to face two reasonably pretty girls clad in rosebuds. He sprang out of bed and made a bolt for the bathroom. Once in, he began trying to remember where he'd hung his clothes. He couldn't. He began to hunt for them, carefully and deliberately at first, and then in a perfect frenzy.

Man is like that, pantless. However decently covered he may be, pantless he feels shorn of honor and armor. He is helpless as a babe. Halcombe's first impulse, when he realized his clothes definitely were not there, was to sit down and cry. Then he caught another glimpse of himself, this time in the full-length bathroom mirror.

"Sickening," he said to it. "Absolutely sickening!"

He turned away from the slightly nauseating sight of himself, and then he saw hanging in the opposite corner of the room a bathrobe. It was, to be sure, a female bathrobe, but it was woolly and with a man inside of it might look quite masculine. He grabbed it and, taking off the top of his pajamas where were the most offensive rosebuds, put it on. Then he looked at himself again. He felt almost as though he were in full dress, he looked so much better. With a sigh of relief, he did hair combing *et al.*, and then ventured back into the living room.

The living room, when he returned to it, was much as it was when he had left. There were two exceptions. One: the door to the bedroom was open now; and two: Wynne Leroy was fast asleep on the couch. Halcombe looked at her aghast. He didn't like to stay there alone with her; he didn't dare go into the bedroom and invade Frances's privacy; and he couldn't stand going back into the bathroom. He'd had enough of that place. It was too full of frenzied memories of the hunt. He went over and stood quietly by the window, staring out at the sun-struck valley.

What he wanted was to talk to Wynne. The problem was solved for him. Wynne woke up.

"Oh, gawd!" she said. "What a night!" She yawned, stretched. Halcombe looked away during the stretching, because that seemed to him such an intimate gesture it shouldn't be intruded on. "Rats' riot's right! Ho-hum!" And then, as though she had suddenly truly awakened, "What am *I* doing *here?*"

Halcombe drifted, paddle-footing so as not to show too much pink pajamas, over to the side of the couch.

"You live here," he said, trying to sound convincing.

Wynne Leroy sat up. Her short hair was all down over her forehead like a Shetland pony's. Her eyes were still foggo with sleep. She looked at Halcombe and blinked. Then she lay down again.

"Good old Jack!" she said. "That's what I'm doing here. I must've been looking for you. I even must've wondered where you'd got yourself to."

Good old Jack immediately sat down on the edge of a little chair that was near the couch and became dramatic. He said, "Wynne!—you remember you said it was all right for me to call you Wynne—I want to thank you for what you've done for me. Where are my clothes?"

Once more Wynne Leroy sat up. She really wanted to sleep, because she simply loved sleeping; but she was suddenly interested. "Again, please," she said.

"A what?"

"Start all over. I was resting. I don't think I heard you right."

Good old Jack found he couldn't say what he'd just said again. As he looked back on the speech it hadn't made much sense in the first place; repeated, it would be plain maudlin. Besides, Wynne seemed to him to be exhibiting an extraordinary lack of modesty for such a young lady as she, and so he looked away, and he couldn't possibly be dramatic while looking away, and, maudlin or no, the speech had seemed to him dramatic at the time of its utterance. "I just said thanks," he said, "and asked what had happened to my clothes."

"Well," said Wynne, "what did happen to them?"

"They're not in the bathroom."

"Why should they be?" asked Wynne.

Halcombe looked at her helplessly.

"Because I left them there," he said.

Again Wynne stretched. This time good old Jack was too interested in the subject of his clothes to bother with looking away. She said, "Oh, well, I expect they'll turn up sometime. Things most always do."

It was now obvious to Halcombe that research in this direction was a total loss. He saw himself doomed for life to wearing the appalling pajamas and the bathrobe.

"What do you like for breakfast?" asked Wynne, suddenly alert. Halcombe hadn't even thought about breakfast. "It'll be pretty lousy, because Frances has gone out; but I guess we can do something about it."

With that she got up. Halcombe noticed her pajamas had no rosebuds on them and was envious.

"We play in here," she said, and pulled open a door in the living-room wall that revealed a sketchy kitchenette.

They were busily breakfasting when Frances came in.

"GO on," said Frances. "Don't mind me."

"We were just eating," said Wynne.

Frances gave them the look a busy housewife gives a loafer husband. "I succeeded in swapping your mangy monkey jacket for something you can wear in daylight," said Frances. "Such as it is—here. It'll fit. It came from Western Costume."

She put a suit box on Halcombe's lap. He broke the strings around it and opened it. Wynne leaned over and hauled out the suit. It was one hell of a suit—the sort of suit a man would borrow money not to be found dead in, but it was definitely more proper clothing for daylight wear than a tuxedo. Good old Jack took one look at it and shuddered. He'd been fussy about the things he wore, always. He said, "My God, Miss Martin, I can't wear that!"

Frances Martin smiled at him. She smiled in the nasty way women sometimes do smile at men they've really got nothing against when they just happen to be a little sore at them. She said, "If you go outdoors, boy, you're going to wear it."

"But he can't go outdoors," said Wynne. "He can't go outdoors till he grows whiskers."

"You're right," said Frances. "I'd forgotten we'd decided."

Jack Halcombe looked at them helplessly. He had no idea at all what they were talking about. He said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I don't get you."

"You *can* grow whiskers, can't you?" said Wynne.

"He's in a spot if he can't," said Frances.

Poor Jack! As though ruin, disgrace, and the ever-present peril of arrest weren't enough, he now faces the problem of growing a quick, successful beard! But much worse problems are ahead, and must be solved if he's to be kept out of the clink. Can the two girls save him? Next week's installment will tell their Big Idea for his future.

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **LET'S GO TO TEXAS** by Alfred E. Meun. Firm Foundation Publishing House.
Retaining the vernacular of the Southwest, the author has written a breezy and colorful narrative which, nevertheless, is historically true.

★ ★ ★ **SWING THAT MUSIC** by Louis Armstrong. Longmans, Green & Company.
A leading exponent of swing music tells the story of his life and the development of swing music. A fascinating book.

★ ★ ½ **VALIANT DUST** by Helen Genung and Caryl May Hayes. Lee Furman, Inc.
The saga of a family founded in Michigan by a dominant Irish lass who becomes a matriarch and lives her children's lives for them—all but one.

★ ★ **BACKWATER VOYAGE** by Archie Binns. Reynal & Hitchcock.
If you like beautifully written stories that end with disillusion, read this excerpt from the larger novel, Lightship.

No More BEAUTIES: Women Must Now Be Smart!

And Something Thereby Has Gone Out of the World, says a Famous Novelist Apropos the Case of Mrs. Simpson

by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE most famous woman in the world today is Wallis Simpson.

Judging by her pictures, she must be a striking example of the triumph of personality, charm, vivacity, wit, intelligence over the beauty that alone has made so many women famous in history and, indeed, caused the downfall of kings. Mrs. Simpson is not beautiful; she is in her forties; she has been twice divorced. Take it all in all, she is the most outstanding epitome of the changing times.

Which tempts me to indulge in a few reminiscences.

When I was about twenty, two of my sisters-in-law took me to call on the wife of an eminent judge—I shall call her Mrs. Barclay. I had no premonition that I was about to meet a girl who became one of the two most famous prima donnas of her day. Nor did the spirit of prophecy descend upon me when I met her.

We were sitting in the drawing room when a girl entered and went over to Mrs. Barclay—a short, rather fat girl of fifteen with a heavy homely face. "My daughter Julie," said Mrs. Barclay perfunctorily, and the girl nodded to me. I looked at Julie—that name will do, for the purposes of this article—with complete indifference. The hiatus between twenty and forty is a mere earthquake crack to the abyss between twenty and fifteen.

It was four years before I saw Julie again. Her mother took her to Paris to finish her education. I forgot her until she returned to San Francisco, made her debut, and became "the rage."

I did not happen to go to town that winter, and, alone in my woods, I barely heard of her. But when every one returned for the summer I heard of little else. She was a beauty. Very, *very* Parisian. Such clothes! Her figure! Her style! All the men were mad about her, and there were "stories." I had never seen the metamorphosis of an ugly duckling into a beauty. I remembered that large heavy face, that fat body.

At a ball the following winter I was standing with a group of friends when one of them exclaimed: "Julie! Look! Look! You haven't seen her yet."

A girl was walking slowly toward us, attended by three cavaliers. "Julie Barclay?" I asked.

"Yes! Yes! Isn't she stunning?"

She assuredly was. She carried her head high, her body with an easy grace. Her figure was unsurpassed by any I have ever seen. Her white complexion with its dash of red was too clear for artifice. Her appearance was the more startling, however, because "no decent woman" in those days made up, and her shining dark hair was indubitably reddened, her long eyelashes were thick with mascara, and if her cheeks were not painted her lips were. But I was more interested in her features. Her mouth was large, her nose negligible, the lower part of her face still heavy. But her eyes! I recalled a hat with a turned-down brim and realized that I had not seen them before. They were magnificent.

"Looks fast, doesn't she?" asked one of my friends. "The way she rolls up her eyes is a caution to rats," said another. "Her idea is to look like a Paris cocotte," explained a third. The men said nothing.

A few days later I called on her, and we became friends at once. Her manners were natural and charming; she was full of fun. Then and later she explained the phenom-

At the left: Geraldine Farrar, whose flawless skin wins a tribute from the author.

Photos from Brown Bros. and Culver Service.

Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. James Brown Potter: both examples of loveliness.

Daisy Cornwallis-West and Mary Garden, secure in the royal family of beauty.

enon of her transformation. After she had been in Paris for a year and "learned a few things," she took herself in hand. She cultivated the "beauty air": that mien of serene belief in one's irresistible charm, unmarred by conceit, as well as what the French call *autorité*—both projecting an almost audible command for homage, masculine in particular. As her superb figure developed, she dieted; gave attention to "carriage," poise, and grace; studied all her "points"; and collaborated with her dressmakers. She modeled her style, her manner, on the famous cocottes, the French aristocrats being too dowdy for her taste.

She soon discovered that a kindly fate had endowed her with a magnetic fascination, and cultivated subtlety and charm of manner. It amused her to return to respectable San Francisco looking like everything she was not and give it a succession of electric shocks.

Although I have seen a good many comparatively plain women transform themselves so cleverly as to appear pretty, I think in Julie's case there was one determining factor lacking in the others: an inflexible, violent, ruthless will. Charming as she was, she was wholly selfish at the core.

Fortunately, most women are not so constituted. If they are consumed with a desire to improve themselves, the result, if effective, is generally gratifying to those who have to look at them. And, after all, what is vanity but a form of aspiration? Not that I am making any excuses in advance; for what I am about to relate was no doubt typical of thousands of vain young females, else a book called Ugly Girl Papers would not have been written, nor outsold the most popular novel.

I was in my early twenties when this book came out, and I bought it at once. So far, my only concern had been to protect my complexion and hands and give my hair twenty strokes at night. Who knew what hints that book might give me? I certainly was not ugly, but—

ONE of the book's admonitions was to take a thorough steaming once a week. Explicit directions were given. I bought a large glass spirit lamp and a bottle of alcohol, but concluded to try this first on one of my younger in-laws who was afflicted with many freckles. She required some persuasion, for it sounded rather daring. I vowed secrecy, and one morning she drove over alone in her phaeton to my house. Under a cane-seated chair was a large bowl, and in its middle was the new spirit lamp under a small pan of water. She divested herself of as much of her clothing as modesty would permit; I seated her in the chair and swathed both her and it in a heavy blanket. Then I lighted the lamp. The water bubbled merrily. She began to perspire freely and I almost hoped to see the freckles roll off her face.

Without a warning hiss, there was a loud report, the fierce crackling of glass, the low roar of angry flames. My beautiful glass spirit lamp had blown up!

I never was so frightened in my life, and her state of mind may be imagined. The basin must be full of burning alcohol; in another moment the flames would dart through the seat of the chair. We screamed in chorus. I clawed frantically at the blanket, unwound it, and pitched it into the bathtub. My victim gave a leap, dashed into the bedroom and into her clothes and out of the house. It was some time before I saw her again. Nor did I try that particular renovator on myself.

After that I began to worry about my figure. I longed passionately for a bust. I forced myself to consume rich Spanish dishes, to say nothing of sweets. Useless. No plank was flatter than I. Then one day my eye lit upon an advertisement in the San Francisco morning newspaper. Ladies who desired a beautifully rounded bust might call at a certain address on California Street and receive kindly advice and a jar of cream made from a secret and infallible recipe.

I discovered an ailing tooth and took the train for San Francisco. I had no difficulty in finding the address. I climbed a flight of covered steps. The door was opened by the benefactress herself. She was a large kindly matron dressed severely but smartly in black. I was much impressed.

SHE finally produced a large jar of cream for which she demanded an exorbitant price, but I paid it without flinching. Then I left.

George, my husband, met me at Menlo Park, and as we drove home I confessed my morning pilgrimage. As I went on to describe the location he gave the reins such a jerk that the mare nearly bolted.

"My God!" he shouted. "Do you know where you have been? California Street indeed! That house is on the corner of Dupont—the worst street in town—and that house you were in is notorious! Dupont Street! There isn't a house on it outside of Chinatown that is not—" His language became too descriptive for print. "Why am I married to such a little idiot? Any one, *any one* may have seen you from a passing car! You and your damned bust!"

Dupont Street! I knew about that foul street myself—who didn't? I was prepared for the worst. But fate was amiable. No one had seen me.

Of course the cream was worthless. There was nothing to do but pad. At least I had my complexion.

Complexion—a word one seldom hears in these days. But at that time and for many years after no one could be an authentic beauty unless nature had given her a faultless skin. Lillie Langtry had a radiant complexion. Mrs. James Brown-Potter, Lillian Russell, Emma Eames, Maxine Elliott, Marcia van Dresser, Margaret Anglin, Nance O'Neill, Ethel Barrymore, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden—all these famous beauties would have been independent of make-up if footlights had permitted.

The famous beauties of England's aristocracy—such as Lady Warwick and Princess Henry of Pless (Daisy Cornwallis-

Gifted Maxine Elliott is shown at the left. Mrs. Atherton "four-stars" her looks.

Margaret Anglin and Lillie Langtry: two of the "loveliest of their sex."

Toasts of the town: Lillian Russell and the patrician Lady Warwick.

West)—had the clear white skins of the north with natural color in cheeks and lips. If they had been freckled or coarse-grained of skin they never would have been admitted into the sacrosanct circle of professional beauties, nor painted by academicians.

Why is it that one never hears of great beauties any more? The absence of dazzling complexions—sacrificed to the actinic rays of the sun—the moving pictures that made beauty a drug on the market, the long campaign for political equality, the increasing demand for personality and talent on the stage rather than mere looks—all of these are contributing factors, no doubt; but I think that, above all, credit must be given to the ubiquitous beauty parlor. It is too easy to be pretty, handsome, even beautiful in these days.

A natural evolution of the beauty parlor was the cosmetic surgeon. Later followed the Steinach reactivation treatment, which enabled women in all fields of endeavor to hold their own against younger rivals.

A wonderful age we live in.

And all very well. But beauty? Authentic beauty? Has it departed, never to return? There is not a woman in the world today famous for beauty alone. Even in England the term "professional beauty" is extinct. The most perfect complexion, if anything remains of it, is overlaid with make-up. In Hollywood the actresses whose reputations are world-wide are in no wise comparable for *beauty* to the famous beauties of an earlier time.

OF course it may be argued that, with thousands of beauty parlors running at high speed, the cult of beauty is more active than ever. That the average is higher. That practically every woman on the screen is charming to look at. That a girl in any walk of life must have misshapen features to be ugly—and even those may be redeemed by a plastic surgeon.

Quite true. But too much of anything lowers its value. When Lillie Langtry made her debut in London society, men stood on chairs to stare at her over the heads of intervening crowds. Other crowds followed her on the street. The intelligent public gazed upon her with something of the same awe and rapture with which they listened to great music or impassioned oratory. And so it was with other professional beauties of that time. Men, both in England and the United States, used to cluster about the doors of churches waiting for the loveliest of her sex to emerge and give them a gracious smile. Audiences sometimes rose in the theater when a surpassingly beautiful woman entered her box. No more—no more!

The public may run after celebrities today, but not because they ache to gaze upon beauty. Pretty painted faces are as common as legs. Something has gone out of the world—one dimension, perhaps. One source of inspiration, at least. One spur to idealism.

THE END

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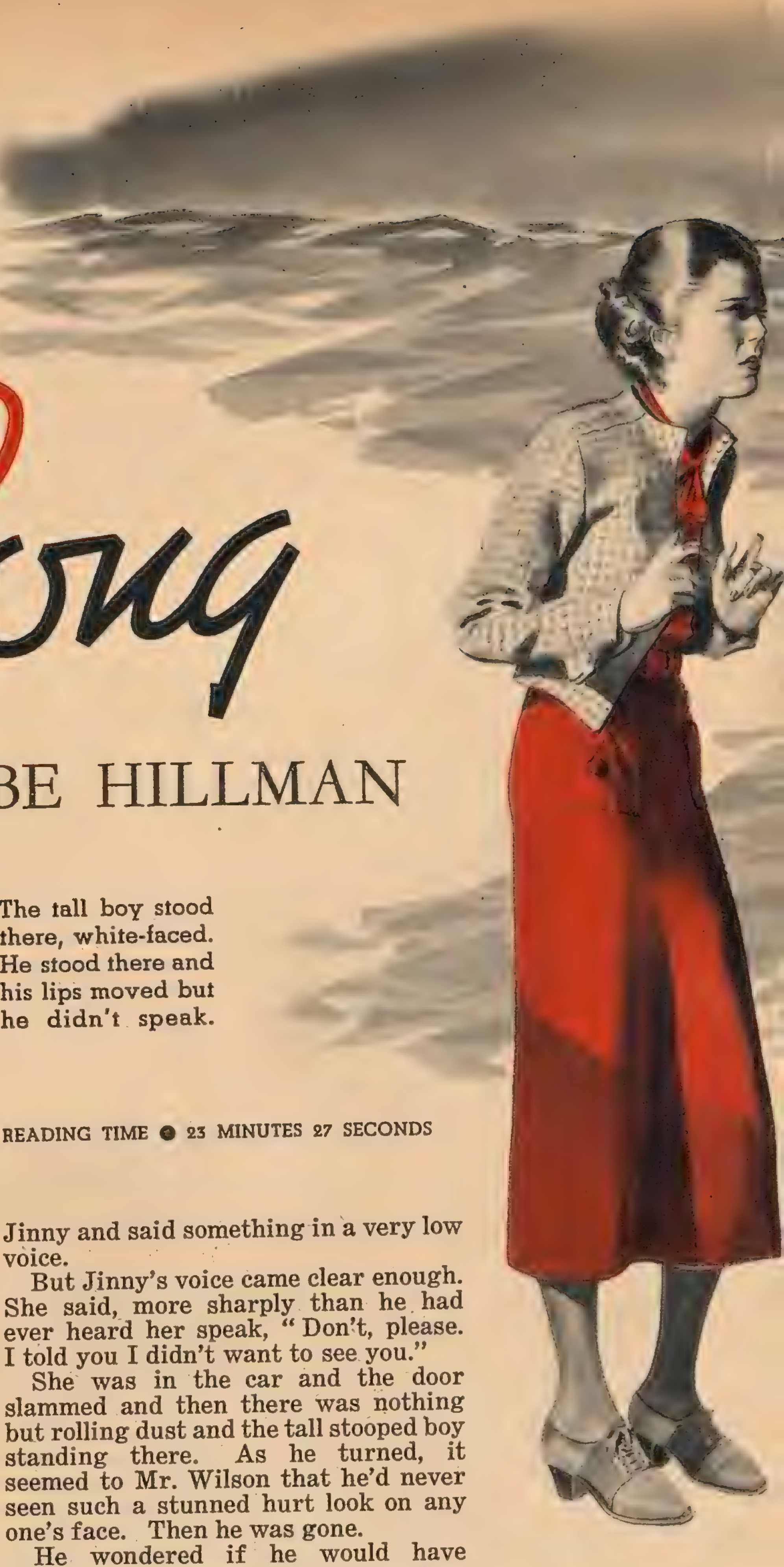

Storm Song

by GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

The tall boy stood there, white-faced. He stood there and his lips moved but he didn't speak.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

EVEN in the bright sunlight everything seemed to have an unsteady quality. It seemed, as he sat stiffly on the veranda, that there would be a sudden jar and everything would stop—that the blood-red tulips would halt their ceaseless swaying in the wind; that the bright-blue circle of the sea would fade and dim and die; that the whole world would end. But he knew that wasn't so. It was only his world, his little secret inner world, that was running down so fast.

In a little while it wouldn't be there at all.

He hoped, as he sat there in the straight cane chair, that he hadn't changed since yesterday; that he looked precisely the same; that nothing of what had happened showed at all; that he was still Alexander Wilson, tall, brown, not at all bent; with just a streak of gray showing in his dark hair; with just a touch of age in his dark eyes; with that old scar showing silver against the brown of his forehead. He had tried so hard to be just the same so that no one would know.

The door to the wide porch opened, and his daughter, Jinny, came out in a rush. He looked up and smiled as he saw her face, as he always did. It was such an intensely serious little face; it had been that way ever since she was born. Even her dark eyes seemed forever to be solving problems.

She was appallingly businesslike in dark-brown breeches and boots and an old linen coat with a hole gaping just over one sleeve.

She stooped to fix a spur strap, and said in that low soft voice of hers, "You don't look well, Alex. Anything wrong?"

He'd never felt better, he told her, and asked, "How's it going?"

"Pretty good," she said, and a smile changed her whole face. "Six more pupils signed up yesterday."

She looked small and absurd, swinging down the path between the tulips. But then her idea of starting a riding school had seemed small and absurd too a year ago. And now it and the money it made were anything but absurd.

A tall blond boy uncoiled himself from the running board of her shabby old car there by the gate. He had on oil-smeared overalls and a ragged sweater, and at first Mr. Wilson couldn't quite place him.

A cleft came in his smooth broad forehead as he saw Jinny and said something in a very low voice.

But Jinny's voice came clear enough. She said, more sharply than he had ever heard her speak, "Don't, please. I told you I didn't want to see you."

She was in the car and the door slammed and then there was nothing but rolling dust and the tall stooped boy standing there. As he turned, it seemed to Mr. Wilson that he'd never seen such a stunned hurt look on any one's face. Then he was gone.

He wondered if he would have noticed the expression on the boy's face yesterday, and thought he wouldn't. But today, everything he saw, everything he heard stood out in a certain sharp dreadful clarity.

He remembered now where he'd seen the boy before. He'd stopped at a garage in the gray old town and the boy had come out and stooped over and put water in his car. He'd thought it strange then that such a boy had been working there.

He heard heavy footsteps inside the house and furniture being banged about. Becky would be out in a minute. She was Becky Hunt and she'd been housekeeper for him every summer for years, and now that there was no staff at all, she was housekeeper still.

She looked a little like a codfish standing on its tail. Her face was ruddy and hatchetlike, her eyes were hard as gimlets, her hair was a hard gray knob upon her head.

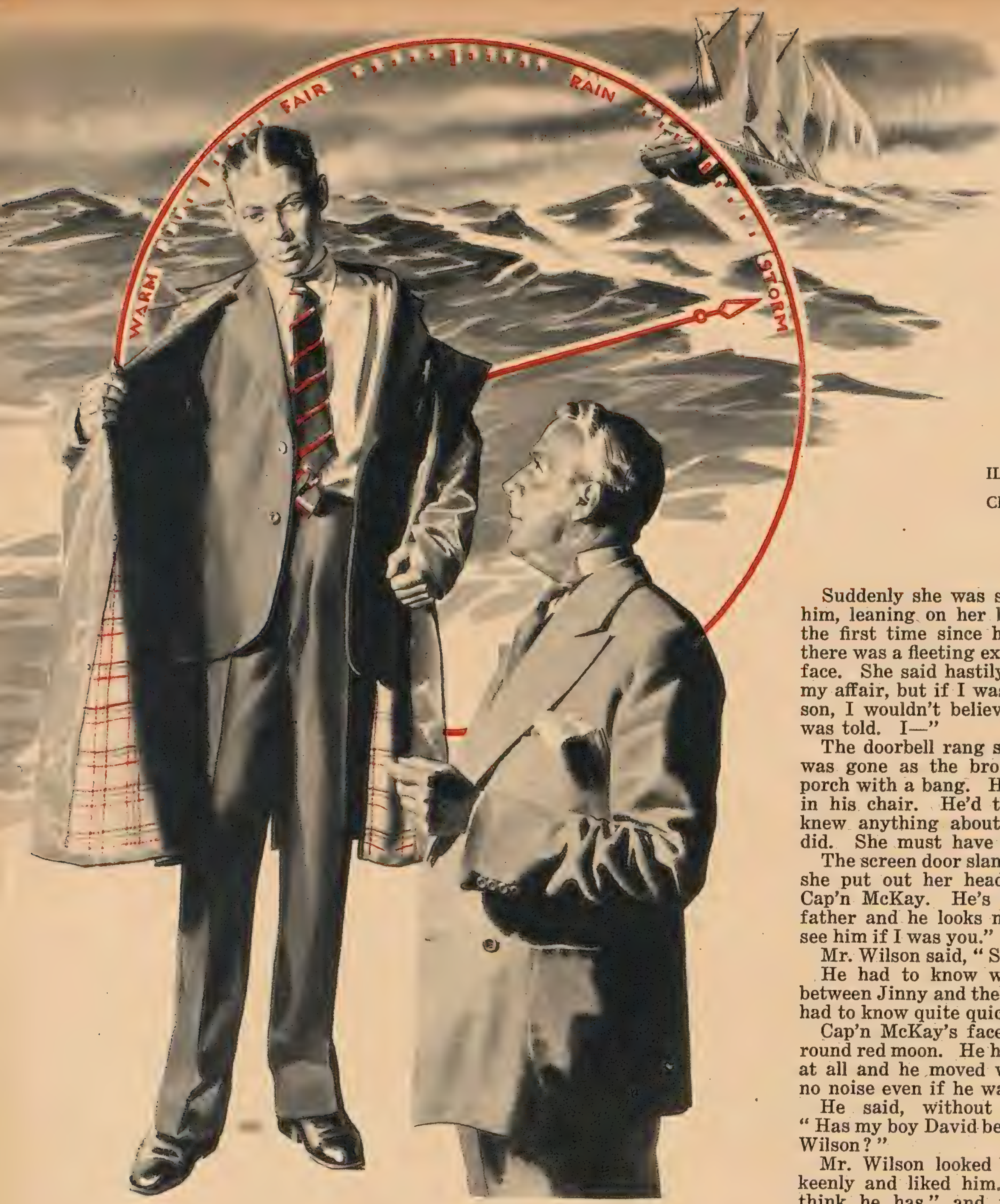

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

She stared at him through the screen door and said, "Seem's if I saw David McKay round here a minute ago."

Mr. Wilson smiled. Becky knew every one in Good Harbor and everything about them: their incomes, their affairs, their secrets. But she had to be drawn out craftily, and he said, "Have he and Jinny known each other long?"

Becky said with complete disrespect, "Huh! Them two! Never did see two such old young ones. Old as Methusalem."

She looked narrowly at Mr. Wilson and said, "Not that Davy McKay isn't a good boy. He's God-awful good. Just like Miss Jinny. Never thinks of anythin' but business and makin' money."

Suddenly she was standing beside him, leaning on her broom, and for the first time since he'd known her there was a fleeting expression on her face. She said hastily, "It's none of my affair, but if I was you, Mr. Wilson, I wouldn't believe everything I was told. I—"

The doorbell rang sharply and she was gone as the broom fell on the porch with a bang. He sagged down in his chair. He'd thought no one knew anything about it, but Becky did. She must have been listening.

The screen door slammed again and she put out her head to say, "It's Cap'n McKay. He's Davy McKay's father and he looks mad. Wouldn't see him if I was you."

Mr. Wilson said, "Show him in."

He had to know what there was between Jinny and the blond boy. He had to know quite quickly.

Cap'n McKay's face loomed like a round red moon. He had no eyebrows at all and he moved with absolutely no noise even if he was a huge man.

He said, without preliminaries, "Has my boy David been up here, Mr. Wilson?"

Mr. Wilson looked at the captain keenly and liked him. He said, "I think he has," and motioned to a chair.

Cap'n McKay stared at the blue harbor and the white sails and the gray old town beyond.

He said evenly, "I s'pose you told him he needn't come around again. Thought likely you would."

Mr. Wilson shook his head. He said, "He just stood by the gate for a second. He was speaking to my daughter. I don't see why you think I should have been rude to him."

The captain told him. "Might as well say it: Summer people don't want townfolks mixin' in. I don't want him hangin' around up here any more'n you do."

Mr. Wilson smiled. He'd always heard that Good Harbor people were proud and stiff-necked. He said, "Would you believe me, cap'n, if I told you I didn't know anything about it?"

The captain said, "Likely you don't. Didn't myself till last night." He said, as if he didn't want to say it at all: "David's in love with your daughter. It's got to be busted up."

Mr. Wilson wondered what he'd have said, what he'd have done if today had been yesterday. But now all he could do, all he should do, was see there should be some scrap of happiness left for that serious-faced daughter of his. For she'd need it bitterly.

He said, "How do you know, cap'n?"

Captain McKay had lost all his stiffness. He spoke as if he'd known Mr. Wilson for a long time. He said a little sadly, "Fool boy told me so. Said he wanted to marry her." Cap'n McKay looked at the great green headland that jutted out to sea and said, "First time David and me ever quarreled. Guess I got pretty mad."

Mr. Wilson was puzzled. He said, "If it's gone that far, I can't understand why my daughter didn't tell me."

The captain took out a long cigar and lit it. He said, "Hasn't, prob'ly. David just thinks it has. He don't know anythin' about girls."

He cleared his throat and said, "Heard your daughter tell Davy to stay away from her last night. Thought prob'ly you put your foot down and made her do it."

It would all come clear in a second now.

"I wish," Mr. Wilson said, "you'd tell me exactly what you heard."

The captain looked surprised. He puffed on the cigar and said, "They were standin' by her car and I was in the front of the house an' couldn't help hearin'. It'll sound sort o' silly."

Mr. Wilson shook his head. It wouldn't be silly: it would be the missing piece to a puzzle.

"She told Davy that knowin' him was the nicest thing that had ever happened to her," the cap'n was saying, "but that it was all over now. Said he wasn't to try to see her again, ever. Said she couldn't tell him why but that was the way it was."

And that was exactly the way Jinny'd put it. She wouldn't, no matter how much she loved David McKay, tell him the truth—that her father'd lost all his money; that they'd live in two rooms somewhere on what she made from her riding school; that she'd have to devote herself to looking after him from now on.

That was just what she'd say and what she'd do if she loved David.

He said quite clearly, "Cap'n McKay, my daughter's twenty-four. She runs her own business and runs it well. If she's fond of your son, I haven't any right to interfere."

"Guess that ridin' school's just sort of a rich girl's toy, ain't it?"

Mr. Wilson reached for a cigarette and then remembered. He said, "You don't know my daughter very well, cap'n. She's intensely practical. If her school didn't make money, she wouldn't have it. And I doubt if we're as wealthy as you may think."

He wondered if they'd print a notice in the Good Harbor paper where the cap'n would see it: the notice that would say in bold black type, "Auction sale at The Ledges, Eastern Point estate of Alexander Wilson. House, land, furnishings, goods and chattels to be sold to satisfy the creditors."

THE captain drew a huge old-fashioned gold watch from his pocket and stared at it. He got up and said, "I've got to go. Sailin' on the Arundel in an hour. We're takin' her out for a test run." He held out his hand and said, "You been mighty nice, Mr. Wilson, and I guess you're right. You got to let young folks go their own way."

He walked the length of the piazza and Mr. Wilson walked with him. He noticed how carefully Mr. Wilson walked; he noticed how he stared beyond the blowing wall of red tulips.

The captain stood there in the sun with the brisk wind blowing and the warm wet scent of bayberries all about, and he knew there was something terribly wrong in this low long white house where the roses climbed in the wind. He knew Mr. Wilson was hiding behind a wall of words.

He watched Mr. Wilson lean against the veranda rail and Mr. Wilson's face was suddenly seamed and lined and old. It seemed to the captain he'd never seen such an old, beaten, hopeless look as that face held.

He knew Mr. Wilson wouldn't want him to see it, so he said quite casually, "Seems like you can see 'most everythin' from up here. Have some seafarin' folks somewhere back in your family?"

"They lived in Salem," Mr. Wilson said rather absently. "They sailed before the mast in Donald McKay's clippers."

"Mine were Newburyporters," Cap'n McKay told him. "Skippers in the China trade, some of 'em. Well, good-by, sir."

Mr. Wilson watched his stocky figure going down the dusty road. A long while ago his ancestors had been obscure little people in old Salem, and Cap'n McKay's had been living in the great square houses on High Street in Newburyport, with candles on a long mahogany table glinting on gold and silver plate.

He stepped through the screen door into the dark dim cool living room. Becky came in, duster in hand, to say, "That Cap'n McKay! He's the richest, most prideful old skinflint in all Good Harbor. Bet he said he didn't want David to go round with a rich girl and him ownin' the fishworks an' half the fleet."

SHE went out into the hall again and her flat voice drummed dimly on the warm air. "Davy's more'n a match for him. Stubborn sot in his ways. When he come back from college he went an' bought himself half interest in a garage, an' Cap'n McKay was that mad. Said Davy was disgracin' the family. Ain't no disgrace to earn yourself a good honest livin', I say."

Mr. Wilson rubbed his toe aimlessly at the black border of an old braided rug and then sat down suddenly.

He could hear the soft purring voice of that Boston specialist say yesterday, "A very bad heart. You never can quite tell in cases like these. With the most careful living, it might be a year. And, of course, there's the chance that at any time—any slightest strain—"

He heard Becky's voice, faint from far off, "Where'll you have your lunch, Mr. Wilson?"

"On the veranda," he told her. "The Arundel's sailing out. I want to see her go."

The Arundel was sailing out with ten Good Harbor captains aboard her; the Arundel, built like a good ship and an honest ship in those yards at Essex that were so old no one knew when they'd had their start; the Arundel, all bright and fresh and new, as the best ship in the fishing fleet should be: a great gray schooner that was going out against the Nova Scotians in the fishermen's race for the glory of Good Harbor some hot day in August.

He had to see her go; when she came back he might be beyond all seeing. . . .

It had rained all that week with a dreadful dreary insistence. It was raining in steady sheets now and the wind whined.

Mr. Wilson sat in the long dim library where the windows sent strange flares of light out into the storm, and wondered for the thousandth time if he could have done differently; if he could have seen, as he should have seen, that the Wilson woolen mills were doomed.

Jinny, severely practical in gray sweater and skirt, stared across at him and sensed what he was thinking.

"Don't worry so," she said. "It wasn't your fault."

He looked all about the warm-lit room where all these old familiar things were a wall against the world. The soft polished Duncan Phyfe table, the old chair with its cherry trim—they weren't just pieces of furniture: they'd taken on a misty tone of times and places and people and thoughts out of the long-gone years.

He'd lived with them all so long. Tomorrow they'd all be gone.

He wondered if Cap'n McKay would feel that way about his old square house on Union Hill, and then he knew he'd have to speak to Jinny about David.

He said, "I didn't tell you, but Cap'n McKay came up here last week just before he sailed. He seemed troubled about his son. I wish you'd tell me—"

There was absolutely no expression on Jinny's face. She said dully, "If you don't mind, Alex, let's not talk about that now."

Becky banged through the door. She said, "The Arundel's lost. The coast guard's out lookin' for her. She ain't been sighted since Port-aux-Basques."

The rain beat against the windows.

Jinny said, "David'll be worried. He'll be worried sick. I've got to call him."

She stood in the center of the floor with her hands thrust deep in her pockets, her small head thrown forward. There was a light on her face that had never been there before.

She said, "David'll be all alone. He shouldn't be."

The door slammed open. The tall blond boy stood there, white-faced, with water dripping from him. His lips moved but he didn't speak.

Jinny said, "I was just going to call you, David."

She seemed to be saying so much more that Mr. Wilson had to look away.

She said, "David, take off that wet coat."

David said, "I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry." He sank down in a chair and stared at nothing. Jinny had to raise his arms to strip the dripping coat from him. She did it as if she'd been doing it for him all his life.

GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN *started his career by writing poetry, worked, for a time, for movie companies, and then became a musical and dramatic critic. Long a prolific writer of distinguished short stories, he is equally at home in New York, Boston, or Chicago.*

He said in a sudden shout, "I couldn't stand it up in the Master Mariners' rooms. I couldn't stand the way all those old men talked." He stopped and put his head in his hands and said again, "I'm sorry."

All the old salt-water men, up in those smoke-filled rooms where the pictures of the old ships were, Mr. Wilson knew, would talk endlessly of the ships that hadn't come home.

Jinny put her small hand on David's shoulder.

She said, "Don't worry so, David."

Becky said sharply, "That's the best schooner ever sailed out of Good Harbor and the best men aboard her. She'll come back." She said, "Davy McKay, just look what you done to my nice clean floor."

Jinny said, "Go get him something hot to drink, Becky."

She was standing by David with her hand on his shoulder and Mr. Wilson stared at them. They weren't showing at all what they must feel for each other—even now—but it was there in the dim room all the same. Wherever they were, whatever they did, he thought, they'd still be together somehow, even if they were far apart. It was that strong.

He said quite softly, "I'm glad you came, David."

The tall blond boy looked up and his eyes were warm with gratitude. He said huskily, "I couldn't go home, sir. You see—"

He stopped and stared out into the storm, then went on so quietly that his voice took on a quality of far away and long ago: "Almost the first thing I remember is standing in the front parlor with the fog all outside. The Winnie B. was six days overdue and my Uncle Joe was aboard her. I just stood there and it was so awful quiet you could hear the sea a long way off."

He looked straight at Mr. Wilson and said, "You could hear it, even when the door opened and pop came in. Pop just sat down and said, 'It's goin' to be pretty lonely here for a spell, son. It's goin' to be lonely without Joe.'"

David looked down at the floor and said, "It's just the same now."

BECKY came in. She said, "I called up the Master Mariners. There's nothin' new." She said, "Here's your hot drink, Davy." She said, "Miss Jinny, you come upstairs. You got a lot of packin' to do."

The coffee cup clattered in David's hand. He said, "You're—you're going away?"

Mr. Wilson spoke quickly. "I guess it's raining so hard you didn't see the sign by the gate. You see, I've succeeded in losing all our money. Tomorrow they're coming to sell the house and everything else at auction."

David put down the cup and said, "Jinny should have told me." He said, "I'm sorry, sir." He stood up and told Mr. Wilson, "You both better come over to town and stay with me." His voice shook. "I wish you would. It'll be pretty lonely there in that big house."

Mr. Wilson looked up at the dark girl who was his daughter, the blond boy he wanted to be his son. He said, "Thanks, David. Don't go yet, Jinny. There's something I want to say to both of you."

Jinny's face flushed. She said sharply, "Don't, Alex. David can't stand any more." She stood there, small and determined, between him and David; she stood there as if she were shielding David from something, as if she'd always shield him.

Mr. Wilson said, "The world won't stop because of Cap'n McKay. It won't stop because of me. It'll go on and you'll both go with it." He stood up. "Whatever happens, I want you to promise me that you'll go on together—that you'll get married."

David looked up and there was a great light on his face despite all its whiteness.

Jinny said sharply, "Alex, there's something you haven't told me."

"Not now," Mr. Wilson said. "You go up and pack. David and I'll sit up for a while."

Jinny hesitated. Then she turned and went away. Her slow footsteps on the stairs were the only sounds in the quiet house.

The tall boy spoke, as if it were a terrible effort to speak at all: "I don't—I don't know what to say, sir."

"There's no need to say anything," Mr. Wilson told him.

He watched, and David's head slipped slowly to his shoulder. His hands fell limp. He slept and even the storm's roar could not wake him.

MR. WILSON tucked a blanket about him and went back to his own chair. From now on whatever happened didn't much matter. For he and Cap'n McKay were hardly more than husks of their old selves; they'd lived their lives; all the best was behind them now. They'd both had bright dreams once when they were young and those dreams had never quite come true.

And now it was their children's turn. It was their world, an unsteady seething whirling sort of world, but it would hold no fears for them if they faced it together. He smiled and his taut nerves slackened and he must have slept too, for it was the tinkle of the telephone bell that wakened him.

He came slowly back into the room, and the hard gray light was already brightening above the eastern shoals.

Mr. Wilson shook David by the shoulder and said, "The Arundel's safe. They've sighted her off the shoals. She's coming in, son."

It seemed as if all that was so far off it had never happened. The long library was no longer dim or quiet. It was filled with an unsteady hum of voices and people sat there in rows of chairs.

Mr. Wilson sat in a far corner and Jinny stood beside him, her eyes dark with some secret anxiety.

It seemed suddenly that the house and all that was in it, these whispering crowds of people, the auctioneer and his little hammer, his assistant who looked so like a rusty black crow, had no earthly connection with him.

He thought how he'd stood on the veranda at noon and seen a great gray schooner come limping in, her masts unsteady, her canvas torn to rags, her bow a tangled mass of wreckage. She'd come slowly up the bright blue harbor in a sun-drenched silence, and then the whole harbor town had roared with whistles welcoming a stout ship home.

The auctioneer's hammer banged down on his desk and he cleared his throat and said, "The first lot. A really remarkable—"

The crowlike assistant was suddenly whispering in the auctioneer's ear, and the auctioneer said quite hastily, "Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen. An unforeseen circumstance—"

"Alex," said Jinny and gripped his arm, "something's happened!"

Mr. Wilson looked, and the auctioneer and his assistant and the creditors' man were all gathered in a little knot around a tall lanky young man with flaming red hair,

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a young man who looked a little like a shaggy reliable dog.

Jinny gripped his arm again and the auctioneer was standing by his desk. "I'm sorry to tell you, ladies and gentlemen," he said in a voice that sounded a shade disappointed, "but a client has made a lump offer for the entire property. Under the circumstances, the sale's off."

Mr. Wilson stood up and the shaggy young man was coming toward them. He smiled and said, "I'm Dan Shephard, the lawyer from Good Harbor. I was told to give this to Miss Wilson."

Jinny stood there with a long envelope in her hand. She slowly opened it. She said sharply, "Alex! Look!"

Mr. Wilson stooped and looked. It was a deed to the house, land, and furnishings from Thomas Sprague McKay to Virginia Faire Wilson.

Jinny's hands twitched but her eyes were quite steady. She said, "Of course I can't take it, Alex."

Mr. Wilson smiled down at her. "I'm afraid you can't do anything else," he told her. "You see, that's Cap'n McKay's idea of a wedding present."

He could hear a flat salty voice, and that must be Becky Hunt. The voice was saying, "You get these folks out of here. Ain't they messed up my place enough?"

Mr. Wilson stared down at the paper and still couldn't quite believe it. He couldn't believe the long, dim room would stay precisely as it was, that everything would stay precisely as it was; he couldn't believe that soon some one wouldn't come in and take it all away.

A tall blond boy was coming in, and his eyes were shining. He said, "Did Dan Shephard get here in time?" and then saw Jinny's face and grinned.

He took Mr. Wilson by the sleeve and said, "Pop's awful mad at you, sir. He's in bed with a broken leg, and when Becky Hunt came in and told him, he just sort of blew up." He said, "You come down and see pop."

Mr. Wilson was still so dazed he didn't know exactly how it all happened, but the three of them seemed to be in Jinny's car and suddenly they were drawing up to Cap'n McKay's big square house.

JINNY was saying, "I'm going to tell your father I can't take it." And David told her, "If I were you, I wouldn't make pop any madder'n he is. Doc Roberts and the nurse said his language was awfully disgraceful."

They were going into a room that looked out on the sun and the sea and the gray sails lifting where the sea began and Cap'n McKay was a huge white mound under the bedclothes.

He tried to sit up and said to Jinny in a steady roar, "I guess I can give my daughter-in-law a wedding present if I'm a mind to. Don't tell me different." He said, "You young sprigs, get out of here. I got some business to talk over."

Mr. Wilson looked all around the room. It was a sea-captain's room; it had been that before Cap'n McKay'd been born. And all the captains had lived hard and died hard and yet there was a quiet and an abiding peace here.

He shaded his eyes and looked out at the sea, and all the tenseness that had gripped him for days and weeks and months was gone. He felt as if the book of his old life was ended and a new one began. But that couldn't be.

He said, "Cap'n McKay—"

The cap'n held up his hand and stopped him.

The cap'n's voice was quite soft now. He was saying, "This leg'll lay me up for a long time. I've got to get some one I trust to help run my business. You could do it if you were a mind to."

Mr. Wilson looked out the window.

He said, "There's something I must tell you, cap'n."

Cap'n McKay grunted and tried to sit up again. He said, "I know. Becky told me." He said, "If I were you, I wouldn't be so sure 'twas so."

HE looked out the window quite a long time, then said, "'Twasn't your regular doctor told you, was it?"

"No," Mr. Wilson said, and he had the sense he was saying something important. "My regular man's in Europe. This was a specialist—a stranger to me."

Cap'n McKay watched the schooner slide down the roadstead where the water was all shimmering gold. He said, "Drat being laid up like this!" He said, "Long time ago, a doctor told me I'd got to quit work or somethin' would happen to me. I went to see Doc Roberts across the street and he said sure I was goin' to die some time, but he'd bet I was so tough, it wouldn't be soon."

He said, "Doc Roberts is a sensible man. Go see him and then come back and tell me what he says."

The schooner was slipping down the harbor now, toward the jetty and the light and the open sea. Cap'n McKay looked at Mr. Wilson and smiled. "Tell those young sprigs not to get married till I get well," he said. "I'd sort of like to be at the wedding."

Mr. Wilson went out to the front steps and quite steadily lit a cigarette. He stood there, thinking of what the specialist had said: "Any slightest strain—" And for days there'd been just one strain after another and he was still here.

He was still here, and he suddenly wanted to shout and shout and shout—just because the sun was so bright and the sea was so blue and the wind was whipping in the scent of rain-wet bayberries and he was still alive to see and hear and sense it all.

He could feel the wind on his face and it was soft and salt, and he could suddenly see himself quite clearly next year—next June. He could see himself sitting on the broad veranda that slanted seaward, sitting there playing long lazy games of checkers with Captain McKay.

He stepped swiftly across the street and rang Dr. Roberts's bell.

THE END

DOGHOUSE, *Inc.*

Men, Here's Escape at Last from the Sway of Womanhood . . . It's Nationwide and They Say It Really Works!

by JOE MASSAL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A NEW organization has just made its bowwow. It's an institution for married men only; and any gent is eligible and welcome whose wife or mother-in-law has led him a dog's life. It's called Doghouse, Inc.

With 700 members in New York, 300 in Philadelphia, 300 in Washington, and 460 in Richmond, and with Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Charleston, South Carolina, Charleston, West Virginia, Wheeling, Buffalo, Boston, Scranton, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, Indianapolis, New Orleans, and Atlanta yelping for admittance, Doghouse, Inc., promises to stand up like a lighthouse against the rising tide of feminine superiority.

The voice of Doghouse is sending sympathetic woofs all over the country, assuring all brothers-in-law that there is still hope for them, a place in the sun, kennels of comfort in which they can find peace and quiet and the restoration of self-confidence and self-respect.

Doghouse, Inc., was organized recently in Baltimore, and within twenty-four hours after the news was spread by the press associations telegrams by the thousands poured in on the founders, asking confirmation, begging for charters. Not often has any organization so quickly struck a responsive chord so widespread.

Apparently thousands of men in all parts of the country have been waiting for years for just such a solution to their problems as this "social, fraternal, and charitable organization" which is authorized to establish and maintain "clubrooms, rooms, and buildings" to shelter married men "when domestic strife and civil fury make it necessary for one to seek refuge away from home."

It will mean something hereafter when the head of a household tells you he's been "sent to the doghouse." It will mean he's joined what amounts to a virtual revolution against American womanhood—God bless her! It may not mean he will be an outlaw among his in-laws, but it will stamp him as a rebel—and a very brave man.

Article XII of the constitution pledges the organization "to obtain outstanding clubhouses surrounded by an acreage sufficient to permit a proper golf course, if one is not already established." Thus the stray doggies will have country-club privileges—and at a trifling cost, say the founders. Dues will be "nominal."

One requirement is emphasized. Every member must take a pledge to wage "relentless war on all feminine chiselers"—including the lady who invites a gent to come down to the cocktail lounge so he can pay for the drinks she and her friends have already consumed.

Within a very short time, it is believed by the members, there will be Kennels in every big city in the country. National Kennel No. 1 is situated in Baltimore; and among its distinguished members are George S. Kaufman—he distinguished himself in Hollywood as well as on Broadway, you remember—Maryland's governor, Harry W. Nice; Baltimore's mayor, Howard W. Jackson; and Charley Chase, moving-picture comedian and author of the song I'm in the Doghouse Now.

A man may be only a mutt in his own home, or a Pom or a Pekingese or a poodle; but in the Kennels every man will be a mastiff, and the utmost care will be used to protect him from feminine dogcatchers. Only male servants will be employed. Male telephone operators will be on guard. At the sound of any feminine voice crying, "Is my husband there?" they will growl and bay. Even the cooks will be masculine. No cats will be allowed.

It was a queer chain of circumstances that turned a figure of speech into a material realization. Some weeks ago the Automobile Trades Association of Maryland made a two-day trip down the Chesapeake. On the return the boat they had chartered picked up, innocently enough and purely by coincidence, a company of good-looking dancing girls.

There was nothing in this to cause the uplifting of an eyebrow. There should not have been an angry word on the part of any wife of any member of the party. The men hardly spoke to the girls. The girls scarcely looked at the men. You know how it is on boat trips.

Well, anyway, what should happen but a collision? Yes, sir; a freighter, mistaking the Chesapeake boat for a dock, came pretty close to sinking it. Governor Nice and 283 others—including the dancing girls—were rescued.

There was only one casualty—a married man who had told his wife that she must not insist on going with him, as the trip was a stag affair.

This man reached home on scheduled time—despite the accident and the consequent delay—and told his wife all about the trip, and how much good he and his business had derived from it. He forgot all about the dancing girls, naturally. Why should he have recalled them? They had meant nothing to him. Absolutely nothing.

He went to bed happy.

The next morning his wife got out of bed early. She took the milk and the morning paper off the porch, put the coffee on to boil, and sat down to read the news. The paper went into full details of the crash.

"Dancing beauties," said the wife. "And he told me it was a stag."

That's how Doghouse, Inc., came into being.

After the husband dressed himself—and his injuries—he went to his office and confided all in a friend.

"I was sound asleep," the poor fellow said, "and suddenly I thought I saw that freighter looming up to starboard *again,* and—wham!—she hit. I thought the funnel fell on me, and kept hitting me while I was down.

"I opened my eyes. That's funny, I could open them then—I give you my word I could. Think if I got a pound of beefsteak it would reduce the swelling so I could see? I'll try it. I opened my eyes, as I said—and it wasn't the funnel. And now I'm in the doghouse."

His friend sighed. "So am I," he confessed.

Another friend had just come in.

"Doghouse?" he barked. "That's my home too!"

After talking it over seriously, these three decided to start a club for married men in disfavor. The name Doghouse, Inc., was a natural.

The Maryland State Tax Commission granted the charter on August 11 to A. W. Johnson and C. F. Niner of Baltimore, and M. B. Thompson of Cumberland, Md.

Johnson was elected National Great Dane, and the campaign for members was started immediately. The dog days have arrived!

THE END

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SIXES $685 and up • EIGHTS $785 and up. List prices, at Lansing, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Cars illustrated: upper left, Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, $815; at right, Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $915, list. Standard Accessories: Bumpers, Bumper Guards, Spare Tire and Tube, Metal Spring Covers—$37.50 on the Six, $45.00 on the Eight. Additional Accessories and Equipment—Optional. Taxes, Transportation, Delivery and Handling Charges—Extra. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

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DISTINCTIVE NEW SIX AND DISTINGUISHED NEW EIGHT ARE BREAKING ALL RECORDS IN SALES BECAUSE THEY BREAK ALL RECORDS FOR VALUE

SALES figures prove it . . . the enthusiasm of owners establishes it beyond a doubt . . . Oldsmobile's two great new cars for 1937 are reaching new heights of popularity, even for Oldsmobile. The big, smart, 95 h. p. Six is winning new thousands of buyers to better-car ownership. The great, luxurious, 110 h. p. Eight is proving to additional thousands that fine-car transportation need not be expensive. With their traditional Oldsmobile quality and dependability, their full complement of modern fine-car features, and a choice of two distinctly different Style-Leader Styles, the 1937 Oldsmobiles are cars that you, too, should see and drive. For they are priced to set the 1937 pace in value!

Oldsmobile 6 and 8

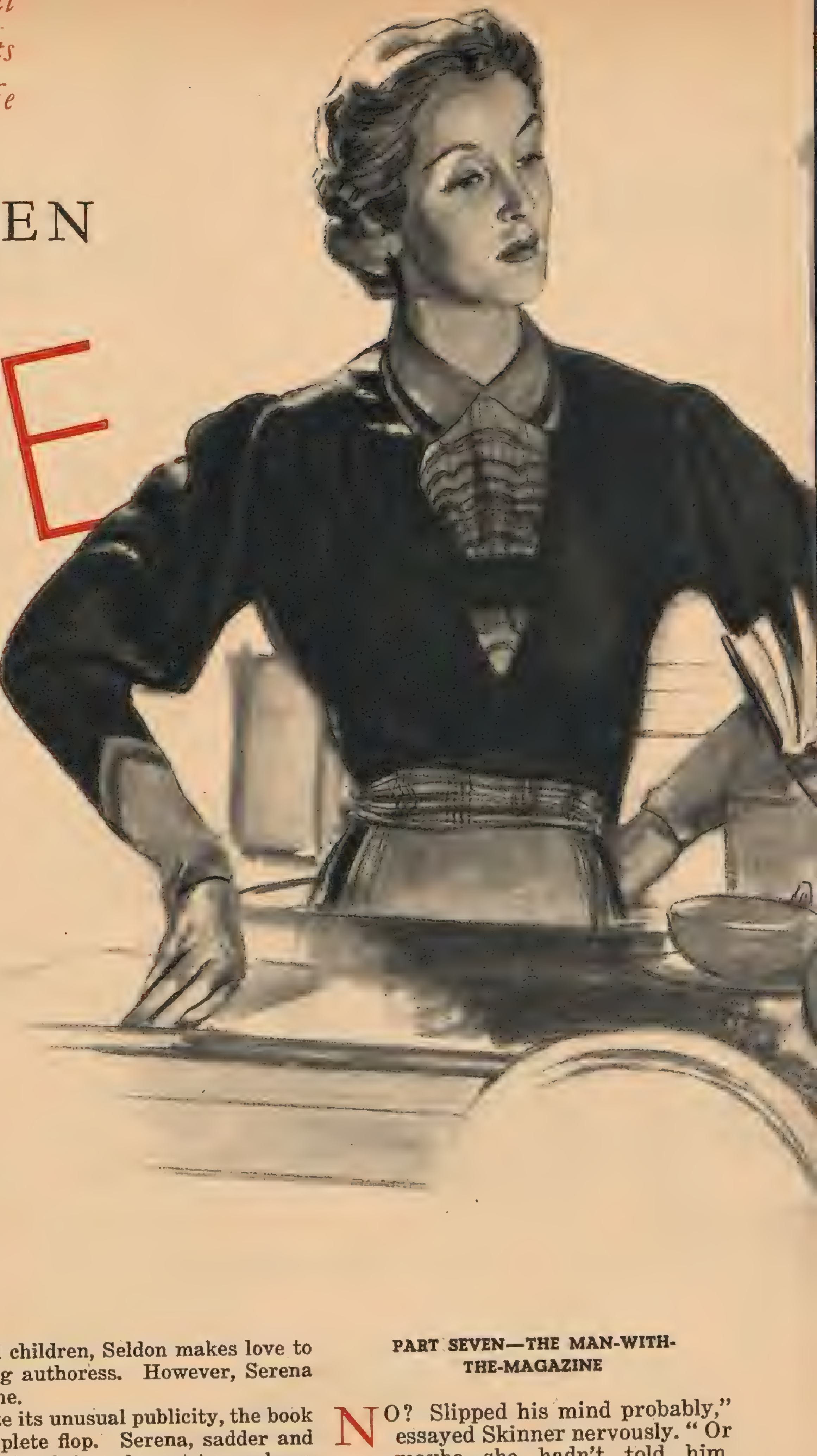
Fired and Broke, and Fired Again—and Now the Strangest Job of All . . A Poor Little Rich Girl Fights a Bewildered Battle with Life

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

WISE



ON the night of her debut in Washington, D. C., society, Serena Runcival, the only daughter of Lady Isabella Runcival (one of the McKeevers of Oklahoma), gets herself engaged to Roger Loring. An old friend of the family, Jeremiah Skinner, cynically calls Loring one of Lady Isabella's "tame cats"—one of the chaps who dance attendance on that lively but hard-boiled divorcee.

Learning of that sudden engagement, the mother of Serena loses no time in telling her eighteen-year-old daughter that Roger Loring was once her own lover! This brutally frank confession causes the girl to drop out of sight. Flying out West, she obtains a job as waitress in Tucson, Arizona, and struggles to exist respectably.

In the dark as to the reason for her flight, Roger eventually finds Serena. He has a letter and money from her mother. She consents to go back to Washington if he will swear never to see or question her. More bewildered than ever, Roger agrees to her terms.

Home again, the girl informs Lady Isabella that she wants to live alone. The older woman is amused to hear that Serena intends to write a novel as the beginning of a career.

It is decided that she shall go to New York and live with a distant relative, Sarah Romeyn, a maiden lady familiarly known as "Aunt Sally." Settled in her new abode, Serena begins on her book, which has her mother for heroine!

Always posing as an ultra-sophisticate, Ronnie Seldon, a reader for a publishing house, interests his firm in her novel with its sensational mother-and-daughter angle. Though married, with wife and children, Seldon makes love to his young authoress. However, Serena is immune.

Despite its unusual publicity, the book is a complete flop. Serena, sadder and wiser, looks for an honest-to-goodness job, and is engaged for Ladies' Stockings in Wolfe's big department store. But she is soon fired for insulting a customer, by Mr. Wolfe himself.

Three weeks pass without employment. Then Jeremiah Skinner drops in to see her. He tells her that her allowance must be cut down until her mother marries Wolfe, the wealthy merchant.

"I was in Mr. Wolfe's office a few weeks ago," says Serena. "He didn't mention intending to marry mama."

PART SEVEN—THE MAN-WITH-THE-MAGAZINE

NO? Slipped his mind probably," essayed Skinner nervously. "Or maybe she hadn't told him. What were you seeing him for?"

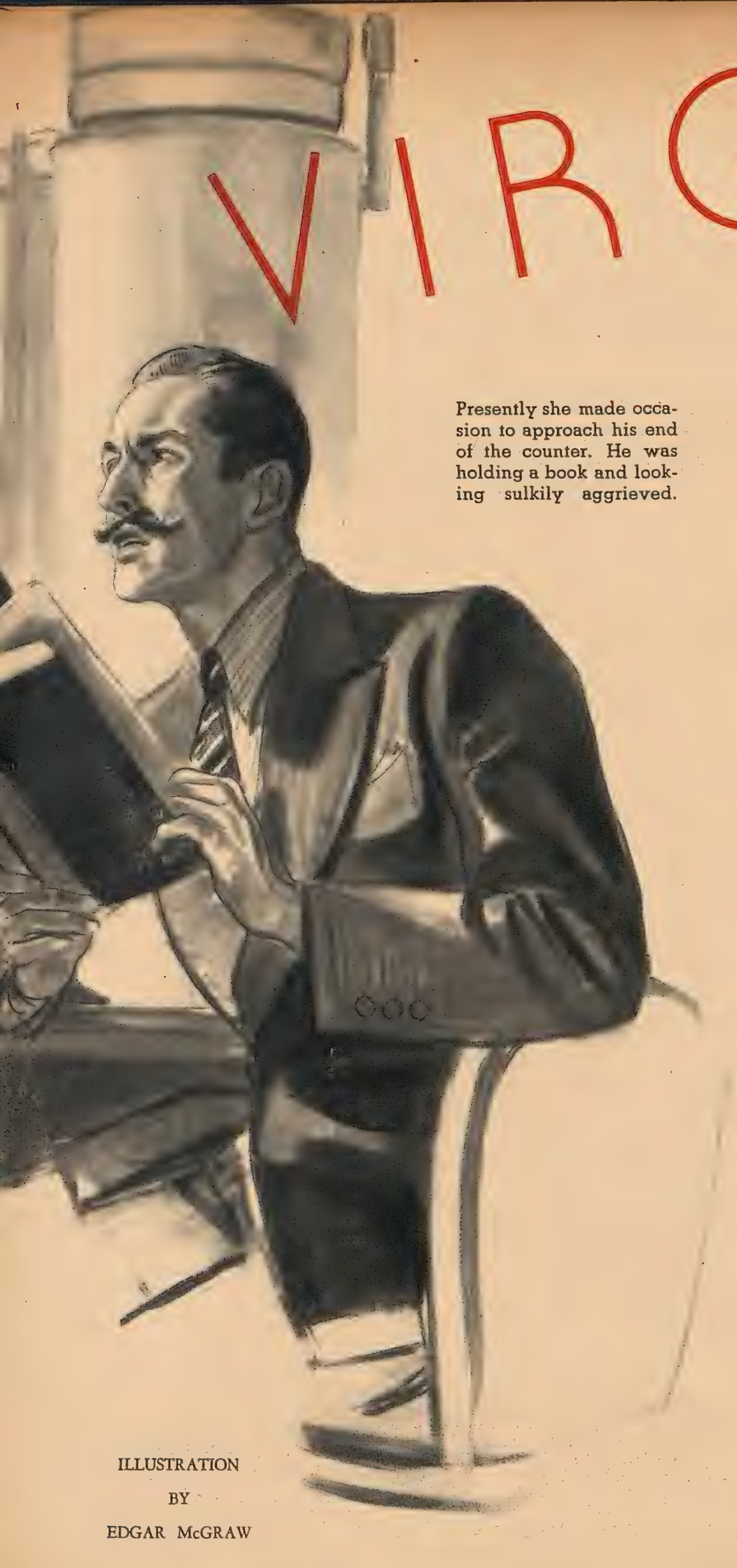
"I was selling stockings in his store," said Serena calmly. "Mr. Wolfe was firing me."

"Of course, of course," agreed Skinner with relief. "Probably he didn't want to lose your mother's trade."

But Serena's mood had taken a nonresponsive slant. She ignored Skinner's elaborate irony.

"I don't see anything funny about

VIRGIN



Presently she made occasion to approach his end of the counter. He was holding a book and looking sulkily aggrieved.

ILLUSTRATION

BY

EDGAR McGRAW

mama's marrying again, and I don't see anything funny about my being penniless unless Mr. Wolfe chooses to give me something later on. I think it's very humiliating."

Skinner struck a match and sucked at his disreputable pipe. Serena veered again.

"Of course, when you think of it, I suppose it *is* funny," she grudged. "It's *damned* funny. But it's pretty hard on poor Aunt Sally. I don't suppose she'll turn me out in the street. But this flat isn't cheap, and I'm way back now on my share. I simply *must* get something to do."

"What have you tried?"

"Oh—everything. I just don't seem to fit."

"No chance with your publishers?" Skinner essayed cautiously. "As a reader perhaps?"

"I thought of trying them. But I'm afraid they know my writing too well to want me for a reader. Besides, there are other reasons."

"'Other reasons' usually means a man. Any one been making love to you?"

"Yes. But it's all right, Jerry. His wife and I are friends. She knows all about it."

Skinner frowned.

"Didn't get burned, did you?"

"Not even singed. It wasn't anything, really. Mostly my fault. Just some cheap stuff—one night."

SKINNER digested this for a time in silence. Then he went on, "You're a queer girl, Serena. You've grown a lot since the last time we talked. Do you remember the night of your party? You were full of half-baked ideas on sex and I don't know what."

Serena nodded a little wanly.

"I don't think I've changed my ideas, Jerry dear. I just don't talk about it so much. I suppose I've learned that you can't—just the way you said I would. Besides," she added simply, I "haven't had you to talk to."

Skinner decided to change the subject.

"Roger Loring," he began abruptly. "Whatever came of that? I thought you wanted to marry him?"

"I did. I became engaged to him about half an hour after you and I talked."

For once Skinner showed astonishment.

"And then, the next morning, I ran away—and broke it off."

"Great guns, Serena!" he blurted

in distress. “I had no idea—I didn't mean to pry it out of you.”

“I *want* to tell you about it, Jerry, if you'll let me.” She was speaking in her calm monotone. “You see, I found that he was—what do you call it?—‘involved’ with another woman. So—I ran away. He followed me out West, but I wouldn't see him. And he wrote me a few weeks ago, but I sent the letter back.”

“But, good heavens, haven't you even given the man a chance to explain? Are you sure of your facts?”

“The woman told me herself. Now please, Jerry—that is all I can tell you.”

“All right, my dear.” His face wore a troubled frown. “And I always thought Loring a heck of a decent chap. Damn his Yankee soul—for hurting you!”

Serena smiled a little.

“He did—what is your favorite expression, Jerry?—he did ‘get under my skin’ a little. But it's wearing off—I think,” she finished doubtfully. “It always does wear off, doesn't it, Jerry—these calf-love affairs, as mama calls them?”

“Certainly,” said Skinner stoutly. “Sure it'll wear off. You'll have forgotten all about it this time next year.” Then he added wryly, “Which is hellish poor consolation for a girl with a broken wing. Some rotten winter you've had, eh, Serena?”

“I enjoyed writing the book; I forgot everything for long periods at a time. You wouldn't care for a copy, would you, Jerry? I've nearly eighteen hundred of them down in the janitor's storeroom.”

Skinner made no answer.

“I read it over the other day,” she went on dryly. “I only wish I could have read it before I wrote it. How about tea, Jerry? And I think I'll have a cigarette, if you've one about you?”

“Haven't you stopped sponging cigarettes yet? Anyway I haven't one.”

“Oh, well—I'll have to find Aunt Sal's. She hides them out on me. When I want to smoke, it's like a treasure hunt. But I know she brought home a whole carton yesterday.”

“I guess you're getting over it all right,” growled Skinner.

AN ELECTION DAY PUZZLE

BY F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

Last election a certain William Smith was running for commissioner on the Republican ticket, Elisha Robinson on the Share-the-Wealth, George Brown on the Demopublican, and Rufus Detwiler on the newly formed Down-with-Everything ticket. When the smoke cleared away, it was found that Mr. Smith was elected. Out of 1,648 votes cast he had received a plurality of 8 over Mr. Brown, 76 over Mr. Robinson, and 184 over Mr. Detwiler. The puzzle is to find how many votes each candidate received. It can be done almost immediately and should be done without using pencil and paper.

There is another puzzle involved in this question: What is the difference between a plurality and a majority? How many know it?

(The answer will be found on page 56)

SERENA was lunching in a little waist-high table booth at a new lunchroom on Madison Avenue. More than a week had passed since Jerry Skinner's visit. Nothing had turned up, and Serena was tired and discouraged.

The particular lunchroom in which she was eating was a very superior affair. It was the latest addition to the Cabins, Incorporated system, an enterprising concern that had boldly, and successfully, pushed this duded-up unit into the midriff of the fashionable shopping and residential section. It was patronized by shoppers, shopgirls, the euphemistically styled and undersalaried “junior executives” of the neighborhood, and by a sprinkling of younger clubwomen who were so sure of their social position—and so unsure of their financial—that they didn't care where they were seen eating. It had the semi-sit-down lunch counter of the ineluctable American “diner,” and it also boasted a profusion of pocket-sized tables in alcoves where one could eat at comparative leisure and with no more discomfort than is demanded by the intimate entwining of one's legs with those of one's vis-à-vis: a predicament which offers neither novelty nor embarrassment to the modern girl who dances.

Serena sat at an alcove table today because she wanted to eat slowly and to rest, and it was worth the extra ten-cent tip to the table waitress.

Serena studied the small bill of fare. She knew it almost by heart. The success of the place was due to its purposely short menu of high-quality, well served “specials” and “combinations.” She decided on a lettuce-and-tomato sandwich on toasted white bread, with cream cheese and jelly on the side, and a cup of coffee.

The waitress sailed up, swished off the already spotless little board. She knew Serena, and nodded to her. Serena nodded back.

“I'll have an L. T. on white toast with coffee and C. J.,” drawled Serena with weary glibness.

The girl called the code order over to the counter, where it was echoed back. “My,” she laughed to Serena, “but you've sure got the lingo.”

“Oh,” said Serena carelessly, “I've listened several times.” And then—with the writer's magnificent ability to make a mole hill of observation into a mountain of experience: “You see, I used to be a waitress myself.”

“I see,” agreed the girl politely but obviously skeptical of Serena's voice and clothes and bearing. “Where was you working?”

“Tucson, Arizona: flying-field restaurant. Nothing like this, of course.” And then, with one of her flash impulses—the more deceptive because of the deliberation of her manner: “Do you suppose I could get a job here? Who does one see?”

“Store manager—him standing out back there.”

“But I thought this was such a big system. Don't I have to go to the central office or something?”

“NO. Each store manager hires and fires his own bunch. He's responsible for 'em. Discipline stuff.”

“Oh,” said Serena. “I wonder—I mean, are they taking any one on?”

“Always taking 'em on. No harm having a try—if you need the job.”

“I do need the job,” said Serena. “What do they—how much does it pay?”

“Eight a week base pay; and if you don't take in four a day in tips you're not good enough for the place. Say thirty-two to thirty-five a week, total.”

“Why—why, that's splendid!” gasped Serena. “You don't get anything like that starting at Wolfe's!”

“Were you working at Wolfe's?” demanded the girl curiously.

“Yes. Stockings. I was fired for insulting a customer.”

The girl laughed sympathetically.

“The first thing you gotta learn any place is to let the customer do the insulting.”

She disappeared to fetch Serena's order. After she had finished her luncheon, Serena went back to see the manager. And the next morning, at eight o'clock, she was at work.

She had been hired on what is called “first-day trial.” She got through it with credit—credit enough to be kept on at least, thanks largely to her quick ear for the shorthand argot of the orders. Serena was what the stage folk call a quick study. Also, she had had the foresight—directly after she was hired—to seek out her waitress friend and get the girl to write out on the little bill of fare, opposite their items, all the short-cut nicknames that were used in this particular establishment. With the result that the next day she rather astonished the manager and the other waitresses with her apparently uncanny adeptness. This went far to offset the deliberation of her bodily movements, and the queer trick she had of sometimes watching and waiting before answering when she was spoken to.

For Serena was distinctly slow compared to the catlike agility that is demanded of the rush-counter clerk—especially in a lunchroom. And she had a bad quirk of absentmindedness: she would find herself staring vaguely at a customer, speculating on where the woman could have got her impossible hat; or at an inoffensive clerk, wondering how his wife could bear it. Then she would wake up and call out the order, which had registered itself on her subconscious mind, and try to make up for her slowness by a sort of personal watchfulness that her slow charm and directness of speech made natural to her. But counter work was evidently no more her forte than stockings.

On the whole, though, she did reasonably well. The hours were fairly easy—eight to four; and the work—except during the luncheon peak from twelve to two thirty—not too hard. Compared to stockings, there was sufficient variety to it. She liked the other girls—they seemed a self-respecting, rather superior lot; and she liked the work. She even liked her trick of dishwashing in the mid-afternoon, though the boy on the drier grumbled at her painstaking slowness. And she liked eating with the other girls in the back of the shop in slack time—eating without having to go out, and at precisely half the menu price, and with plenty of time to smoke a cigarette or two.

And above all she liked the money she earned. She was astonished at the way the nickels and dimes of the counter, and the dimes and fifteens, and even occasional quarters, of the alcoves mounted up by the end of each tour of duty. In her first week she totaled thirty-one dollars. In her second week she passed thirty-three. Aunt Sally was impressed, but covered herself by observing with acerbity that she couldn't see much future in ham and eggs for a young novelist, and that anyway she didn't see what the world was coming to if ladies had to earn their living on tips from clerks and shopgirls. Serena smiled tolerantly, and remarked that she had just paid her last month's house charges at the Cosmopolitan—for which she had been posted.

SHE began to know some of her steady customers. Her trick of absent-minded staring had developed a photographic memory for faces. Her queer impersonal curiosity about what perfect strangers were doing, or eating, or thinking, sometimes stood her in good stead. She would remember, for instance, that the pimple-faced man from the tobacco shop next door had spilled apple pie on his shirt front the first time she served him. It goes a long way if you can say, "We have some of that green-apple pie you liked last week." This means apple pie on top of his intended order, and an extra nickel on the tip for the solicitous waitress.

It was during her third week that she encountered the man with the magazine. She always thought of him as the man-with-the-magazine, because the first time she waited on him he was reading a copy of the Atlantic. He always sat on the end stool of the counter, so he could lean against the wall and not be brushed against on

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S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

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S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health . . . its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven . . . that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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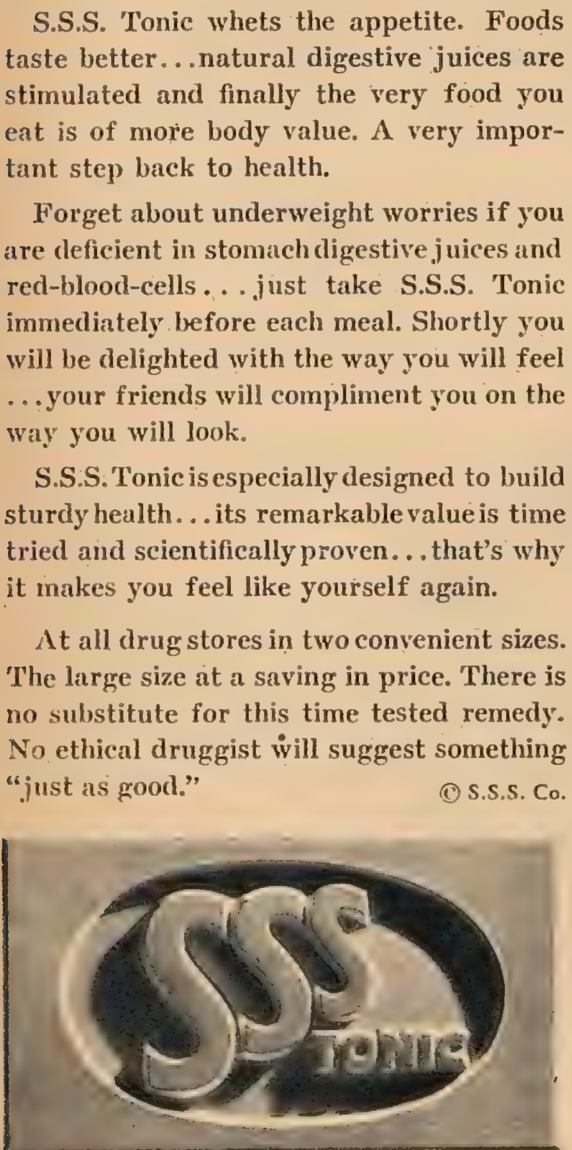

one side at least. He was usually reading something, and he seemed to have a good deal of time to spare, because frequently he would order an extra coffee after he had finished his meal. Then he would sip his coffee and read, and smoke an occasional cigarette. He rolled his own cigarettes, with brown paper and flake tobacco that came in little muslin sacks. This aroused Serena's curiosity, because she had seldom seen any one—except out in Arizona—with time and patience enough to roll their own cigarettes.

About thirty-five years old, she judged him. A thinnish well shouldered man with a small head and nondescript gray-sprinkled hair which was closely cropped in obvious disdain of concealing its growing thinness. His eyes were slightly sardonic and insolent and with faint pouches under them. His mouth was large and arrogant beneath a somewhat flowing mustache which he pulled at while reading, and which his whole bearing suggested that he wore in careless contempt of the pig-bristle embellishments and the plucked-eyebrow effects which adorn the common run of the American male upper lip.

A distinctly plain man, Serena decided at first glance, but with an arresting air of distinction. At first she could not make up her mind whether he was first-chop or not: appearances were so deceptive nowadays. Then she took note of his voice when he ordered, and the magazine that he had propped against the paper-napkin container; noted the artfully careless hang of his palpably Bond Street clothes—and decided on first-chop.

THE man-with-the-magazine paid scant attention to his surroundings. When he ordered he scarcely glanced at the waitress who served him. Sometimes he left a tip—as much as a quarter. Sometimes he forgot all about it. His air of completely satisfied detachment—it could not be called conscious aloofness or superiority—irritated Serena. If he wanted to behave as though he were eating at his club, he ought to keep out of a hurry-up restaurant. It was hard enough to keep her end of the counter neat and uncrowded, without having him prop his magazine or book against the sugar shaker or the paper-napkin holder.

As a matter of fact he was not much trouble, though he did stay a long time, because he invariably came at slack hours, in the mid-morning or afternoon, when there were few customers. But his habit of propping his reading matter on her narrow counter annoyed her no end. Three times he knocked something over. The third time, it was a ketchup bottle which fell to the floor and broke. He murmured "Sorry," but in an irritated tone as if she had done it; then he transferred his magazine to the napkin rack. But when he went out, she found, tucked under his plate, the seventy cents change from a dollar bill that he had left for her.

The next time he appeared, she was ready for him. She had brought from her aunt's flat a small folding newspaper rack, such as they use on the tables of well appointed clubs. While she took his order she removed his folded newspaper from its dangerous proximity to a cream pie and slipped it into the rack which she had kept ready at hand beneath the counter. He nodded approvingly.

"Excellent idea! All these places should have 'em."

Then he returned to his reading.

He had another trick that got on her nerves. While he was reading, and apparently when he ran across something he disagreed with, he would frown and begin to bite the inside of his lips. Serena found herself watching him and waiting for it, even when she was serving some one else. And then one day—when he must have encountered a peculiarly obnoxious passage—she horrified herself by blurting out:

"Oh, *do* stop chewing your face!"

HE looked up abstractedly and not quite taking it in. Finally a sardonic gleam came into his eyes.

"Quite so," he said in a conversational tone, as if they had been discussing it for years. "If you can cure me of it, I'll buy you a pearl necklace and a champagne supper." He went on reading—and biting the inside of his mouth. His insolent lack of resentment—as if she had been a bootblack criticizing his worn-down heels—was more humiliating than a dressing down. Serena kept out of his way until he had gone. She knew that but for the magazine man's sardonic tolerance she ought to be fired.

He did not appear again for three or four days. When she did see him, she was busy with two other customers, and another waitress took his order. Serena was unreasonably annoyed—at the other waitress. Presently she made occasion to approach his end of the counter. He was holding a book uncomfortably in his hands and looking sulkily aggrieved.

"*Varium et mutabile semper femina,*" he growled. "Which, freely translated, means, Woman is ever an inconstant and changeable creature. Where—woman—is my paper rack?"

Holy cats! thought Serena, does every attractive man have to spout Latin at me? And then a quote from her dictionary that had stuck in her head, and that she had been saving to annihilate Ronnie Seldon with, if she ever ran into him again, flashed into her mind.

"*Senex bis puer,*" she drawled slowly, and hoped that she was looking as insolent as he. She slid the paper rack on the counter and walked away. "'The old man is twice a child,'" she murmured to herself with satisfaction. "Guess that will hold him." After that, and with her writer's instinct for a curtain, she kept out of his way, despite the fact that he waited a long time, and ordered two extra cups of coffee—from the other waitress.

Now, if any one had told Serena that she was deliberately and provocatively forcing herself on this man's notice; that she was instinctively trying to make him recognize her as a member of his own class; that she was flagrantly violating the self-imposed code of the other waitresses which forbade customer flirtations; that she was—in her own calm and well bred way—trying to pick him up—she would have been indignant—at first. Then she would have admitted it. Because she was both self-critical and terrifically squareminded.

She never did pick up the man-with-the-magazine. The next day she was let out. No fault of her own, the manager explained with apparently genuine regret: just the summer layoff. This store, in this particular district, slacked off an awful lot in summer. She was the last girl he'd taken on, the least experienced, and he was letting two others go besides herself. In the fall—if she had nothing better by then—he'd be mighty glad to take her on again. And so on and so forth.

Serena walked home, a little bitter at first, but consoling herself with the reflection that this time, anyway, she hadn't been canned for her own misdeeds. She was just one of the misfit new-poors, she reasoned—a product of the depression on top of a rotten economic system. From all of which it may be seen that Serena's propensity for self-dramatization was not far behind her talent for imagery, or her flair for the apt phrase. Serena was not a writer but she thought and felt as a writer.

She did not see Aunt Sal that night. And the next morning she went off as usual and without mentioning that she had lost her job. She was getting a little jittery and ashamed of what must seem to her aunt sheer incompetence. She had a wild hope of landing something that day, so that she would not have to come home with nothing but failure to report.

IN desperation, and because she knew the ropes of the store, she decided to try Wolfe's again. At first she had meant to go brazenly to Wolfe himself—and then be very arch and naïve about him and her mother. But she decided against it. Distaste for her mother's taste for Wolfe perhaps, and a sort of angry wanting to be on her own and not in a pull-got job. She would use her Sarah Raymond name—as she had with Cabins, Incorporated — and Wolfe's would never know her record as Serena Runcival. If only she didn't have the bad luck to run into the same personnel woman in the employment department!

She didn't. She encountered a man, a man with the coldly fishy eye of the woman-appraising theatrical agent. They were taking on no salesgirls at this season, he informed her. A few jobs for girls with exceptional looks and figures—for bathing-beauty work. Work just inside the street doors—in bathing suits. To hand out throwaways for the sporting-goods department. The personnel man flicked his eye over her with a glance that made her feel undressed.

"You'll do. Start tomorrow, if you want it," he snapped, turning impatiently to the next candidate. "You gotta decide quick."

"I—I'll take it," gasped Serena, feeling hot and cold at the same time. "Sarah Raymond's the name."

"O.K. Report Mrs. Banning, fourth floor, room forty-six, at eight o'clock. Here—take this bottle of sun-tan lotion and use it like it says."

Serena carried the bottle out with her and took a Fifth Avenue bus up to her crosstown street. When she got home her aunt was there.

"I'm starting again at Wolfe's tomorrow morning," she announced abruptly.

AUNT SAL'S lips tightened. She occupied herself with lighting a cigarette, which was her way of holding a tongue which she well knew required occasional holding.

"I lost the job at Cabins, but it wasn't on account of my work. It was summer layoff, and I was the last girl hired."

Miss Romeyn nodded and snapped off her cigarette lighter.

"I wish you could get something permanent," she said restrainedly. "You can't go on this way, Serena—being booted from one shoddy job to another."

"I know," said Serena in a troubled voice. She wondered what her aunt would say if she knew the nature of the job. But her honesty failed her.

"It's a wonder these smart boarding schools wouldn't teach you girls at least one practical thing."

"I could have had several jobs if I'd been able to type or do shorthand," admitted Serena.

"Has it taken you all these months to find that out?" asked her aunt—not too kindly.

That night Serena waited until Aunt Sally was through with the bathroom. Then she looked around for her bottle of sun-tan lotion. She remembered boarding the bus with it. Then, to her dismay, she remembered walking home with nothing in her hands. Some other female—the bus conductor's girl friend perhaps—was by this time achieving a beautiful golden-brown free coat of tan. But it wasn't so damned funny, Serena reflected. It was too late at night to find a drugstore open. To show up at Wolfe's the way she was—especially with her very white skin—would probably lose her the job. Also, it would make her feel even more abominably naked.

Serena thought hard. Presently she smiled. She went out to the kitchen pantry and examined the shelves. Then she went back to the bathroom carrying a large can of powdered English mustard and a pint bottle of vinegar and a mixing bowl. She couldn't quite remember whether it was vinegar or olive oil that one mixed a mustard plaster with, but she de-

Boys and girls don't beat around the bush

THEY say just what they mean—and that's why folks who don't always like to hear the truth think "children should be seen and not heard".

When I set out to spend most of my time—and most of my money—making Dubble Bubble Gum, I had to know that I was on the right track. I didn't want to get "yes" as an answer from somebody who meant "no" but was afraid to hurt my feelings.

So I put the question up to the boys and girls who know more about gum in a minute than grown folks know in a month. What they told me showed that boys and girls don't beat around the bush. And when I tell them today that they'll get better gum and more of it when they put a penny on the counter for Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum they know *I'm not beating around the bush either!*

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DUBBLE BUBBLE
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1¢

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Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
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NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

cided on vinegar because that was what one used after a shampoo in the rinsing water. Serena mixed up a generous batch of thick paste. This would make her skin a lovely pink, she decided.

Serena stripped and covered her slim white body—or as much of it as she judged the New York public was entitled to inspect at close quarters—with a generous layer of the paste. She was a thorough young woman when once she had made up her mind to a thing. Looking rather like a greased-up Channel swimmer about to take the water, she surveyed herself in the mirror. Every inch of her from crown to toenails—excepting her eyes and her breasts and belly—was covered with the thick brown paste. Serena laughed aloud and lighted a cigarette and stood gingerly on the bath mat. " I smell like a ham sandwich," she murmured to herself. " If the darn thing works I'll take out a patent." Presently she essayed a sitting posture on the edge of the bathtub. She was guessing at the time, but she felt no burn as yet. After awhile she began to get tingly. She gave it another five minutes or so, just to make sure. Then she wiped off the mess with a bath towel and jumped into the tub and lathered herself. She felt in a delightful glow.

In the course of the next hour she abandoned the patent idea: the delightful glow grew into a wholehearted mustard burn that kept her squirming and sleepless in the bed—though each time she moved it made it worse. The next morning the acute burning had subsided, but her skin was so raw and sensitive that it was agony to put on her clothes. She hurried through breakfast under the astonished stare of the maid—thanking Heaven her aunt was not yet up—and took a taxi to Wolfe's: she was too tender to walk or go in a bus.

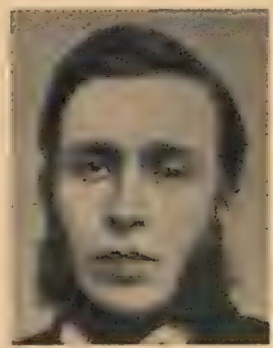
In the dressing room at Wolfe's she was hustled into a handkerchief-sized swimming suit and handed a light beach robe to go down to the main floor in. She disdained the beach robe. To have nothing against her skin was at this moment Serena's one idea of bliss: to have nothing—and the wind blowing too.

At the door to which Serena had been assigned she was handed an armful of leaflets and briefly instructed. Nothing to do but push them into people's hands, and try to hold on to them if the people dropped them. There were two other girls on this set of doors. It was a muggy hot day in early summer. Every now and then a strong draft would eddy through the doors and Serena would turn herself luxuriously in it. Modesty? Pooh! What was modesty when you were burning like a furnace and itching like one vast mosquito bite? This was glorious. Besides, no one paid the slightest attention to how you were dressed. The only thing to look out for was women brushing against you with their skirts, or their arms full of packages. That hurt. Otherwise it was a grand and glorious feeling, and she was Sarah Raymond and as red as a boiled lobster, and no one looked at you anyway.

It was precisely a quarter before twelve that Serena looked up into the face of Roger Loring. She remembered afterward that it was a quarter before twelve, because she kept on looking past him at the great clock in the rotunda.

Is Roger Loring going to ignore Serena as she is trying to ignore him? What can he do—dare he do? To find the girl he loves in such a position, even though she is none of his business now, is a quandary. What he does is high tragicomedy in next week's issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—In his twenties when he served in the Civil War, he became a national hero in a later war after destroying the enemy fleet without losing a man. Ladies of the day battled to kiss him. He died the year the United States entered the World War. What Naval Academy graduate is shown in the early photo to the right?

2—Which Mother Goose character ate curds and whey?

3—James Bryant Conant succeeded Abbott Lawrence Lowell as what of what?

4—Which disease was named " bad air "?

5—What peninsula of which state leads in cranberry production?

6—Who " took a walk " last December 10?

7—What nautical unit of measure equals six linear feet?

8—If Cleopatra was born in 69 B. C., and committed suicide thirty-nine years later, in what year did she die?

9—When does an octopus exude sepia?

10—The fruit of which herb was considered poisonous until about the middle of the nineteenth century?

11—Which republic has 60,000 lakes, 80,000 islands?

12—George Baker is better known under what name?

13—In the Bible, what slave boy became ruler of the land?

14—What game, popular in the pioneer West, was once called " for and against "?

15—Which fish is most often sold as sole in the United States?

16—What five cutting instruments begin with the letter " s "?

17—Which professional golfer made the most money in 1936?

18—Did Richard Wagner or Ludwig van Beethoven compose Der Bärenhäuter?

19—Drones and chanter are tubes in which musical instrument?

20—Who was the eighth President of the U. S.?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

A KLEPTOMANIAC STEALS A PICTURE

—and Everything Else that Moves, in a Madly Gorgeous Performance that Highlights the Week's Array of Films

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ SING ME A LOVE SONG

THE PLAYERS: James Melton, Patricia Ellis, Hugh Herbert, ZaSu Pitts, Allen Jenkins, Nat Pendleton, Ann Sheridan, Walter Catlett, Hobart Cavanaugh, Charles Halton, Charles Richman, Dennis Moore, Georgia Caine. Directed by Raymond Enright. Produced by Cosmopolitan-Warner Brothers.

MELODRAMA with music—plus the maddest comedy character of many months. Spoiled playboy Jerry Haines comes into the great Haines Department Store incognito as a clerk to learn the business—and to find out why it is on the edge of bankruptcy. He catches two crooked store heads fleecing the organization, falls in love with a pretty girl at the music-sheet counter. In between plot incidents he sings, frequently and earnestly. Since Jerry Haines is radio's James Melton, the vocalism is pleasant and appealing. Walter Catlett is amusing as a priggish store manager; two comedy clerks are done well enough by Allen Jenkins and ZaSu Pitts; the pretty clerk is rather colorless in the hands of Patricia Ellis. But the picture is stolen by Hugh Herbert, who plays a wealthy eccentric kleptomaniac, one Siegfried Hammershlag, who lifts anything movable. Herbert's Hammershlag lifts Sing Me a Love Song intact. Be sure to watch for his theft of the electric toaster. Herbert's performance is a gorgeous one—and please note that he plays all the other mad males of the Hammershlag family.

VITAL STATISTICS: With six comics around, set was like a three-alarm fire at the crazyhouse. Jitterjowls Herbert ventriloquized Director Enright's voice, crying things like: "In this scene, Pendleton, you step on ZaSu's foot!" Or, when the pleased Jenkins had finished a scene: "Allen, that's the worst acting I ever saw!" Pendleton and Pitts barred no holds in their grunt-and-groan session. The rib on serious new-married James Melton was to hear rumors his songs were being cut out, or that Winchell was about to print some bit of gossip about him. . . . James Fats Melton rose at 6 every A. M. (not P. M.) to box himself into condition for lead, Mushy Callahan opposing. Melton shrunk from 195 to a slender 185, but had to take a daily facial to keep skin tightened, he lost weight that fast. Of Gawjuh and Florida, James first sang for two bits in a Methodist choir; calls Hollywood life de joie et vitesse, a base canard; is happily married; sang his way through three Suth'n universities. Once, when struggling to go pro, James bust in on a difficult-to-see radiompresario, hung him on a hook, made him listen to an audition. He did not get the job. First radio work: singing with the Revellers. . . . The Countess Iphigenie Castiglioni, once veddy Europe-wealthy, and a Reinhardtee, plays a dept.-store clark herein. . . . Pat Ellis says you're either an actor or not. At twenty has played thirty-six parts; does imitations of Hol. biggies around the nite spots; reads novels to music; is a prescene worrier but nonjittery while scene's rolling. Much of her mail asks for love advice, prob'ly 'cause she's always being retied in gossip cols. On a strict lettuce diet these days, she got a letter from a Boston bean who wished he had a million dollars so's he could take her to dinner. Fancy eating a million dollars' worth of lettuce! Hugh Herbert uses a phonograph record which goes cock-a-doodle-doo on his San Fernando new ranch, rouses his lazy hens to laying. Burns old film in gopher holes, thus exiting gophes. Won't say who plays in said bits of film. His beauty hints for would-be Rob Taylors are: Avoid hangovers by sleeping till 3 P. M.; grow a paunch to offset round shoulders; eat garlic to keep off people who might see close-ups of your eye bags; become a yes man to eliminate chin-chin; twist your legs cross-horse to be rid of bowlegs; nights, tie the ears back to the bedposts to unprotrude them! . . . Ann Sheridan thrives on Hollywood and celluloid; says she'd have withered had she lived in a movieless era; is off the fambly tree of Phil Sheridan, of Civil War fame. . . . ZaSu Pitts plans a school to teach hand-singing, aimed to put emotion into the voice via the fluttering paw. ZaSu learned to flutter the paw back at Santa Cruz, California, high school, where she observed an algebra teacher who fluttered same when chalk squeaked. . . . Allen Jenkins was crazy about his part, which required he be neat, clean-shaven, and unlike a decayed bail bringer, as is his usual part. . . . Walter Catlett wanted to be a floorwalker when young; says the floorwalker stays the same through the ages, only his tie changes. . . . Warren & Dubin write song hits on half-hour notice in a half-hour; have had more most-played songs on air than any other songaleers. They make yearly pilgrimages to the Mecca of all song writers, Tinpan Alley, soaking up atmosphere of the B'way chopins. Dubin to date has writ 994 lyrics; got inspired for Just a Girl that Men Forget when he saw ad for old movie called Ladies Men Forget on floor of speakeasy. Buys expensive cigars and then breaks them up by chewing them.

James Melton and Patricia Ellis in Sing Me a Love Song.

★ ★ ½ RIVER OF UNREST

THE PLAYERS: John Lodge, John Loder, Antoinette Cellier, Niall MacGinnis, Jerry Verno, Maire O'Neill, Clifford Evans, Paul Farrell, Tony Quinn. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst and Walter Summers. Adapted from Dudley Sturrock and Noel Scott's play, The Trouble, by Dudley Leslie, Marjorie Jeans, and Denis Johnston. Produced by Alliance-Gaumont British.

THIS British-made film catches some of the dour, bitter flavor of The Informer. It is a story of the Irish revolution of 1921, of ruthlessness and reprisal, with the Celtic countryside terrorized by hidden rebel ambuscades and armored trucks loaded with soldiers. The story is the old American Civil War plot in new clothes. The sister of the revolutionary chief is in love with an officer of the soldiery striving to put down the rebellion. Love vs. duty. Can a girl marry her brother's killer? And so on.

While the picture is weak in motivation, it has color and vigor of telling, excellent detail of direction. Both John Lodge and John Loder are personable; the Irish types look genuine; the lush countryside, for all the murder and blood, is lovely.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original title was Ourselves Alone, which is English translation for Sinn Fein, which ought to clear that one twentieth of a question up! . . . Extras were recruited from real Irish-revolt participants. They were paid for their fighting, which seems a waste. The biggest of the directorial problems was not to start them fighting but to get them to stop . . . John Lodge prepared for the screen by being born a Boston bean in Washington, D. C., spending eight years at Harvard learning the American law, then three in Paris learning the French Code Napoléon. Gets his fine diction from listening as a boy to sundry gaseous Washingtonians, and thinks great actors should be recruited from the law; dead-pan character actors from the Supreme Court; real low comedians from the House of Reps; heavies from the Senate. Married to Francesca Braggiotti, who at one time was a toe-dancer. Lodge went from Little Women to Scarlet Empress, in which he kissed Dietrich forty-five times for one take, and decided to give up law forever. He's shaken off the Hollywood sun and emigrated to England, 300 years after his ancesties came over here on the Mayflower. . . . Antoinette Cellier is Tony to her chumsies. She's a dotter of Frank Cellier, who is a bit of an English actor himself and given to codirecting Tony on the side. She hopes to become a best cellier in films; and one funny critic referred to her future as Cellierphame. This is her second picture. She commuted to Ireland by plane to get the authentic Irish-biddy touch. She managed to visit Killarney without kissing the Blarney Stone, fearful it

Right now
are the months of
greatest hazard
*when you specially
need* good general
resistance!

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From actual studies on large groups of people, it has been found that common winter conditions, prevalent since fall, get into full swing right now—in January and February! These are the mid-winter months when they affect the greatest number of people, are most severe, and last longest.

What can *you* do to help avoid discomfort? It's sensible of course, to get more exercise, rest, and sunshine, to try and be careful when you're out in bad weather.

But these are not the *only* precautions you should take. In addition, start on a daily routine to help *build up your general resistance!*

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would make her talk too much. Is an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, getting her dramatic start in a Greek wimple in a school Latin play. She collects American slang; translates it a bit on the odd side. Casts glamorous longing eyes toward Hollywood, the 'appy 'unting grahnds for the Henglish. . . . John Loder's an Englishman of dear old Lunnon; made his picture debut in Germany; immediately got leads in ten important heiniefilms; next played leads in Elstree Studios, London. Jesse Lasky saw and tested him; he appeared in Paramount's first all-talkie, The Doctor's Secret (Chatterton, H. B. Warner, Rob Edeson); thereafter made a comfortable Hollywood living until he could no longer withstand not having his daily dish of London pea-soup fog. Is back in Roastbeefia again—for good. Is known as the Loder of Sanctity in London clubs, of which he's a member of no less than twenty-five. . . . All American actors go to London and become veddy English, and English ones become veddy American. Hardest problem for expatriate Americans is to accustom themselves to English props and juicers who talk with Oxford accents, whereas in Hollywood only the C. Aubrey Smiths, Ronald Colmans, and Maddie Carrolls talk refined-like.

★ ★ GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN

THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Robert Barrat, Alan Hale, Barton MacLane, El Brendel, Bill Bevan, Bert Roach.. Story by James Oliver Curwood.. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine from an adaptation by Peter Milne and Charles Belden.. Directed by William Keighley.. Produced by Warner Brothers.

THE lumber business comes in for another screen overhauling in this 1937 version of James Oliver Curwood's yarn of the Northwest. In particular, this is the story of the spoiled young brother of the ruthless head of a great lumber organization. Our hero is forced to land his plane on the property of a rival company headed by a pretty girl. She makes him work out his keep, and before long blisters and tired muscles transform the lad into a new man who sets out to win the strong-willed lady boss. All this is told in Technicolor—and some of the stretches of forest primeval are breath-taking. Oddly, in color, George Brent, as the regenerated playboy, frequently suggests the late Jack Gilbert. Beverly Roberts doesn't sweep us off our feet as the rugged lady lumber chief, but veteran Alan Hale is rather good as a Swede lumberjack.

VITAL STATISTICS: To avoid picture-postcard effects, Megger Will Keighley, the big action man from Burbank, disregarded color—just shot a he logging picture. Balanced a camera ticklishly on the nose of a plane—the Alaskan Clipper—and made first color shots from the air: Columbia River country, Mount St. Helens and Spirit Lake. Keighley's pronounced Keeley, like the Cure. His tall thin graying asceticism belies his ability to meg furious action. He not only loves books but reads them. . . . Real Willamette lumberjacks do the logging; but the fighting's done by Hollywood stunt men, studio fearing lumberjacks might not know when to stop. Oddly, real lumberjacks, no matter how thatched the moss on their chests, had to use Technicolor make-up to avoid that is-my-face-red look. . . . Technical adviser and bit player Red Spierling is known as the Bull of the Woods. Started logging at twelve; has been going it thirty years. Can lick any and all members of the crews he bosses. Has world's record for taking out 2,000,000 feet of timber in an eight-hour working day. Is as hard as mahogany. Was scared stiff before cameras and took terrific ribbing from his woodsy stooges when make-up men prettied him up . . . There is no shot faking in this, Technicolor not being advanced enough to photog anything but the mccoy in train wrecks, earthquakes, log-jam busting. Those are not papier-mâché logs that tumble over that cliff or get blown sky-high but real twenty- to thirty-ton toothpicks. . . . On eve of shooting scene showing carloads of logs tumbling off cliff, some smart alecks cut restraining cables and tipped logs readied for scene over one night, causing two weeks' setback in filming. Studio thinks it sabotage. . . . Three thousand pounds of dynamite used to blow up log jam—1,500 pounds being added as precaution when original 1,500 pounds were thought washed away. Cameras were operated by remote control; one $16,000 one a half mile away from explosion being smashed by flying log. . . . Rained for one of two location months, only six days of work being got in. Saturday-night cast pastime was to mosey over to tough town of Kelso, where soused fighting lumberjacks were thrown into seatless steel interior of paddy wagon belonging to state police, then jounced around on rough roads till in sober peaceful mood. . . . Shortest lumberjack was 6 feet 3—called Shorty—and what did you think? . . . George Brent continues to do a Garbo; is terribly secretive about himself and deeds; and will fight if you irk him about his plans for Greta and himself. He trained to condition self for this. Though forbidden to fly planes by studio, to save time and money took controls of Alaskan Clipper for shot; thought it ironic. Topped a 150-foot tree like other timber-toppers; didn't like idea at first, but once up there got philosophic about it. George keeps doves; gave some to Kay Francis; had them back in a few days. They were homing pigeons and Kay couldn't bear to see them cooped. Studio hasn't his phone number and must call him through his agent. Came a special-delivery every day for him on location, and your guess is as good as Winchell's from whom. . . . Bev Roberts got this job when Bette Davis walked out in a more money strike, which Bette eventually lost in England. . . . Bart MacLane and George Brent did all their own fighting; are experts in pulling punches and turning away from them without making them look phony. Bart stepped into a real one when film buckled in camera, director called a halt without warning, and Bart relaxed too quickly. Bart got knocked down. . . . Roscoe Ates, after finishing, went back to vodvil. Was highwaymanned near Cape Girardeau, Missouri, with two gals in his act, and robbed of every penny he made in this. . . . Addison Richards met a lot of his former Washington State fellow students, now firmly established as lumberjacks in Washington.

★ ★ WANTED—A MASTER

LIBERTY readers interested in the new amateur movie contest will want to see this nonprofessional film of a homeless dog. Two twenty-year-old California youths, Gunther von Fritsch and Arthur Ornitz, succeeded in getting to Pete Smith at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City with this story done by them with a 16-mm. camera. Smith lent them professional equipment, had them refilm the yarn. This is the result—a simple direct story of an important day in the life of a mongrel. Better see it if you are a Liberty contestant.

VITAL STATISTICS: Amateurs von Fritsch and Ornitz just met around Hollywood, frankly decided to crash studios via the 16-mm. route. They made several attempts to get a story, then Wanted—A Master just occurred to them by accident. They built it as they shot it. Made all their 16-mm. shots with a candid camera hidden in a suitcase and operated with a secret patented mechanism they will not divulge. They admit, however, it isn't a midget concealed inside. Should some one walk along the street and suddenly point a suitcase at you, duck your mug. After finishing their 16-mm.er, it took two months to sell a studio on it. Finally M-G-M bought it, let them remake it with big equipment and real actors. It's largely the same story, however. Kiwi belongs to von Fritsch, who is thirty and an Austrian with some Paris studio experience. Fritsch yanked Kiwi from the Inglewood, California, pound, snatching him from the jaws of the gas chamber; taught Kiwi those tricks. Kiwi had no stand-in when he was an amateur. When he became a pro he got a stand-in made of a cloth-filled dummy of his size and coloring—and what stand-in would you want a mutt to have? Kiwi was almost killed during first week of shooting on big picture. He was sent across the street on a go signal, and a careless motorist blazed through the signal and missed him by inches. You've got to look close to catch this in film—for Ornitz didn't miss it. During final scenes of picture, in Los Angeles midst, Kiwi just disappeared; was gone for hours. His masters grew frantic, for Kiwi worked without identifying dog tag. Then suddenly Kiwi turned up at studio, footsore and very, very weary. Nobody will ever know where he'd been, what happened to him, or was it love? Kiwi's a black-and-tan mixed with smooth-haired fox with a dash of vanilla. Ornitz is twenty, son to Sam Ornitz, novelist and author of Haunch, Paunch and Jowl. Young Ornitz advises amateurs to avoid the cliché: studios have high-priced hands to give them same. Rather go in for life and unconventional subjects and you'll have a better chance to crash pictures. He and von Fritsch photogged a down-and-outer sleeping on a park bench in the Los Angeles Plaza, then woke the fellow and thrust twenty-five dollars into his hands, and walked off, much to his amazement. The boys have broken up since. . . . Pete Smith adopts the Canine Strange Interlude method of narratage for first time: He interprets Kiwi's thoughts, speaking in first person, in a modified bark.

★ RAINBOW ON THE RIVER

THE PLAYERS: Bobby Breen, May Robson, Charles Butterworth, Louise Beavers, Alan Mowbray, Benita Hume, Henry O'Neill, Marilyn Knowlden, Lillian Yarbo, Stymie Beard, Hall Johnson Choir. Adapted from Mrs. C. V. Jamison's novel, Toinette's Philip. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Produced by RKO Radio.

WITH the after-war New Orleans and New York of the '70s as a background, this is a seriocomedy of an orphan raised by a Negress slave and rescued by an eccentric Yankee grandmother. But granny's house is full of grasping, avaricious relatives who try to get rid of Philip—and life becomes pretty difficult for him.

Bobby Breen, another Eddie Cantor radio discovery, plays and sings Philip with more confidence than we have observed since Al Jolson first did Mammy. We regret to report that Bobby is far too sure of himself for our simple tastes. And when you find that such able players as Charles Butterworth, May Robson, and Alan Mowbray are engulfed completely in the proceedings, you will be as surprised as was your Beverly Hills. Only Louise Beavers succeeds in holding her own as the Negro ex-slave who raises the precocious sopranoed Philip. Bobby Breen sings everything from Schubert's Ave Maria to Hugo Riesenfeld's Flower Song.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bobby Breen's nine, Montreal bo'n, no relative of Censor Breen, the Irish terrier who smells out celluloid sin. Bobby's parents are nonpro; he has two sisters, nineteen and twenty-four, and a brother, twenty-three. 'Twas nineteen-year-old sis Sally who debutted Bobby at four in Toronto's Silver Slipper, where Bobby made 'em weep into their gin for two years, warbling Ave Marias. Sally nursed Bobby to starletdom, and he got one important job when he was mistaken for a gal. Bobby knocks off operarias as easy as you libel Bing Crosby in your bathtub. His vocords're considered adult, growing up without his knowledge. When he matures in the chassis, he'll be a lyric tenor and liable to go places. He's in Grade 5-A in military school, two years ahead of his aged contemporaries. His musical perception is immediate. He gets the words and lyrics before his accompanists master the score. The pride of his press agents and the bane of his mother, he recently stopped at the city pound and picked out six dachows, police setters, paid their license fees, and brang them home. He pipes nine chants in this, quite a record of some sort, aided by the Hall Johnson Choir made up as leveeites. Though he attends military school, Bobby's written They Shall Not Die, a song dedicated to world peace. He sings it in three Romance languages. Lubricates his throat with hot milk containing blob of butter and sugar. Has a protégé: Jackie McGee, his stand-in, whom he's training for stardom. Has no time for romance. Like all biggies, Bobby gifted every one in cast after rainbow left river. Wants to be a Lou Gehrig when he grows up. Eddie Cantor's sponsored radio son for financial reasons, he recently started calling Eddie daddy instead of uncle. Reason: he'd got a raise. . . . Eddie Anderson, who was Noah in Green Pastures, added thirty years to his age for cullid M. D. part by using white powder on his dark skin and age-lining it with a black pencil. Needing a rabbit's foot for Doc Anderson to administer medical aid to the ailing Louise Beavers, studio vainly petitioned fifty-four Hall Johnson Choirsters for one. Finally English Alan Mowbray came forward with one—a loan from his chauffeur! . . . Set designer Harry Oliver claims inventing the cobweb machine, the shimmy tripod for filming sea scenes, the cameracrane by which you see Crawford and Gable necking from above. Once Oliver designed a stone bridge which blew up realistically as per script—only the stones floated! . . . Benita Hume is hardly at Hume on the Range, hating nature in the raw. A great English sympathetic beauty, she must needs play lovely heavies in this country, but soothes her feelings with her pay checks. . . . Musicdubber Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld was inspired for this by Charpentier's Louise and wrote nine versions to get Bobby Breen's unexpected Street Flower Song just right. Hugo's been musicking up movies since Billy Anderson began bronco-busting. Thinks talkies much better since days when people required sound effects like needle dropping with the gentle din of a hot rivet bouncing off Stepinfetchit's dome, and later days when gab era shoved musicians right out of picture. Says today a picture without music would be like Camille without a cough. . . . Alan Mowbray laments talkies didn't squeak when he was a boy. In those distant days he trilled like a dozen Bobby Breens—and can prove it with press notices! . . . Charles Butterworth's free-lancing these days. This's his first buttling role. Fingered over a gross of white ties to get realistic buttling tie-fingering and keep 'em clean. Found role a bit overtragic to get laughs. Carries that granite puss around in public.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen.

★★★½—Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco.

★★★—Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—with Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out.

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Beauty Bath for Teeth

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TOOTH PASTE
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More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢
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Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching

Fragrant, satin-soft, milky white . . . such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

There's a Reason

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Untold Tales of the SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Revelations—Herewith, the Inside Story of the Downfall of "Little Augie" and the Drug Barons of Europe

by HOWARD R. MARSH

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SECRET SERVICE in this series means not only the Secret Service Bureau itself but also the five other Treasury Department law-enforcement units. Quietly, unceasingly, these six wage war and get superb results against racketeers, " dope " barons, counterfeiters, alky-runners and other smugglers, bootleggers—all manner of public enemies. Mr. Marsh is telling a true untold tale of each unit and one or more of its triumphs. Last week he told, for the first time, how Frank J. Wilson of Intelligence Unit made possible the undoing of Al Capone.

PART TWO—A DOPE RING COMES TO GRIEF

THE Simplon-Oriental Express rolled majestically into the station at Berlin. The Simplon is to European travel what the Twentieth Century has long been to American—the tops. This day, however, November 30, 1931, the crowd which had turned out to meet it suggested more than the usual public gesture of obeisance to Europe's fastest and most luxurious train.

Uniformed police, sternly efficient, swung aboard the moving wagons-lits. Detectives and undercover men mingled in the welcoming throng. Some one of unique importance, likely some Oriental potentate, must be arriving from Istanbul.

The suspicion was not far wrong. In one of the Simplon's most luxurious compartments sat a well fed dapper swarthy young man in his middle thirties. He had large hazel eyes under heavy black brows, and thick black hair combed upward as if to render his stature, a scant five feet six, more impressive. Expensively tailored in the most impeccable Bond Street tweeds, August del Gracio was a handsome and obviously solvent or even opulent individual.

A potentate he was, too, in an Oriental kingdom which has spread its power all over the world. In that kingdom, which extended, to his personal knowledge, from the banks of the Bosporus to the banks of the Hudson, he was known by many titles less high-sounding than the one which graced his passport.

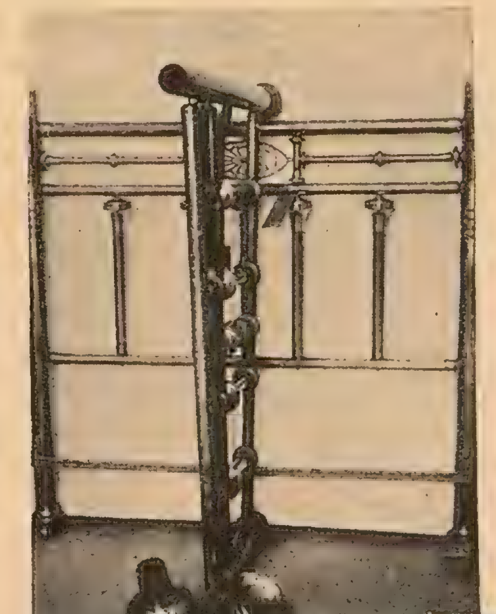
Augie Dellas was one. Joseph Cohen was another. Sam Gold, Max Cohen, August Moore, and Sam Dellas were others. To the police of America and Europe he was known as Little Augie or " Augie the Wop." But to Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger and his Federal Narcotics Bureau in Washington he was known simply as " Number 89," the biggest American trafficker in drugs.

It was due to a cable from one of Commissioner Anslinger's agents in Istanbul, relayed to the German police by way of Washington, that Little Augie—weary from his long ride up from the Bosporus, through the great Simplon Tunnel, across Switzerland into Germany—now found himself the recipient of this disconcertingly official reception.

With Augie in his compartment rode a Turk of international reputation, a big-eared, popeyed, furtive person named Eli-Giurion Abouisac, widely known throughout the kingdom of drugs as " Abu Isaac," notorious Istanbul trafficker in narcotics.

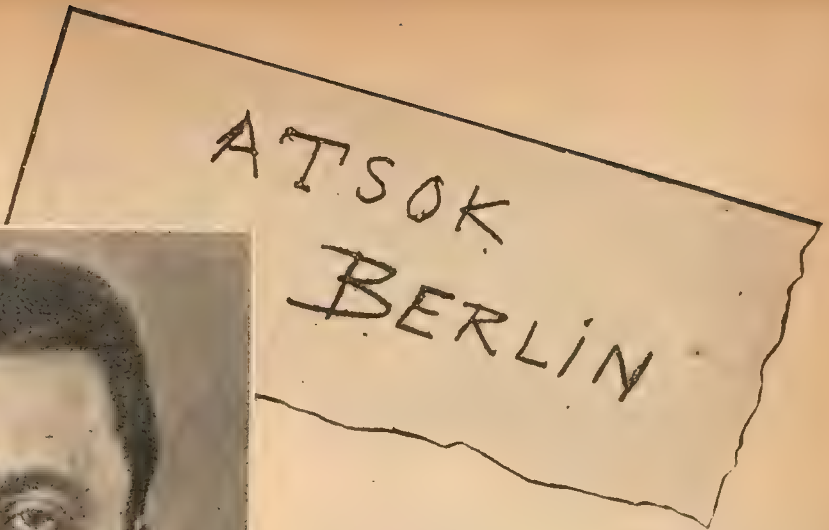
The two men were obviously nervous. Perhaps some of the faces in the platform crowds were familiar to them. Perhaps the heavy tread of the cops in the corridor outside their door was familiar, too. But at the sound of a loud knock and an official command to open, they managed to conceal their anxiety and stepped wide-eyed and smiling into the narrow passage filled with Berlin's " finest."

Resisting arrest was not one of Little Augie's habits. He had



"Forty-seven methods of smuggling opium? We've seen more than that. Hollow heels and soles of shoes, hollow bedsteads—" Here are examples of both; they were full of heroin. At right: Marie Wendt, caught by Narcotics Bureau agents aboard a ship, the Heiyo Maru, with fifty-four pounds of heroin snugly hidden in two of her trunks.

often been arrested: once for homicide, once for burglary, once for grand larceny, twice for carrying concealed weapons, twice for assault, and three times for felonious assault; but never for resisting a policeman.



Little Augie and his telltale gray envelope that enabled the police of three nations to hunt down the law-defying Drug Barons of Europe. At right: Commissioner Anslinger.

All that he asked on this occasion—and it seemed a simple request—was that he might step back into his compartment and get his overcoat. Then, as if to prove his calmness in the face of the enemy, he picked up a pile of newspapers, sorted out one or two that he wished to take with him, and, rolling up the others, tossed them nonchalantly up into the baggage rack above the seat.

"Gentlemen," he then said, in an accent which he tried to make as Bond Street as his clothes, "I am ready."

The police were ready, too. One squad of them marched Little Augie and his Oriental friend off to the Berlin station house. A second squad searched the vacated compartment. As a burly German cop, efficient to the last detail, unfolded the roll of discarded newspapers sheet by sheet, a small gray envelope floated out on to the carpet.

On this envelope, lettered in black ink, was the word ATSOK.

That tiny slip of gray envelope fluttering to the floor of Augie the Wop's compartment was like the first paper dropped in a children's game of hare and hounds. But this was the greatest hare-and-hounds chase in history. It lasted five years. It led through five countries in Europe. It led into Japan and China. It led into the United States and back again into Egypt. It led to the discovery and the final breaking up of the greatest narcotics ring in the world, the "Drug Barons of Europe."

Incidentally, it checked and probably ended the career of the notorious Augie the Wop.

If this arrest had happened in America, and the reporters had heard of it, the morning papers of December 1, 1931, would have carried this headline:

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 ARRESTED IN BERLIN

Such a statement would have been very close to the truth. When you realize that there are no fewer than 95,000 drug addicts in the United States, a veritable army of men and women who may go berserk any moment, rob or murder or crash their cars headlong during a drug-maddened rampage, you appreciate that the man who furnishes drugs to these addicts is indeed the real public enemy.

It is a mistake to believe that the drug habit, which these traffickers encourage and often initiate, is confined to the already criminally inclined. Addicts come from every rank in life, every race, every occupation, every section of the country. Four white men to each white woman, but almost fifty-fifty among the Negroes. Their average intelligence is high. The professional groups — doctors, actors, lawyers, professors — furnish a lopsided proportion of addicts. For example, one doctor in every hundred is said to be a victim of drugs.

SHATTERED health, broken minds, wrecked homes—narcotics agents see these every day. They cannot be blamed for thinking that the gangsters who peddle drugs are ten times the menace of those thugs who make the headlines by some such single-track crime as robbing a bank or murdering a fellow racketeer.

Yes, Narcotics Bureau's point of view on public enemies is easy to understand. It's not even necessary to point out that drug peddlers are almost certain to be associated with all other crimes, from pandering to kidnaping, from smuggling to cold-blooded murder.

Probably, too, no department of criminal endeavor is so thoroughly organized, so adequately backed. The case of Little Augie was not an isolated one. There was, for example, until very recently the devastating drug ring headed by Creste Celli, alias Roscoe Celli, and Joe Lucca,

Drug Baron Eli-Giurion Abouisac, the Turk who rode to Berlin — and to jail — with Little Augie.

Drug Baron Voyatzis, the Greek who trafficked in China. He had the code.

Seya Moses, alias Reiter or Reitner, a Syrian who dealt with Drug Barons — and had their addresses.

Drug Baron Karl Frank, a German who co-operated in swindling Little Augie.

SWEET IS

SLEEP

"SANDMAN'S HELPER"
POURS IT OUT

If you have trouble getting to sleep, if you twist and toss in bed, let Absorbine Jr., "Sandman's Helper," bring you peace and sleep — simply, safely, quickly, naturally.

First, pour a little cooling, soothing, aromatic Absorbine Jr. in your hand. Rub it firmly into the back of your neck. Many people rub some on their chests, too.

Then go to bed, relax; breathing slowly, count to 100, if you stay awake that long.

Nine people out of ten report the most gratifying results. Try Absorbine Jr. and see how sweet the sleep it coaxes. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Rub a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of your neck. Then go to bed. Relax. Breathe slowly and deeply. Go to sleep.

ABSORBINE JR.

POUR YOURSELF A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot

alias Joe Luke. Their wealth was fabulous, their power in the Southwest something with which politicians and financiers were deeply concerned. It was reported that in their trial on the narcotics charge three former federal attorneys, a senator, and two or three ex-governors were asked to defend them.

Their control over drugs was augmented to include vice resorts, gambling, illegal liquor. They were the Al Capones of the Southwest—but more vicious because they dealt so heavily in drugs.

Narcotics Bureau set out to get these two men.

The bureau had in New Orleans an agent of Italian appearance and ancestry. He is the nameless hero—and must be kept nameless. Previously he had done some marvelous work, risking his life to shatter the so-called Honduran Gang, an outfit whose method of business was to exchange narcotic drugs from Honduras for guns and ammunition to be used in a potential revolution.

This New Orleans agent joined that gang, temporarily gave up his citizenship, went to Honduras at his own grave peril. When he was through with his work, the Honduran Gang, with its hundreds of pounds of dope, its thousands of guns and millions of rounds of ammunition, was as completely shattered as if the gunpowder itself had blown up.

Now this mysterious narcotics agent was shifted to Galveston to see what could be done about the Celli-Lucca combination. Gradually, carefully, over a period of months, he worked himself into the gangsters' confidence. First he purchased ten one-ounce packages of heroin from one of the Celli underlings; later 4,096 grains of heroin from a man a little higher in the Celli organization. Eventually he was able to purchase directly from Celli himself 6,456 grains.

At first Joe Lucca was not involved; but finally the agent obtained an introduction to him. Within a month he managed to purchase directly from that part of the gang 7,887 grains of morphine.

CELLI was sentenced to eight and a half years in Federal Penitentiary and fined $2,500; Lucca sentenced to four years and a fine of $2,000.

Commissioner Anslinger and his men are cheered by captures such as these, and by the occasional detection of smugglers at American ports of entry. A recent notable case of the latter sort was the arrest of Maria Wendt, when narcotics agents boarded the Heiyo Maru as she docked at San Pedro, California, and took fifty-four pounds of heroin from sixteen hiding places in two of the young woman's trunks. Her confederate, approaching the United States by another vessel, heard of Miss Wendt's arrest and subsequent confession, and hanged himself aboard ship.

But as a permanent settlement of the drug problem in America the commissioner is not impressed with the prosecution of retailers or smugglers of drugs *after* they have reached this country.

For the occasional one who is captured, there are too many who escape the most vigilant efforts of the authorities.

" Forty-seven different methods of smuggling opium," explains Mr. Anslinger, " are listed in a booklet issued by the Inspectorate General of Customs at Shanghai. Well, we've seen more methods than that. Morphine in hollow heels and soles of shoes, heroin in hollow brass bedsteads, opium in orange boxes, cocaine under the oil in axle boxes of railroad cars. In one Egyptian case the hide had actually been lifted from a live camel and hashish packed under the fur.

" RIGHT now the newest development is the 'mail racket.' Chinese papers and magazines, often sent from Hong Kong, are hollowed out in the center, filled with opium, and carefully rewrapped. In one day the Boston post office seized twenty-six such paper rolls containing thirty-nine ounces of smoking opium. Other similar seizures have been made throughout the country.

" Fundamentally, there is only one answer to such ingenuity. Catching the smugglers at this end is like trying to plug the broken dike with your thumb. The really effective work must be done at the origin of the flood."

That is why that one little gray envelope in August del Gracio's compartment in Berlin—although it did not contain a single grain of opium or heroin or any other narcotic—was more important in the fight to keep America free from the drug peril than the capture of fortunes in " white dynamite " here at home.

That one enigmatic cabalistic word ATSOK—hand-printed in black ink on that gray envelope—was more deadly than any drug, because it was deadly to the rotten ring of international criminals who controlled the supply of narcotics at the source.

A-T-S-O-K.

Those five cryptic letters meant nothing to the faithful searchers in the railroad station at Berlin, but they meant very much indeed to the experts of the Reich's Foreign Office in that grim gray building on the Wilhelmstrasse.

For ATSOK was the cable address of one of the world's most famous international women spies.

In real life, as in the movies, beautiful lady spies seem to have good-looking men living with them. This time the spy's paramour was a Syrian named Seya Moses, alias Rodolphe Reiter and Rodolphe Reitner. Moses was young, well built, unusually handsome, with wavy black hair, large dark eyes, and almost perfect features. He also turned out to be a trusted agent of the Drug Barons.

The Berlin police ransacked, from wallpaper to carpet, the apartment occupied by Seya and his lady love. One of the first things they found was a paper which indicated that Augie del Gracio had sent eight cases of "machine parts" to a warehouse at the free port of Hamburg, consigned to a certain Karl Frank. Police went to that warehouse and checked further. Concealed in those carefully crated machine parts they found 250 kilos—more than a quarter of a ton—of morphine.

Now came a curious twist to the affair. Honor among thieves? Not much. Augie already owned that small fortune in morphine. He had paid good American dollars for it to the notorious Mechelaere, whose drug factory had been driven out of France and down to the Bosporus. But perhaps the Drug Barons could double-cross this smart American racketeer.

Mechelaere rushed two Turkish commission agents ahead of Augie to instruct Karl Frank to extract the drugs from the machinery, then to repack the machine parts, ship them to America as originally planned, and turn the bill of lading over to Augie del Gracio. The drugs he had purloined he was to sell on the open market, preferably to Americans, and he was to remit a big share of the proceeds, of course, to Mechelaere and his gang.

In Istanbul, Augie heard the glad news that there would soon be another 250 kilos of morphine offered on the market. He wanted it. That was one reason he was hastening toward Hamburg on the Simplon Express that fateful day.

Augie was about to buy the very same drugs for which he had already paid his cash dollars!

THE demand for illegal narcotics was so heavy at this time and the profits so huge that choice little man-eat-man incidents like this were happening continually in all parts of the world. The Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau maintained by the Egyptian government, commenting on Little Augie's associates, the Newman brothers and Louis Lyon, explained how the art of double-crossing was practiced in our own country.

"One of the methods employed by Newman and Louis Lyon for smuggling drugs into U. S. A.," the director of the bureau stated, "was to send them to their New York friends in the baggage of a gentleman, by name Carlos Fernandez Bacula, one-time Peruvian chargé d'affaires in Vienna and later in Oslo. Bacula possessed that priceless document, a diplomatic passport. It is said that during six different trips to New York via Miami, Montreal, and other points of entry, Bacula, who was usually accompanied by one of the Newman brothers, brought in no less than a ton and a half of heroin. So much for the inviolate secrets of diplomacy!

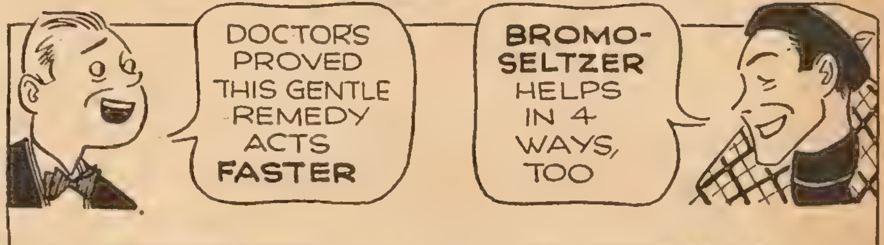
"On one of these visits, it is said, Bacula was in a New York hotel with 150 kilos [330 pounds, worth perhaps $70,000 in the illegal market] of heroin in his baggage which he was to sell on behalf of Joseph Raskin. Through one of the gang he sent out fifty kilos to be delivered, retaining the balance as surety for the payment of his rake-off. His messenger returned to the hotel later with his head bandaged and bleeding, and declared he had been held up and robbed.

"Not long afterward Bacula received a visit from a well known New York celebrity, the notorious Jack (Legs) Diamond, who was himself to be 'put on the spot' later on. Jack Diamond said he thought he could get back the stolen fifty kilos, and he actually did bring back thirty, stating that he had to sacrifice the remaining twenty. Alarmed for the safety of his 130 kilos, Bacula agreed with Jack Diamond that they should be taken to the Central Hotel and left there in charge of one of Jack's gang. This was a man named Wilhelm Kofler. Next day this man was found dead in the hotel with his wrists slashed, and the drugs had disappeared."

But to get back to Seya Moses's love nest in Berlin: The paper which informed the authorities of the ludicrous position in which Little Augie found himself through his dealings with Mechelaere and Karl Frank was not the most important evidence the raiders found against the Drug Barons. There was the inevitable "little black book" in which Moses kept the records of his dealings and the names and addresses of those with whom he dealt.

After seven years of search the names of the greatest

SNOWBOUND WITH A FULL CELLAR! WHAT A CHANCE FOR A PARTY!
NEXT MORNING..
OH, THAT DARK BROWN TASTE!
MY NERVES!
MY HEAD'S EXPLODING!
S·O·S· TOM! WE'RE ALL SNOWED IN WITH MORNING-AFTER HEADS!
AT TOM'S CABIN..
TO THE RESCUE, ROVER! TAKE THIS BROMO-SELTZER TO JERRY!
HERE'S ROVER WITH BROMO-SELTZER!
THAT'LL STOP OUR HEADACHES FAST!
SOON
DARE YOU TO TAKE THAT JUMP, BOB!
SURE-THAT'S EASY NOW! BROMO-SELTZER HAS SETTLED MY STOMACH, CALMED MY NERVES!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BROMO-SELTZER HELPS IN 4 WAYS, TOO

1. DOCTORS' TESTS recently proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

2. SETTLES STOMACH—relieves your upset stomach, nausea and that awful "dark brown taste."

3. SOOTHES NERVES—relieves "jitters" and calms overtaxed nervous system.

4. REDUCES EXCESS LACTIC ACID in the blood caused by overindulgence. Helps restore your normal alkaline reserve.

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Makes you feel fit FASTER!

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Kondon's Jelly clears the nose —opens head passages *at once.* Ask your Druggist.
KONDON'S NASAL JELLY
Plain or Ephedrine

drug traffickers of all time were laid bare—the so-called Eliopoulus group in Paris, Jean Voyatzis in Tientsin, Mechelaere on the Bosporus, Paul Ventura in France, Karl Frank in Hamburg, Abu Isaac of Istanbul, and, of course, Augie the Wop in New York. Many others—scattered all over the world, yet linked in the rottenest of games—buying, shipping, selling and reselling from the Orient, from their own illegal factories in Turkey and Bulgaria.

The police also found plenty of telegrams and cables from these legendary figures and copies of others addressed to them, but all written in an ingenious and undecipherable code, which, it was later learned, was based on a legitimate American commercial venture, the Universal Trade Code, published in New York City. The drug traffickers simply transposed this code, consisting of figures which stood for letters or words, and made it their own.

For instance, the five figures 76357, when transposed and changed into letters, actually meant to the Drug Barons, "Am afraid that goods are supervised; try rescue at Shanghai." Or if one of the Barons became nervous he might receive by cable five almost similar numbers—76351. Decoded, this was a message of hope: "Don't worry; things are not so dangerous." The hodgepodge of letters, XIQWDKWIVZ YHWOUERWAF, was actually deciphered into figures and back to words by Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau to read: "Sold 65 tons at 910 Mex dollars at exchange 1226, ½ per listing."

From Berlin the trail led to England. British Anti-Narcotic officers joined in the hunt and uncovered another cache of telegrams. These, however, were also written in the ingenious code of the Drug Barons and could not be deciphered. But the British did find out that John Voyatzis, the "big man in the Orient," was shortly sailing for Greece.

NEVER was a man trailed and watched more closely than John (Jean) Voyatzis. Tientsin, Port Said, Alexandria—this big round-faced man with the military mustache was always under surveillance. But he was a wise old hare. He did absolutely nothing suspicious. He consorted with no drug traffickers, kept almost alone, and amused himself with a little harmless gambling in the exchange.

Meanwhile, narcotics officers in Paris were watching every move of Elie Eliopoulus, who was perhaps the key cog of the whole machine. Certainly he was the most picturesque. He affected high straight collars, flowing ties, and a monocle attached to his derby hat. Posing as a private banker in Paris, he was the center of all eyes as he strolled the green lawns of Longchamps and Auteuil.

When Elie left Paris for London he was under constant shadowing. He went to Holland, on into Germany. Narcotics officers knew where he was each moment. Finally he started for Athens. Strangely enough, this was at almost the exact moment when John Voyatzis left Port Said for the same place. The paper chase was approaching its end.

Police seized the baggage of John Voyatzis at Alexandria, Egypt. There, more than two thousand miles away from its beginning in the Berlin station where Augie the Wop had left his ATSOK envelope, the trail became fresh as it neared its end.

In the possession of John Voyatzis another little black book was found. It contained the code. A pocketbook was also found. In the latter was the key to the code. Those two documents formed a perfect Who's Who of the drug traffickers of the world.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

The biggest kick Thatcher Colt, Police Chief Extraordinary, got out of this amazing story of the arrest of the Drug Barons was the part played by an ordinary uniformed policeman in searching Augie the Wop's compartment on the Simplon Express.

Narcotics law-enforcement officials of five nations had spent years of intense effort in preparing for this moment in the Berlin railway station. A cabled dispatch from our own Narcotics Bureau in Washington had provided the tip. But if that unknown and unsung cop had not searched through Augie's discarded newspapers the mystic key word ATSOK would never have been found.

A policeman himself, Thatcher Colt rejoices that it was a policeman's work that brought about the breaking of the international drug ring—and, incidentally, set in motion one of the most exciting detective stories ever told.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Wise old Elie Eliopoulus was first to realize that the game was up. Hoping for mercy as the earliest to turn informer, he sent word that he was eager to make a statement. Immediately Cairo asked the American anti-narcotics officer in Paris to hasten to Cairo to be present for the examination.

The statement made by Eliopoulus constituted a complete revelation of the inmost circles of the illicit dope traffic. He called his Barons by name, told of their haunts and associations and activities. He exposed the whole complicated network of the organizations within organizations, down through the agents and vassal groups. He told of the drug factories in Turkey and Bulgaria which Mechelaere operated after his license had been suspended by French authorities; he described the Kuskundjuk factory at Istanbul, the Etkin factory on the Golden Horn.

Some idea of the magnitude of the operations of these international crooks is indicated by the fact that in a single month Mechelaere alone was said to have sent to America nearly four tons of heroin from France. At its legal price in business, the value of these shipments would approximate $1,600,000. Retailed in the illegal marts of drug traffickers in this country, that single month's shipment would sell for more than $16,000,000.

In his revelations, Eliopoulus told of the tons of heroin, opium, and morphine brought from China and Japan, told of the activities of John Voyatzis by note, rote, time, and place.

Of August del Gracio, alias Augie the Wop, Eliopoulus had much to say, and also of " Abu Isaac," his train companion on that ill-fated trip from Istanbul to Berlin. Their activities were revealed in descriptions of a dozen bargains, a dozen plots and counterplots.

The game of hare and hounds came to an end the day Eliopoulus confessed. The Drug Barons of Europe were shattered. Their illicit empire of greed and gain was gone, never to be regained. Small wonder that Commissioner Anslinger in Washington beams when he recalls the case.

" We played our part in it," he says modestly.

The " part " played by the Federal Narcotics Bureau was, as we have seen, like the one played by Hamlet in Hamlet.

For without the cablegram, " August del Gracio on Simplon Express for Berlin," sent by Commissioner Anslinger to the German police, there wouldn't have been any case!

Back of that cablegram were months and years of watching and trailing, which began at 95 Chrystie Street, New York City—where Augie was born and where his mother still lives—and continued throughout every country in Europe. A Narcotics Bureau man became the racketeer's confidant and almost constant companion. This man was making weekly, sometimes daily and hourly, reports to Commissioner Anslinger in Washington.

The one that came from Istanbul in November, 1931, was the last of a long series.

It was the one which, through the mystic word ATSOK, connected Augie the Wop and Seya Moses the Syrian and Karl Frank the German with the Eliopoulus ring in Paris and their feudal connections in the Near and Far East—and led directly to the smashing of the Drug Barons of Europe!

Bootlegging is dead, is it? Not by a million jugfuls! Neither is moonshining or alky-cooking or wholesale alky-running from foreign ports. But, if alive, they're by no means flouting the law—and the pivotal reason is the Treasury Department's Alcohol Unit. For details, as exciting as you could ask, look in Liberty next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1—Admiral George Dewey (1837-1917).
2—Little Miss Muffet.
3—President of Harvard University.
4—Malaria (*mala aria*), so named by an Italian in 1753.
5—Cape Cod, Massachusetts.
6—The Duke of Windsor.
7—A fathom.
8—Thirty B. C.
9—When alarmed, sepia is discharged from the " ink bag "; the dark fluid serves as a smoke screen to cover up the octopus's retreat.
10—The tomato.
11—Finland.
12—Father Divine of Harlem.
13—Joseph, Genesis 39:1; 41:41—" And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar . . . bought him." " And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."
14—Faro, which has been called *pour et contre* (for and against), as well as pharaoh.
15—Flounder.
16—Shears, scissors, snips, shredder, and slicer (among several others).
17—Horton Smith, who won $7,884.75.
18—Neither; Der Bärenhäuter was a composition of *Siegfried* Wagner.
19—The bagpipe.
20—

M Van Buren

WHAT! ..NOT A SPARE BULB IN THE HOUSE?

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MAZDA
60 WATTS

CELLAR AND ROOF

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

by THEODORE TINSLEY

THE whole setup suggested the presence of the Schwartz brothers, Artie and Sam. The tip of a reliable stool pigeon had placed the pair of ruthless merchandise thieves somewhere within the cobbled area of this river-smelly district. And the queer absence of the warehouse watchman was another Schwartz touch. Murder to them was merely theft insurance.

Dan Tobin and his plain-clothes partner, O'Hara, drew their guns as they tiptoed inside from the dark water-front street. The warehouse was utterly quiet under a dim night light in the timbered ceiling. But the massive front door had been unlocked; and one of the trucks parked at the curb outside didn't belong to the warehouse fleet.

The queer musty smell told O'Hara that the place was infested with rats. He turned his face so that Tobin might not see the tremulous tightening of his lips.

A sudden sound froze both detectives into rigid attention. It was a furtive scrape like the cramped movement of a crouched man's shoe. It came from behind an empty packing case. Tobin leaped forward, flung the box aside. As he did so O'Hara recoiled and his arm flew defensively across his face. A huge gray rat leaped at him. O'Hara yelled. The rat struck the floor with a thump and vanished.

O'Hara clutched blindly for the gun he had dropped, straightened to face his frowning partner. But Tobin hadn't guessed. The frown on his face was because of the strangled cry O'Hara had uttered. It might warn the thieves hidden in the cellar or on one of the upper floors of the warehouse.

Without a nerve in his big body, Tobin had missed the whole significance of the incident. His voice was a tense whisper:

"Boy, that was a big one! Must have been the grandfather of all rats."

"Yeah," O'Hara breathed.

They listened. The warehouse was silent. O'Hara wondered how much longer he was going to be able to fool Tobin. He kept his pale face averted. He could still feel a sickish acid taste in the back of his throat.

It had been like this since O'Hara was eight years old. He could remember the first time as clearly as though he were again in the cellar of the frame cottage in Queens where he had been born. He had descended to get some butter from the covered stone crock on the dark grindstone table. The lid of the crock was off, and as he plunged his hand inside, a rat sprang along his sleeve, clawed at his shoulder, and darted behind the piled stovewood in the corner.

From that day to this the unexpected leap of a rat sent him into instinctive spasmodic panic. The phobia was part of him, impossible to get rid of. And dangerous, too. Their duty tour was centered almost exclusively in this district of docks and warehouses and cheap water-front tenements where rats were as normal as breathing. A cop who cringed from them couldn't explain away his weakness by proving on his record that he had never flinched from a criminal's gun. If big easygoing Dan Tobin got wise to him, O'Hara knew he was through.

Hating himself for his guile, he whispered unevenly: "How will we work it, Dan? The usual way?"

"Yeah. I'll tackle the cellar. You work up toward the roof." Tobin grinned. "We'll give 'em a dose of the cellar-and-roof twins!"

Tobin was proud of the phrase. A reporter had nicknamed the plain-clothes partners after a dozen sensational arrests had drawn public attention to their unerring method of attack. It was an amusing bit of human interest, a legend of police courage. Only O'Hara knew that the legend had sprung from fear. He had cleverly talked the chunky Tobin into the belief that O'Hara's longer legs were twice as fast in a stair-climbing race. A delay of seconds often meant the difference between a captured gunman or a row of closed roof scuttles. So it came about that whenever pursuit led to the sky line, O'Hara usually landed the prisoner. In cellars it was always Dan Tobin.

Tobin nodded grimly. He began to move toward the freight shaft. O'Hara, behind him, uttered a warning whisper: "Wait!" He was standing rigid. His ears, alert for the faint scampering of rats, had heard a different sound. A man—two men! Outside the warehouse!

The sound sent O'Hara leaping to the sidewalk, the cold tension gone from his body. Beyond the warehouse was an ancient brick tenement, with a narrow alley between, closed off by a high board fence. Two men had just scrambled down from the fence top: Artie and Sam Schwartz!

Their gun blazed the instant O'Hara saw them. But his headlong charge cut the thieves off from the alley. Artie fled west. The more ruthless Sam sent O'Hara reeling backward with a bullet gash across his wrist. Dan Tobin sped past his partner, firing ineffectually as he ran. He was slightly ahead of O'Hara as the thieves reached the front of the tenement.

Artie darted toward the tenement basement; his brother whirled through the sidewalk vestibule.

Habit brought Dan Tobin charging for the cellar; but he was slow on his feet, and the nimble Artie swung up an empty ash can into his path. Tobin fell over it, cracked his skull against the pavement, and came to his feet almost directly in front of the tenement's vestibule. Dazed, he ran straight inward, and, to O'Hara's dismay, followed Sam to the roof.

There was nothing for O'Hara to do but dive into the cellar after Artie. A tiny light bulb made a pale-yellowish smudge. To the left was a pile of rubbish. O'Hara was circling it when a rat sprang from under a loose board almost in O'Hara's face. He yelled with fright and pitched to his knees, spilling a slide of rubbish. At the same instant a gun roared from the squat shadow of a furnace and a bullet whizzed an inch above O'Hara's sprawled body.

The rest was police instinct. Before he was aware he had moved, O'Hara was across the dim cellar, his own gun barrel hot, bending over a snarling figure on the floor.

He hauled the wounded Artie to the sidewalk, dropped him there. He raced up the tenement stairs, panting with a fierce exultation. He'd fooled Tobin! He'd kept his grim old partner from getting wise!

HIS heart was pounding as he shoved open the roof door and bounded outside on creaking tin. On the adjoining roof, across the black depths of a narrow airshaft, he could see two inert figures lying almost on top of each other at the edge. He jumped the shaft, ran to the roof's edge.

There was a bullet hole in Sam Schwartz's forehead. Tobin lay limply across him, his eyes closed.

"Dan!"

O'Hara's head turned as he heard the shrill wail of a police siren in the street far below. When he looked back, Tobin was swaying upright, white as chalk, staring with cringing horror at the edge of the air shaft.

"I—I had to close my eyes before I could jump it," Tobin gasped. "I—never could stand being—high up." His lips were bloodless. "I was afraid you'd get wise to me. I had you fooled until—tonight."

THE END

A Peek at the Lawrence $500,000 Book

Liberty Penetrates the Secret of a Hero's Strange Legacy—the Most Closely Guarded Mystery of Our Times

by

FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Lawrence, when as "Uncrowned King of Arabia" he led 300,000 Moslems, and (right) in role of Aircraftsman Shaw.

AT the recent First National Book Fair in New York City, thousands of persons looked through a glass case in which rested a single book. Though the more curious crowded close, no one touched the glass case, for on its top was this warning:

> Notice—Please do not touch this case as it is protected by a sensitive burglarproof mechanism.

A touch would have sounded a bell summoning guards.

The precautions taken to protect this one volume in a display devoted to thousands of books which visitors might freely handle aroused intense public curiosity.

What was this book?

Another placard answered that question.

The book in the burglarproof case was The Mint, by Aircraftsman Ross. Aircraftsman Ross (he also used, occasionally, the name of Shaw) was Thomas Edward Lawrence. The world knew him by the simple designation he himself preferred—Lawrence of Arabia.

Only twelve copies of The Mint exist. A provision in the author's will stipulates that none of the book's contents may be divulged to the public until 1950.

Of the twelve printed copies, two, in compliance with American copyright regulations, are housed in the Library of Congress at Washington.

The remaining ten—one of which was the copy on display in the Book Fair's burglarproof case—are in the vaults of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran & Co. They are for sale.

To date, there has been no mad scramble to buy them. At their published price, those ten available copies of The Mint are worth a total of exactly $5,000,000.

What is between the covers of this book, withheld from the public until 1950, that is priced at the phenomenal sum of a half a million dollars a copy?

In a room of the Library of Congress, I opened a copy of The Mint and began to read. Courteous Martin A. Roberts, superintendent of the reading room, sat in a chair at my left elbow; directly across the table from me sat one of his assistants. Patient, watchful, they remained with me during every moment that I read.

I was not permitted to take a note. I encountered many uncut pages. These I was not allowed to cut.

Washington—less scientifically, perhaps, but just as jealously as the publishers—watches over its two copies of The Mint. The purely curious who inquire for it in the main reading room are politely discouraged.

And faint rumbles of international thunder already have greeted the very limited publication of The Mint. England is frankly uneasy, apprehensive about what the book may contain.

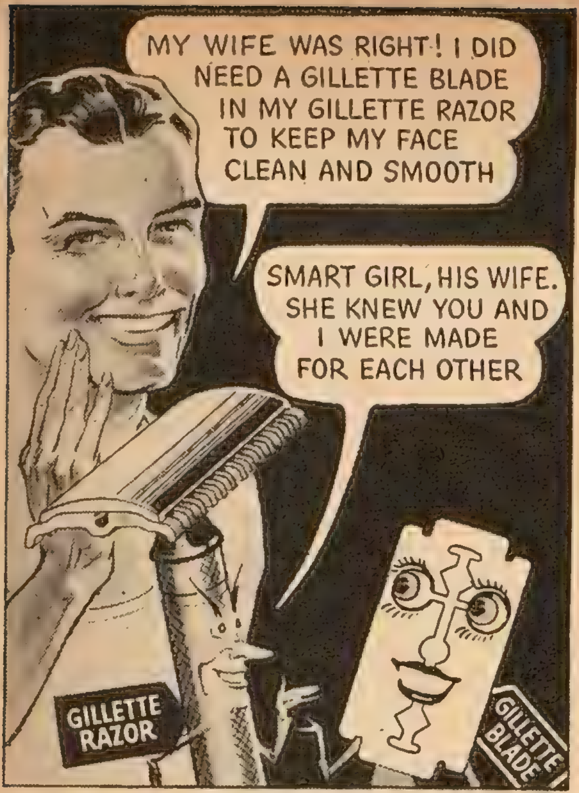
The Mint is Lawrence's story of his days, in 1922, at the Uxbridge depot. It is the What Price Glory? of England's Royal Air Force. Though its subject matter robs it of the sweep and import of his widely acclaimed The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, the artistry of Lawrence and his uncompromising honesty have produced characterizations that are destined to make a place for themselves in the pages of realistic literature.

In the opening chapter of The Mint we come upon immediate drama.

Hungry, almost penniless, a blond young man stands before the door of the R. A. F. recruiting office. Four years before, while still in his twenties, this blue-eyed Englishman had amalgamated the wild nomad tribes of Arabia—an incredible feat for an unbeliever—and in a series of courageous and spectacular campaigns had driven the Turks from Arabia.

For these exploits the world sought to reward him, but he refused any rank higher than that of colonel. When fame came to him anyway, he fled. In the seclusion he loved he wrote The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.

Then came the day which forms the opening chapter of The Mint—the day this shy, strange genius stood, nervously jangling his fifteen pennies in one pocket, before the door of the recruiting office.


MY WIFE WAS RIGHT! I DID NEED A GILLETTE BLADE IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR TO KEEP MY FACE CLEAN AND SMOOTH
SMART GIRL, HIS WIFE. SHE KNEW YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
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But neither hunger nor comparative poverty drove him, finally, through that door. It was a greater—and spiritual—need. The time had come for him to don the hair shirt of social discipline. Too long had he indulged his love of solitude.

He told them his name was Ross. Though he was short of stature—only five feet three inches—and though his heart had been weakened by the strenuous dangers of the desert, he passed the medical examinations.

Assigned a number, 352087, and sent to the barracks at Uxbridge, he entered the "mint." Here the mold of discipline, sometimes senseless, sometimes cruel, would shape him into A/c Ross of the R. A. F.

Fifty-two chapters—more than two thirds of Lawrence's book—are descriptions of the life that he and other members of his flight lived in barracks, on drill ground, on leave.

In many ways, nothing like those chapters have ever been written.

From Lawrence's facile pen flows the roistering, cruel life of the barracks—fluid, warm, lusty, obscene. An Oxford graduate, master of a dozen languages, Lawrence captured every nuance of barracks life without ever becoming fully a part of it.

When, after 1950, The Mint reaches the general public, it will create a tremendous sensation because of the stark realism of its dialogue. Yet the most rabid of its assailants will be unable to attack the authenticity of Lawrence's portrayals. For all its wealth of blasphemy, profanity, and obscenity, The Mint is an honest and accurate portrayal.

Such men as the little foul-mouthed Cockney of Lawrence's flight, whose every other word was profane or obscene, are still common enough. The words, written as they were spoken—casually, half-humorously, and repeatedly—by very dint of repetition lose their shock. Though they cannot be repeated here, they are all present in The Mint—the blunt, homely, almost invariably monosyllabic words.

These men with whom the unhappy Lawrence lived so intimately came largely from the ranks of the unemployed. They had been teamsters, mechanics, sailors. They were earthy men—ignorant, if you will—full of the rough horseplay, animal passions, and low comedy of their kind.

To any one who has lived among such men there will be unquestionable authenticity to the typical incident Lawrence tells of Sailor, the huge ex-gob, who held aloft diminutive and half-naked Knobby and, with a few skillful strokes of a blacking brush, grossly decorated him.

His stories of two of the officers who made life miserable for the flight are matchlessly done.

One of these men—a sergeant—won the unanimous hatred of the men. He possessed a vicious and abusive tongue which he did not hesitate to use. Once he publicly accused Lawrence—who made a fetish of bodily cleanliness—of having neglected to take a bath. The sergeant ordered Lawrence, with Sailor and another private who had incurred his displeasure, out of line. Lawrence went meekly with the other two men, whose job it was to scrub him.

Sailor, possessed of an awed respect for Lawrence's vocabulary, implored him to use some big words that would take the wind out of the sergeant's sails.

The opportunity came soon after, when the sergeant, seeking to embarrass Lawrence, demanded that he reply to a meaningless question. Lawrence gave a reply that left the officer speechless and the barracks profanely jubilant.

When The Mint becomes available, you will find this incident—a superb and poignant bit of low comedy—on pages 109 and 110 in, I believe, the thirty-fifth chapter.

Lawrence's comrades hated official cruelty because it was cruelty. Lawrence hated it no less bitterly, but for a different reason. In his quiet wisdom, Lawrence realized that this brutality sprang from a sadistic source. He was quick to mark the tensed muscles and glittering eyes of those who were cruel.

The crude efforts of those who sought to humiliate him failed miserably. He was not concerned with himself; but the thing that brought him deep and gnawing agony was the realization that these officers, by their brutal conduct, degraded the country and air service for which they stood.

A one-legged officer, whose habit it was to strike with his crutch any one foolish enough to attempt to assist him into his automobile, was another who drew vitriol from Lawrence's pen.

Lawrence had an infinite capacity for kindness and fair play. It was not in his nature to inflict hurt deliberately. Though he rebelled, with his fellows, against the system that made such injustices possible, he knew—and acknowledged as he wrote—that the method of brutal discipline for discipline's sake had already become obsolete.

Despite his superior education and short stature, which should have been handicaps, he won the liking and respect of his comrades. He did this by the simple process with which he had won the respect of Arab nomads—by excelling them in those things in which they prided themselves.

At school and during his hectic days in the desert Lawrence had managed to obtain the solitude that he loved by remaining awake while others slept. But here, in the herd-jammed life of the barracks, he could find no solitude, though he was constantly lonely. He looked forward to solitary trips, on leave, to London. There, in the bustle of a great city, he came closest to finding the solitude that his shy soul sought. There he gained anonymity.

Constantly he found it necessary to be on guard lest his identity be disclosed. One puzzled superior officer, seeing the books he had in his locker, asked why he had joined the R. A. F. I am sorry I cannot quote Lawrence's amusing reply, which was promptly deemed unforgivable insolence by the inspector to whom he addressed it.

Though we have his own word for it that he was unhappy in his life at Uxbridge depot, it is about this life, in the first two parts of his book—Raw Material and In the Mill—that he has done his best writing.

All of the surface sordidness is there, honestly recorded. But Lawrence had too keenly a sensitive, too warmly human a nature to have missed the redeeming niceties, the fine — if clumsy — gestures of the rough-and-tumble men with whom he lived. His description of the manner in which one man would return the money lent to him by a fellow private is one of the most touching things I have ever read.

The last third of his book is concerned with a more favorable existence (there were hot baths available) in Cadet School, after his true identity had been learned at Uxbridge depot.

It was at Cadet School, too, that he purchased from an officer who found it too high-powered, too unruly, a motorcycle. On it Lawrence's strange adventuresome spirit found escape. On it, by day and by night, he roared desperately across the roads of England, the wind tugging at his fine blond hair as he forced the two-wheeled vehicle to a speed of seventy-eight miles an hour. He describes beautifully in The Mint one of those madcap journeys.

It was on such a journey that he was killed.

THIS, then, is the book, The Mint, which today is priced at half a million dollars a copy. Is it worth it?

Is any book worth half a million dollars?

Despite the comparative flimsiness of its theme, The Mint is beautifully, intensely, vividly written. It is a book that men will welcome—and read often. Both its natural dialogue—which inevitably will be tagged sensationalism—and its withering characterizations are priceless. Much of Lawrence's ever-amazing genius is captured in its pages.

Here, then, in The Mint are Aircraftsman Ross and his one-time companions. Here is the raw and lusty tale of his day-by-day association with men whose common clay lacked his immortal spark.

Yet in the story of that association lies much of the true value of The Mint. For Lawrence, as only Lawrence could, has told the tale of the men in the barracks and in its telling has reflected, as in a mirror, the most revealing and human picture of Lawrence himself that the world will know.

It is unfortunate that the world must wait fourteen years more to see that picture.

THE END

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(Continued on Page 56)

COLD COMING?

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to the Ladies

by

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

FROM the expressionless face of a lunatic professor who thought he was a turnip, Lillian Gish derived some of the inspiration for her playing of Ophelia's part in the John Gielgud production of Hamlet.

"I remembered that poor crazy professor," she says, "from my days in the old silent pictures, when I used to haunt insane asylums for real-life examples of helplessness and fear." Miss Gish is one of the very few actresses who have not felt obliged to make a beeline for the nearest booby hatch, to study the inmates, as soon as she found herself cast for the Ophelia role. She did all that long ago. And here's another trick she learned early in her career—one which may be of practical value to any of you who dream about going on the stage.

"For years," she told me, "I rehearsed my emotional lines in a pitch-dark room, with some one listening outside the door. In the darkness I couldn't see a thing. There were no distractions. I trained myself to let my voice alone bring out every shade of the thought I was trying to put over. If the listener outside the door failed to get it—I went on trying."

Lillian Gish is a devoted artist, a serious woman. By nature she's one of those slender types who diet to *keep* their curves instead of to lose 'em. Her straw-blonde hair falls down below her waist. "That's why I can't get plump," she says. "All my weight goes to my hair."

Avery Slack photo

LILLIAN GISH

● We were discussing Southern charm, Southern courtesy. The subject recalled an experience undergone by my father during his first American visit. One afternoon he received a call from the distinguished colored teacher, Booker T. Washington, and while they were talking father's secretary ushered in an elderly lady who seemed to freeze with dismay when she saw who was there. The secretary mumbled her name. Father didn't catch it, but presented Mr. Washington to her. For half an hour she carried on a lively, graceful conversation.

When she had taken her leave, father's colored guest inquired, with a peculiar smile, "Do you know who that lady is?" Father admitted that he hadn't any idea.

"That," said Mr. Washington, "is Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the President of the Confederacy."

Father attempted to make amends at a later time, but Mrs. Davis said, "Please don't apologize; I found Mr. Washington a most agreeable gentleman."

● High time we revised some of our girlish ideas about champagne. Most of us consider it a *party* beverage, think it must be served from an ice bucket, insist upon special glasses. Wrong! Good champagne made in America is less expensive than good Scotch whisky, need be chilled only one hour in your refrigerator, may be quaffed as well from an ordinary sherbet glass as from hollow-stemmed crystal. Real champagne lovers prefer to drink it at simple family dinners—clear soup, roast chicken, a plain salad, a sweet soufflé.

● A friend of mine who plays around with pseudo-mystic notions is enjoying her discovery of the fact that all the characters involved in Mrs. Simpson's three romances have names beginning with W, with S, or with E.

*W*allis *W*arfield first married *W*infield *S*pencer; next she became Mrs. *E*rnest *S*impson; now she's the "woman I love" of *E*dward *W*indsor. Moreover, the fortune that inaugurated her spectacular career in Europe came from the estate of her uncle, "*S*ol" *W*arfield. Every name begins with a W, an S, or an E. My mystic friend seems to find some strange significance in this. I can't see how it means anything—so I guess I'm not mystic. Sorry.

● Churchgoing women as a rule wear clothes made of better fabric—better coatings, suitings, dress materials—than are worn by their sisters and daughters who don't go to church. I have just learned this from a wholesale dry-goods dealer. He deplores our new Sabbath ways.

"When you girls went to church more regularly," he told me, "you all had your *Sunday best*, made of first-rate stuff. As soon as you got a new church outfit you relegated the old one to everyday wear. But you always bought your new clothes with Sunday in mind. That was good business for me. . . .

"Good business for yourselves, too," he added somewhat sternly.

● For spicy historical reading try Paul Rival's new book, Six Wives of Henry VIII. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

● A new treat, deliciously different, yet inexpensive, is this *peach cream pie* made of canned peaches. Line a deep-pie dish with rich pastry, lay in the drained halves of canned peaches until dish is 2/3 full. Put on a thick top crust but *don't* pinch down the edges. Bake and let cool. Remove top crust and fill up the pie with the following cream mixture: Pour 1 cup boiling milk over 1 teaspoon moistened cornstarch, add sugar to taste, cook until smooth and thick, then stir in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and a little almond extract. Cool before adding to the pie, replace top crust, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and shredded almonds.

Thumbnail Sketches

by Millie the Manicurist

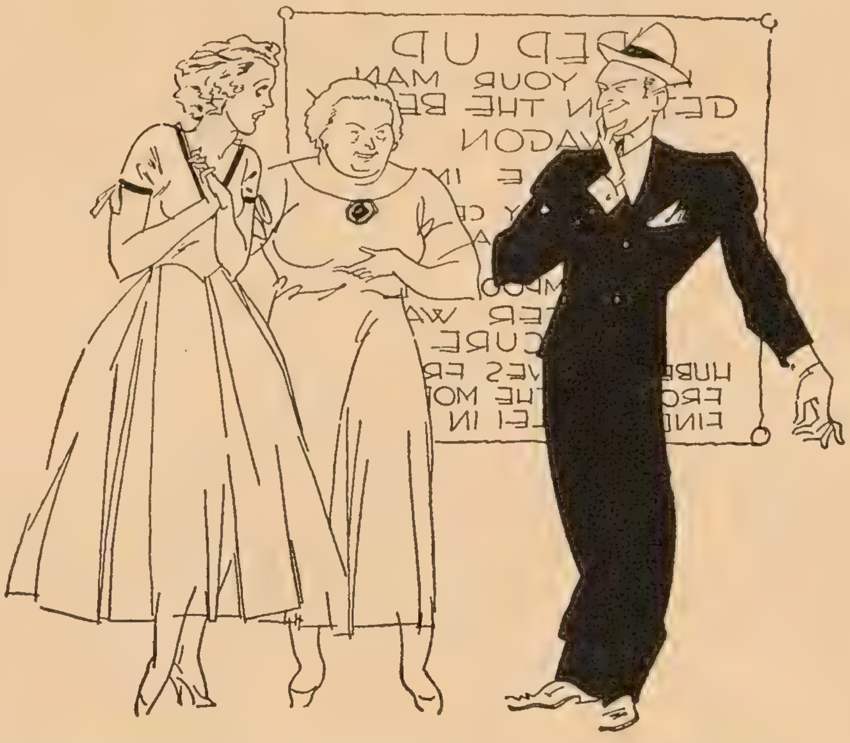
as told to DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OUR HEROINE ENCOUNTERS A PROBLEM IN PSYCHOLOGY AND LOVE

I WAS as green as a St. Patrick's Day cake when I went to get my first job. The beauty school where I took the course sends me up to the Bronx one morning to see a Mrs. Finkelstein at the Elite Beauty Salon.

I hops on a Bronx express, feeling kinda nervous. Suppose this Mrs. Finkelstein don't like me. I hadn't had any breakfast for the reason my finances are so low you'd have to be a contortionist to bend down far enough to find 'em. And somehow the outside of a girl whose inside is empty lacks that something that gets the girl the job.



Birdie looks me over from head to toe and then some.

Mrs. Finkelstein's Salon was between a butcher shop and a five-and-ten. A good location. If a lady was going to buy a hunk of beefsteak she had to pass by Mrs. Finkelstein's sign which read: " Pep Up. Hold Your Man. Get on the Beauty Wagon. Come in." And if she was only going to the five-and-ten she would still have to pass that sign. " For Ninety Cents," the sign went on in big red letters with gold outline, " Get an Elite Combination—Shampoo, Finger Wave, and Manicure. Hubby Leaves Frowzy Frow in the Morning. Finds Lorelei in Evening." That's what the sign said anyways.

The door rang a bell as I opened it and a large lady came out from the back of the Salon. " Good morning, dearie," she says. " What kin I do fer yer? " Gee, I was afraid she thought I was a customer. I asks for Mrs. Finkelstein, and she says: " Here is standing Mrs. Finkelstein in person in front of you. So what you going to have? "

I told her I hoped I was going to have a job.

" Oh, sure, sure, sure. You're the young lady from the beauty school. I thought already you were a customer! " She laughed. " Always I'm looking on the bright side. You got maybe some experience? "

I explains how the school lets you practice on people and they thought I was pretty good.

" So this is by you the first job, huh? Well, I think the uniform from Gussie will fit you good. Come try it on. Gussie left to get married, *kinahorrah*."

She took me in back of the shop and got out a green uniform. " Look, like the paper from the wall it fits! " she cried. " Wear it in good health." It seems I was hired.

" For money I pay ten dollars a week and you get half the tips," she says. This seemed fair enough to me.

Everything was swell until that son of an advertising man of hers turns up. The sign in the window was his idea. He was full of ideas, most of which was to get fresh with me. He comes back from a trip after I had been there a couple of weeks and romps into the shop like he owns the Bronx at least.

" Darlink Birdie! " shouts Mrs. Finkelstein. " I want you should meet Miss Millie, the young lady what took Gussie's place."

Darlink Birdie looks me over from head to toe and then some. " Gussie's place! Say, Gussie couldn't hold one two three with this cutie. Where'd you get her? " Like I wasn't even there he said it, see.

It seems Birdie has some new ideas for another sign to put in the window. " Look, mama, you got to get another sign," he says. " This one is dirty physically. It's bad psychology."

Mrs. Finkelstein sighed. " Ever since I send him to college he talks like that, so even his own mama can't understand him."

Birdie could talk about a good many things besides psychology. Most he talked about when would I go out with him. I says I don't want to mix business with pleasure, but for all his big words he don't know the meaning of a little word like " no," which I say very emphatic every time he asks me to go to dinner. One night his mother heard him. " So why don't you go out with Birdie and enjoy yerself? " she says. " You gotta have some fun in the world."

My idea of fun was not Birdie, but I didn't want to hurt the old lady's feelings, so I went.

Birdie spends the whole evening telling me he's that way about me and how we should run away and get married. " Mama would have a fit, on account of you being only a manicure," he says. " But what's the difference if we love each other? "

" If," I says, " is another little word that maybe you don't understand, but that's the whole point." But he don't get it. He can't understand that any girl would pass up the opportunity of marrying him. Can you beat some people for a superiority complexion!

Things went from worse to worse, and Birdie was sitting on my doorstep morning, noon, and midnight.

" Listen, Mr. Finkelstein," I says to him one night when I come home from the movies and found him parked on the front steps. " I'm telling you once and for always, I don't like you, I never will like you, and besides, you make me sick. So go away and leave me alone."

" You could lose your job for taking that tone with me," he says nasty like.

The next day when I got to the shop there was Birdie. He wasn't mad and acts like nothing has happened between us. " Come in, Miss Hard-to-Get," he says. " Oh, I know how you girls are. It's psychology to act like you don't like a feller. I understand, because didn't I take a course in college about it? "

" Where is your mother? " I asks plenty icy.

" She's coming late today. She had to go to visit Mrs. Rabinowitz at the hospital. She got twins last night." I start about my business, getting ready for customers, but Birdie keeps right on talking. Finally he says right close to my ear so I can't avoid hearing him: " Say, Millie, we gonna have twins when we get married? "

Check that COLD

IF a cold is making you miserable, do not tolerate this nuisance any longer. Simply put a little Mentholatum in your nostrils at once. It will soothe irritated membranes, help open the stopped-up nostrils, and check the sneezing. Also rub Mentholatum vigorously on the chest tonight. It will make you feel so much more comfortable.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

YES! CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER UNLESS REMOVED ROOT* AND ALL!

REMOVE CORN FOREVER
with this new, easy method

NOW you can discard old-fashioned home paring methods that make corns come back bigger—uglier than ever—with serious danger of infection and blood poisoning.

Use the Blue-Jay double-action method. Stops the pain instantly by removing the pressure—lifts the entire corn out Root and All in 3 days (exceptionally stubborn corns may require a second application). Blue-Jay is easy to use, invisible. Can't stick to stockings. 25¢ for 6—at all druggists.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. B-54, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

More Winners of Liberty's $1,500 Patriotic Game of Presidents Contest

(Continued from page 53)

90 PRIZES, $5

Enid Ackerman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edna Y. Anderson, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Bessie L. Arbogast, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Howard Atkinson, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. Floyd Banning, Pueblo, Colo.; George J. Barna, Kenmore, N. Y.; Mrs. Lester Barnhart, South River, N. J.; William S. Bender, Harrisburg, Pa.; Hedwig M. Bitter, Quincy, Ill.; Mrs. Sonia Boretsky, Charlotte, N. C.; Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass.; I. L. Bryant, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Ruth O. Byers, Miami, Fla.; Lizzie Carter, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. A. O. Childs, Knoxville, Tenn.; L'Nor Crosby Coffin, Siasconset, Mass.; Elizabeth J. Clair, Chicago, Ill.; Marion C. Clegg, Heber City, Utah; Marguerite D. Cole, Salt Lake City, Utah; Bess Curran, Aberdeen, Wash.; G. L. Darland, Pueblo, Colo.; Elizabeth Dedrick, Parker, Kan.; William G. Edmondson, Jr., Wheaton, Ill.; Stella C. Enlow, Denver, Colo.; Jacob Erb, Riley, Wis.; George T. Evans, Providence, R. I.; Susan A. Everett, Spokane, Wash.; Mavis G. Frissell, Middletown, Conn.; Jane A. Gasparo, Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Thomas D. Gebhart, Bloomfield, N. J.; Mrs. Fred Gonder, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. W. T. Grey, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Ethel G. Gutelius, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Helen Gutridge, Lynchburg, Va.; Elizabeth K. Haiston, Pottstown, Pa.; Chiles Harris, Montgomery, Ala.; Lysle P. Hawkins, Freeport, N. Y.; Alma Heflin, Spokane, Wash.; Paul Hilton, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. J. Russell Hite, Birmingham, Ill.; Mrs. W. C. Hollister, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Dorothy Ingalls, Laurelton, N. Y.; Mrs. Louise F. Jagerson, Neenah, Wis.; Mrs. Gustave A. Jansson, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mary R. Kiley, Portsmouth, Va.

Marie E. Kolz, Guerneville, Calif.; Estelle Laferte, Wichita, Kan.; Elmo Landers, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Paul K. Leuthold, Kasson, Minn.; Marvis Lynn, Los Angeles, Calif.; A. W. MacMillan, Manistee, Mich.; Jessie A. MacMillan, Onekama, Mich.; Frieda M. Marxen, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. O. A. Matthews, Bennettsville, N. C.; Emily L. Mayne, Osceola, Iowa; Elizabeth Mayor, Carthage, Ill.; Mrs. Ethel McCarty, Belle Plaine, Iowa; James P. McDonald, Readville, Mass.; Richard P. McGann, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Robert D. McGranahan, Anderson, Ind.; Thomas Meller, Chicago, Ill.; Olive B. Middleton, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Mrs. Amy Miller, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Don C. Minick, Toledo, Ohio; Edward J. Moran, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Blanche Muth, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charlotte Nevins, Tarentum, Pa.; Margaret I. Norris, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. A. A. Olson, Worthington, Minn.; Mrs. Oscar S. Perkins, Mission, Tex.; Mrs. D. R. Pommering, Norfolk, Va.; Andrew F. Quinn, Zanesville, Ohio; Marjorie C. Rhodes, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Frank Royer, Ludlow, Ky.; Emma Schutte, Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. N. B. Scott, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Sally Y. Scott, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Robert Shouse, Ellinwood, Kan.; Lucie B. Shryack, Macomb, Ill.; Ann Slattery, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dorothy E. Smith, New Haven, Conn.; Evelyn Sommerhoff, New York, N. Y.; Viola Stock, Grass Valley, Calif.; H. Tullberg, Negaunee, Mich.; Mrs. Z. William Tuinsma, Denver, Colo.; Emma P. Turpin, Memphis, Tenn.; Rosanna Walther, Columbus, Tex.; Mrs. Clarence L. Wilson, Rutland, Vt.; Minnie Witte, Richmond, Va.; Henri Wolbrette, Shreveport, La.

HEALTH BULLETIN

Relieve your cough *promptly!* When that rasp begins, take a soothing Smith Bros. Cough Drop (Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

I got so mad I threw a bowl of soapsuds I happened to have in my hands all over his new suit. When his mother comes in, Birdie is wiping off the damage.

"Didja hear the latest, mama?" he says, laughing. "Millie and I are going to have kintriplets as soon as we get married." With that he runs out of the door, leaving the poor old lady purple in the face.

"What is?" she gasps. "You and Birdie?"

"No, Mrs. Finkelstein," I says. "He was only making fun. We ain't going to have kintriplets. We ain't even going to get married. Don't take it so hard. I know you want Birdie to do better than marry a manicure."

She looks at me and two big tears come into her eyes. "No, Millie, you don't understand. You're a good girl. Better my Birdie wouldn't find. But Birdie must marry with a Jewish girl. Maybe you love him—how could you help?—but it can't be like that, please excuse me."

I DIDN'T have the heart to tell her I wouldn't have her Birdie off a Christmas tree. So I says: "Now, don't you worry. I'll get over it, Mrs. Finkelstein. But I guess it's better for all concerned for me to leave. I'll go now, while Birdie is out, and I'll move to another room so he can't find me."

She kissed me good-by and cried a little.

"Almost like a daughter you been by me in such a little while, Millie," she says, "but it couldn't be a daughter-in-law. You understand, Millie, how it is?"

"Sure I do, Mrs. Finkelstein," I says. "And can I come and visit you sometimes when Birdie is away? You been wonderful to me." And then I cried a little myself.

It turned out swell for me, because I walked right into the job at the Carson Hotel Barber Shop. Sometimes I run up to the Bronx and visit Mrs. Finkelstein and take her some flowers. She makes coffee and brings out some cake and says I'm a good girl to visit a lonesome old lady.

It seems Birdie flew away with a chorus girl named Sari Tanya, which almost broke his mother's heart. But when she found out the girl's real name was Sarah Tannabaum, she felt better about it!

THE END

Answer to the Puzzle on Page 36

All you have to do is to add the sum of the three pluralities (268) to the total of votes cast (1,648), giving 1,916, and then divide by 4, which gives 479, which is the number of votes received by Mr. Smith, the winner. After that, simple subtraction will give the votes received by the other three—471 by Brown, 403 by Robinson, and 295 by Detwiler.

As for the other definition question, a plurality is the margin over the remainder of the total votes cast. If, say, there are 1,000 votes cast and A receives 600, B 300, and C 100, A is elected by a plurality of 300 over B and 500 over C; his majority is 200, the difference between his 600 and the 400 received by the other candidates. In usual practice the plurality over C would not be mentioned, the plurality over the nearest rival being the only one stated.

The Gilded Cage Game

Dr. Naismith with the ball they used in 1891 and one of the first baskets.

It's America's Most Amazing Prodigy of Sport... Here's How It Was Born and Grew

by

DICK WILLIAMS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT was in 1891, on a bleak January day, when his young men of Springfield, Massachusetts, Y. M. C. A. Training School were full of spirits and rugged individualism, that Jimmy Naismith went into conference with himself and emerged with a new competitive sport.

He named the sport basketball. It consisted of a soccer football, two barrel hoops supporting peach baskets, nailed against the walls at opposite ends of the sixty-five-foot gymnasium, and just one rule: not to take more than one step with the ball in hand.

From that humble beginning Jimmy Naismith has seen his brain child assume the stature of the second largest paying sport in America. Moreover, basketball is now played in almost every country in the world. Eleven countries sent teams to the last Olympics.

Back in the early days, the colleges couldn't be greatly interested. It was in a professional way that the game took hold. The pros played it in a chicken-wire cage. There was no out of bounds. The baskets had no backstops. Shots were made directly at the ring—and a good tough slugger could go a long way in basketball.

But if Naismith's invention failed to catch on widely in the East, it was an immediate sale in the Middle West. Within a few years there wasn't even a rural school in the belt reaching from South Bend, Indiana, to Elkhart, Kansas, that didn't have a basketball team. The game became the foundation of all school athletic schedules. The only fly in the ointment was an inability to find gymnasiums big enough to accommodate the customers.

Leagues were organized and flourish to this day. There are about twenty prominent leagues in Indiana. The Arkansas Valley League in Kansas has been operating more than twenty-five years and in that time every school in the league has built at least two gymnasiums, some three or four, to keep pace with the growth of attendance. Crowds of as high as 7,000 have paid their way into Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, and Indiana high-school games. Such crowds are common in the Arkansas Valley League. College games draw likewise.

What was the matter in the East? Well, basketball was a strange game, played indoors. Down on New York's East Side, children in settlement houses began to play and produced most of the Barney Sedrans, Nat Holmans, and Johnny Beckmans of the old pro game. But the colleges didn't warm up to it, and the high schools were indifferent.

One trouble was that Eastern colleges and, naturally, Eastern high schools played the wrong kind of basketball. They played a slow, deliberate, defensive game, and the customers yawned.

Farther West, they played basketball on the theory that if you make more points than the other fellow, you win, no matter how many he makes. Quite often, too, some gaunt young man was caught in mid-air and hurled into the lap of a duchess in the fourth row of seats who previously had taken no part in the conversation. Now and then an arm or a clavicle snapped, but the customers cheered mightily.

Ned Irish, who woke the East to the game, and an Olympics elimination in Madison Square Garden.

There was another angle. In the East an opponent's person was inviolable. So was the ball, if he happened to have it. In the West an opponent in possession of the ball was Public Enemy Number One, and remained so until he got rid of it. He could be charged, he could be jostled, he could be bowled over. That sort of thing packed in the customers.

Ultimately there arose in the East a young liberator named Ned Irish. He had been a sports reporter. He'd never been in the West, but he had heard that basketball there was a gold mine. So he went to Madison Square Garden, conferred with the officials, and sold them basketball.

Irish promptly brought Notre Dame, Louisiana State, Kentucky, Alabama, Marquette, Southern California, and such teams into New York. Their pell-mell play sent the customers home talking. By the end of his first year, he had packed the Garden half a dozen times.

His second year he began to expand. He showed Philadelphia and Boston the Western teams, and they yelped for that sort of action at all times. He persuaded the officials to pull their punches somewhat. Whistle blowing is still a drawback in the East, but he has a plan in mind that involves a national conference of officials.

Meanwhile, he made basketball at the Garden pay bigger returns than hockey. He became a sort of deity among college athletic managers, and the logical general result was that basketball, formerly a liability, pulled up alongside football.

Mr. Irish picked the United States team for the Olympics—picked it in the Garden with a roaring final game between the McPherson, Kansas, Oilers Club and the Universal Club of Los Angeles, or Hollywood. The Universals won; but Irish sent both teams to Berlin and went along himself.

How about his finances? Not yet thirty, and chained to a newspaper copy desk only three short years ago, he is said to have increased his income to somewhere between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars a year.

Jimmy Naismith?

He's Dr. James Naismith now, a professor emeritus at the University of Kansas and honorary referee at all of Mr. Irish's basketball games, either in person or in spirit.

In fact Mr. Irish is thinking of petitioning Congress to do something about Dr. Naismith. Like giving him the Congressional Medal or something.

THE END

FLASH! from Pete Smith

Amateur Movie Contest
Entries to Be Returned!

In response to numerous requests received by Pete Smith, Liberty has agreed to Mr. Smith's suggestion that entries received in the Liberty-Pete Smith Amateur Movie Contest will be returned provided return postage is enclosed. PLAN NOW TO ENTER. There are still six weeks in which to prepare your film! For details on winning a real Hollywood contract and cash prizes, refer to back issues of Liberty, or send three cents in stamps for rules and official entry blank. Address AMATEUR MOVIE EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

See how easy it is to prepare a winning entry. Watch for WANTED—A MASTER, the Pete Smith Specialty originally filmed with a 16-mm. amateur movie camera —playing now at LOCAL THEATERS.

$1,500 CASH PRIZE MAN HUNT

BE A WORD DETECTIVE AND WIN A WORTH-WHILE PRIZE! YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN

THIS is the second week of Liberty's international man hunt with big cash rewards awaiting at the end of the trail. If you did not get started last week, begin right now. You still can get into the search and win. Read the rules carefully. Then find the name of one of the players who are listed below the rules, hidden among the places in Michigan and Nova Scotia. If the player's first name can be found in the Michigan list, the last name will be discovered in the Nova Scotia group, and vice versa. When you have this week's name run down, file it until your set of ten is completed with the closing of the contest. Do not send in individual names. If you have mislaid last week's issue of Liberty and need that contest page to bring your entry up to date, write for a reprint to the contest address in the rules and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When it arrives you can find the hidden name and be among the leaders.

MICHIGAN

Ontonagon, Freda, Hancock, Calumet, Laurium, Hubbell, Houghton, Gay, Greenland, Lass, Baraga, L'Anse, Herman, Antlers, Grand Marais, White, Bessemer, Wakefield, Ewen, Beacon, Ishpeming, Marquette, Emerson, Ironwood, Negaunee, Munising, Dollarville, Brimley, Sault Ste. Marie, Marenisco, Stambaugh, Sagola, Welca, Gwinn, Trenary, Raco, Pickford, Caspian, Blarney, Moren, Hessel, Goetzville, Raber, DeTour, Drummond, Norway, Metropolitan, Gladstone, Perkins, Cooks, Manistique, St. Ignace, Vulcan, Loretto, Spaulding, Blum, Swanson, Carney, Menominee, Escanaba, Mackinaw, Bliss, Cheboygan, Riggsville, Alverno, Grace, Ocqueoc, Liske, Charlevois, Petoskey, Rondo, Afton, Tower, Onaway, Hawks, Metz, Orchard, Norwood, Phelps, Boyne City, Trowbridge, Leer, Posen, Bolton, Cathro, Northport, Chestonia, Hallock, Elmira, Sparr, Hillman, DaFoe, Flanders, Leland, Bellaire, Alba, Gaylord, Hetherton, Atlanta, Tilotsi, Alpena, Keswick, Kewadin, Mancelona, Waters, Lewiston, Dana, Hubbard Lake, Bell, Empire, Solon, Bingham, Traverse City, Kalkaska, Frederick, Hardy, Paxton, Frankfort, Honor, Interlochen, Spencer, Grayling, Luzerne, Mio, Russell, Malcolm, Humphrey, Buckley, McGee, Roscommon, Glennie, Kurtz, Mikado, Onekama, Marilla, Yuma, Manton, Morey, Arlene, Beaver, Hale, Oscoda, Manistee, Cadillac, Leota, Alger, Quinn, Omer, Arenac, McIvor, Alabaster, Ludington, Baldwin, Evart, Clare, Gladwin, Esty, Worth, Saganing, Crump, Pentwater, Wiley, Lilley, Hawkins, Wise, Alamando, Larkin, Kawkawlin, Hart, Ramona, Morley, Blanchard, Winn, Mt. Pleasant, Bay City, Bach, Ruth, Whitehall, Grant, Newaygo, Jam, Merrill, Zilwaukee, Caro, Ubly, Argyle, Muskegon, Bailey, Sheridan, Sickels, Fergus, Saginaw, Burt, Clio, Jeddo, Grand Haven, Alpine, Palo, Ola, Elsie, Bannister, Flint, Lapeer, Lum, Harlem, Grand Rapids, Saranac, Ionia, St. Johns, Durand, Thomas, Emmett, Holland, Zeeland, Burnips, Mulliken, Lansing, Fenton, Holly, Romeo, Lyon, Saugatuck, Wayland, Hastings, Charlotte, Howell, Pontiac, Mount Clemons, Ganges, Fennville, Allegan, Lacey, Eden, Gregory, Brighton, Farmington, South Haven, Gobles, Plainwell, Cooper, Leslie, Chelsea, Plymouth, Elm, Bangor, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Jackson, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, Detroit, Benton Harbor, St. Joseph, Paw Paw, Joppa, Homer, Clinton, Milan, Wyandotte, Dowagiac, Flowerfield, Girard, Hillsdale, Sidney, Rollin, Adrian, Allen, Niles, Cassopolis, Jones, Sturgis, Coldwater, Hudson, Lula, Ida, Erie, Galien, Wallace, Holt, Klingers, Bankers, Linden, Waltz, Blissfield.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.
2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.
3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."
4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

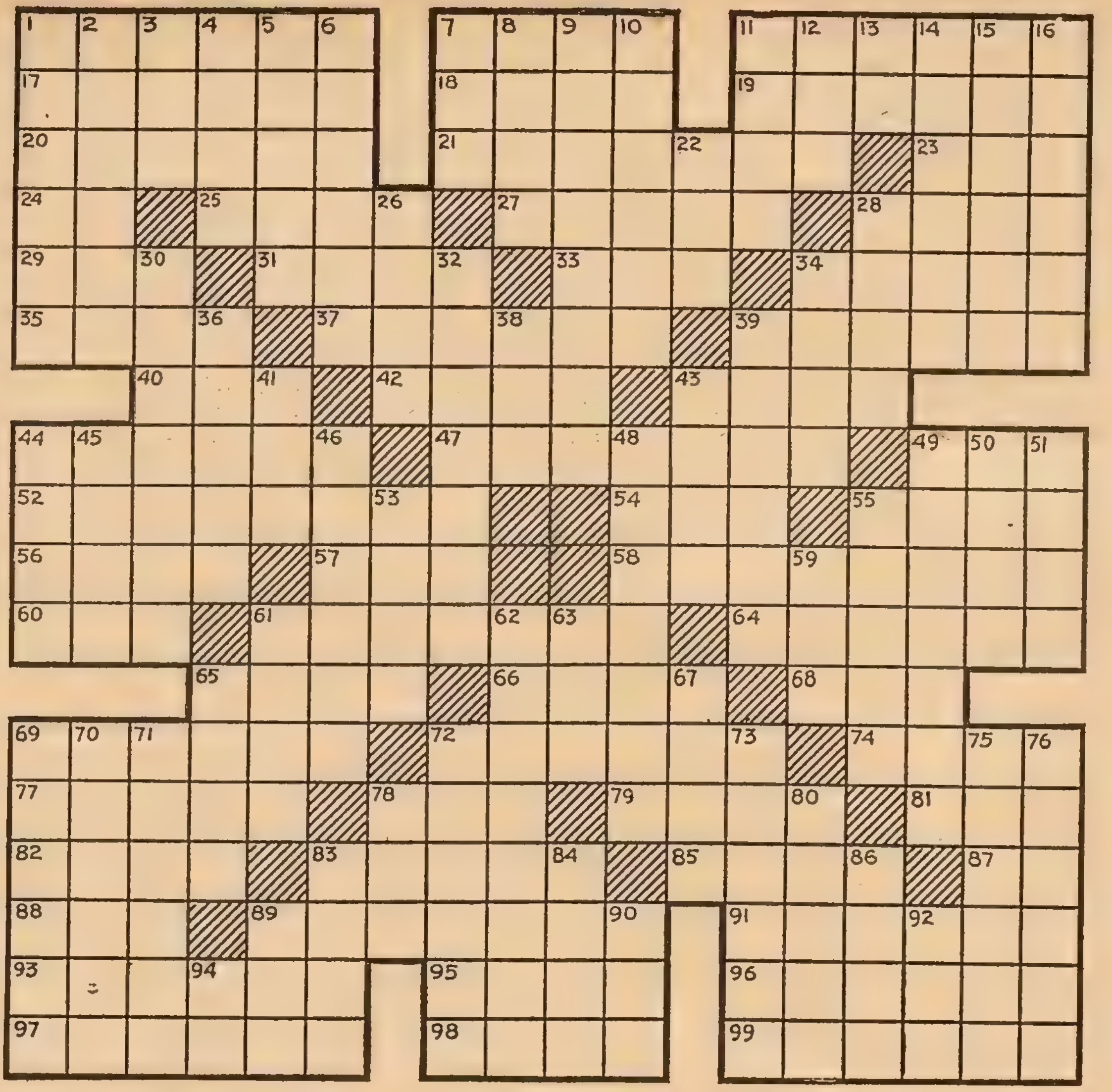
FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

CHARLOTTE HENRY
BARTON MACLANE
FRANKIE THOMAS
WARNER BAXTER
JACK BUCHANAN
SYLVIA SIDNEY
GRACE MOORE
ROBERT KENT
HELEN FLINT
CARY GRANT
LESLIE FENTON
NOEL KENNEDY
JACKIE COOPER
OLIVER HARDY
GRACIE ALLEN

NOVA SCOTIA

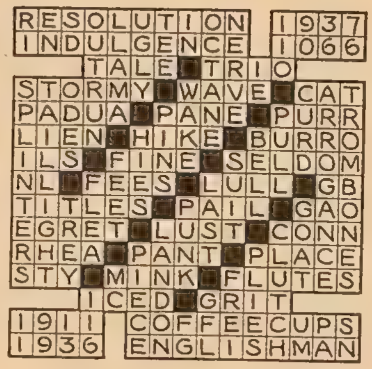
Tidnish, Northport, Amherst, Nappen, Maccan, Athol, Salem, Springhill, Leroy, Wentworth, Linwood, Port Phillip, Pugwash, Stone House, Central, Denmark, Hodson, Seafoam, Toney River, Sundridge, Trenton, Alma, Lapland, Barney, Dunmaglass, Sutherland, Doctors Brook, Georgeville, Livingstone, Lakevale, McPherson, Ohio, St. Andrews, Glen Road, Inverness, Margaree, Meat Cove, Finlayson, Middle River, Sydney, Dominion, Glace Bay, Catalone, Franboise, Louisdale, Heatherton, Dundee, Cleveland, Mulgrave, Medford, Afton, Morristown, Smithfield, Stillwater, Brookfield, Truro, Avonport, Gore, Noel, Windsor, Summerville, Pembroke, Cambridge, Walton, Albany, Grafton, Waterville, Alpena, Brickton, Milford, Weymouth, Warmouth, Freeport, Digby, Waterford, Barton, Corberrie, Norwood, Hebron, Troy, Sanford, Shelburne, Birchtown, Greenwood, Barrington, Knowles, Havelock, Hemford, Lantz, Pinehurst, Northfield, Bridgewater, Mossman, Middlefield, Bayside, Halifax, Dartmouth, Imperoyal, Tangier, Smithfield, Erinville, Ogden, Roach Vale, Boylston, Orangedale, Nyanza, Frizzleton, Ingonish, South Harbour, Cherryfield, New Germany, Colpton, Hemford, Nictaux, Lahave, Canning, Somerset, Kentville, Karsdale, Greywood, Wedgeport, Lunenburg, New Ross, Ship Harbour, Springhill, Jackson, Mansfield, Tenecape, Milton, Hubbards, Marriot, Seabright, Bedford, Grant, Meaghers, Torbay, Auburn, Sunnybrae, Mass Town, Baxter, Canard, Torbrook, Thomson, Oxford, Earltown, Trenton, Stellarton, West Side, St. Ann, Hammond Plains, Chaswood, Dean, Maitland, Sonora, Hays River, Glencoe, Port Hood, West Bay, Shinimeca Bridge, Goldenville, Brooklyn, Newport, French Village, Port Joli, South Victoria, Sherbrooke, Mosers River, Elmsdale, Aspen, Broadcove, Hubbard, Mahone Bay, Malignant, Shad Bay, Kempt Town, New Town, Addington Forks, Harmony Mills, Queens, Canso, St. Peters, Grand River, Spry River, Little River, Hawkesbury, East Ferry, Central Grove, Comeauville, Oliver, Grosses, Beaver River, Goff, Rockville, Wood Harbour, Round Bay, Shag Harbour, Hunt Point, Louis Bay, Eagle Head, Martins River, Chester, Peggys Cove, Sheeth Harbour, Kellys Cove, Seal Harbour, Larrys River, West Arichat, Lennox Ferry, D'Escousse, Etang, Valentines Cove, Grand, Point Cross, Cheticamp, River John, Hackett Cove, Wallace Bay, Arcadia Mines, Londonderry, Glenholm, Princeport, Green Oaks, Urbania, Admiral Rock, Stewjacke, Kent, Westchester, Wyvern, Moose River, Tatamagouche, Goshen, Glen Alpine, Roman Valley, Church Over, Jordan Falls, Eden Lake, New Town, Blue Mountain, New Grafton, Vogler Cove, Caledonia Mills.

C R O S S W O R D S



HORIZONTAL

1 An old man (colloq.)
7 On an occasion
11 Subduers
17 A bird
18 Weaving machine
19 Any living organism other than a plant
20 Flexible
21 Most stupid (colloq.)
23 Woman's name
24 A king of Bashan
25 Incrustation
27 Utter
28 Worry
29 Disencumber
31 Bonds
33 Craft
34 Wind instrument
35 Clip suddenly
37 Hinders
39 Compulsion
40 Billow
42 Talk irrationally
43 Lichen
44 Stellate
47 Esteem
49 Bird of prey
52 Sidewalk
54 Annoy
55 A smoke pipe
56 God of love
57 American general
58 Most indigent
60 Moisture
61 Make happy
64 Fathoms
65 Versifier
66 Wander
68 Born
69 Scatter
72 Spite
74 Frozen moisture in the air
77 Angler's basket
78 Kind of muffin
79 Sheep
81 Watering place
82 Move on wheels
83 Humane
85 Bags
87 Pronoun
88 Beverage
89 Descendants of Shem
91 Town in New York
93 Early Greek poet
95 Part of a wheel
96 Evader
97 Applauds
98 Flat-bottomed boat
99 A corrective



RESOLUTION 1937
INDULGENCE 1066
TALE TRIO
STORMY WAVE CAT
PADUA PANE PURR
LIEN HIKE BURRO
ILS FINE SELDOM
NL FEES LULL GB
TITLES PAIL GAO
EGRET LUST CONN
RHEA PANT PLACE
STY MINK FLUTES
ICED GRIT
1911 COFFEECUPS
1936 ENGLISHMAN

Answer to last week's puzzle

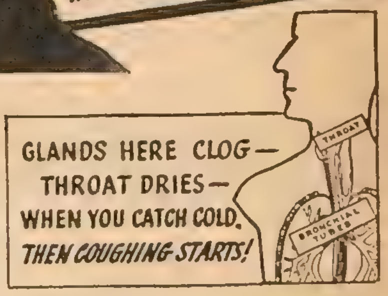
VERTICAL

1 Pigments
2 Inception
3 Obscure
4 Chunks (colloq.)
5 Choose
6 To attack again
7 Aged
8 Intellect
9 Likens
10 Smoldering ashes
11 Chore
12 Insect
13 Note of the scale
14 Come forth
15 Untangles
16 Tablet (pl.)
22 Corrode
26 Beverage
28 Peltry
30 Disclaim
32 Initiated
34 Bosom
36 French priests
38 Day before a holiday
39 Shortened
41 Part of the body
43 Lake
44 Hastened
45 A weed
46 Shouted
48 Warship's tender
49 Football teams
50 A deception
51 A seine (pl.)
53 Orderly
55 Ranks
59 Lair
61 Purpose
62 Theatrical
63 An eternity
65 Pare
67 Cuts down
69 A predicament
70 Verbose
71 Soften in temper
72 Forgives
73 Hole-enlarging tool
75 Thought
76 Soggy
78 Become sticky
80 Ascend by climbing
83 Possessive pronoun
84 Roman emperor
86 Poor neighborhood
89 Salt
90 Stitch
92 Poem
94 Perform

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD relieved Cough QUICKLY!

● "My cough was so bad," writes Marjorie Sheerin, Brooklyn, "I called a doctor. He said to take Pertussin. *Next morning my cough was gone!*"



GLANDS HERE CLOG— THROAT DRIES— WHEN YOU CATCH COLD. THEN COUGHING STARTS!
THROAT
BRONCHIAL TUBES

Your throat and your bronchial tubes are lined with tiny moisture glands. When you catch cold, these glands clog—their secretion dries. Sticky mucus collects. You feel a tickling . . . you cough!

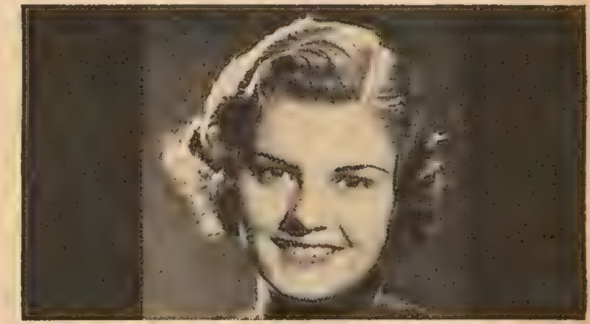
To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat's moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes good. Get a bottle now!

PERTUSSIN

30¢ *Prescription* FREE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AC-12
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send—at once—generous trial bottle of Pertussin—*free!*

Name____________________
Address____________________



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

FOR COLDS

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit

Salicon Tablets

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

At all druggists, or send for a free sample to K. A. Hughes Co., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Vox Pop

The Teachers' Oath a Step in Right Direction?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Under Two Remedies for Radicalism in Public Schools, in December 12 Vox Pop, Mr. R. E. Bennett of Athens, Ohio, a teacher, criticizes the teachers' oath laws.

Evidently he does not realize that when such laws are enacted there is always a reason. Here in New York State the reason is that our higher institutions of learning are largely "professored" by radicals who openly advocate communism, fascism, socialism. That similar conditions exist elsewhere is evidenced by the fact that twenty-three states of the Union have adopted the teachers' oath.

Teachers and professors are public servants, paid by the public that employs them. Why they should be sacrosanct and above the oath of allegiance is hard to understand. Why they should object is even harder.

What's more, parents, particularly mothers, have a God-given right to say not only who shall teach their children but also what those children, in the formative period of their minds, shall be taught.

The teachers' oath bill in New York was sponsored by the Interboro Association of Women Teachers of New York City, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, practically all patriotic societies, and all societies of various war veterans.

It was opposed by the American Civil Liberties Union and a following of radicals overwhelmingly of alien birth or alien parentage.

The teachers' oath does not cure the evil but it is a step in the right direction, and if it results in the elimination of even a few radical professors it is well worth while.

The persistent agitation for repeal shows that it is needed. Let us hope it is here to stay and that it is destined to become general.

Mr. Bennett proposes two remedies for radicalism in the schools: (1) to pay teachers better salaries, presumably so they can afford to be good, or (2) to close the schools.

At the age of seven I would have favored his second plan. Vacation all the year—oh, boy! But now, with more than threescore and ten behind me, I suggest as the easiest and best plan, (3) simply fire the radical professors and teachers and replace them with honest-to-God Americans.—*Oscar J. Smith, Spokesman, Teachers' Oath Committee, Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.*

SPANKED WIVES CLUB STIRS UP VIOLENT EMOTION

TOLEDO, OHIO—The Spanked Wives Form Club letter was the most intriguing in December 12 Vox Pop.

Personally, will confess that my other half has administered *several* spankings, with his implements of war ranging from hairbrushes to a shingle and his slipper, but will have to admit with Reta Rae and her tribe that it was "needed," and cleared the domestic tension as a thundershower does on a hot summer day.—*A Battered Buckeye.*

LA GRANGE, ILL.—In my opinion, there is something definitely inferior about any woman who admits she needs a spanking and likes it. The woman who cannot discipline herself and rise above spanking certainly must have all her mentality in the spanking region.—*Marion Wilson.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—Apropos the W. O. S. H. Club:

The members of this club merit commendation for their good sense and courage. It is refreshing, in the turbulent midst of modernistic (synthetic) tinsel and glamour, to find such wholesome recognition of the basic primitive laws of nature as the lady members of this club display.

Certain it must be that these spanking husbands perform this family chore with masterful thoroughness tempered with appropriately worshipful mercy.

The significant thing about it all is that the spanked wives know very well when they need to be spanked, and why. —*F. W. Peters.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—That all the cuckoos are not in clocks was certainly proved once and for all by the slightly half-cracked letter from one Reta Rae of Sioux City, Iowa, in which her club offers three dollars for the best spanking letter. By the way, was the prize money saved from amusement tax charged the hubbies for their fun? Surely the gals don't let the boys have all that exercise and entertainment free of charge.

However, what the twelve members of my bridge club strongly suspect is that there "ain't no such animal." We have a pretty good idea "Reta Rae" is an invention of a Liberty gag man who knows his Krafft-Ebing. Right?—*(Mrs.) Adele Doerner.*

[Editor's answer to Mrs. Doerner: Wrong!]

SAILORS ARE MALIGNED!

U. S. S. STURTEVANT—Lyon Mearson's Short Short, The Fleet's Out (December 12 Liberty), is one to be commended for its brevity but condemned for its—shall we say "slander"?

You see, the story conveyed a thought which for some time has poisoned the public's mind against the men of our navy.

The public reads with much fervor the stories about our servicemen. But the general run of the plots are either one of two themes—extremely hilarious and foolish, or very spicy.

These themes are entirely untrue. The serviceman of today does not enter the navy for the purpose of excitement or the old adage of "A girl in every port." He enters either to learn a trade to follow on completion of his cruise, or to broaden his knowledge of the world. There are also many other fellows, the same as myself, who plan to make this our life's work.

Our main objection to stories of this type is that they make it so hard to get acquainted with the right kind of people when we are in port. In most seaport towns it's practically a disgrace to be seen with a uniformed man.—*W. T. Shephard.*

MAGICIAN SEES HIMSELF AS A BOY

BALTIMORE, MD.—Congratulations on Liberty's cover for December 12. Magic bugs all over the country have gone through this same experience, and many of them will want to frame that cover.

It is true to life, with one exception: I used a derby; but the licking I received was very real.—*Arthur D. Gans, Maryland's Merry Magician.*

TO SNIGGER AND TO GLUG

SALINEVILLE, OHIO—The following quotations were taken from a single article appearing in a recent issue of Liberty:

"He had freckles the size of Victrola records."

"His eyes were like hot lime, and his smile gangrened."

"Her hair was like gilt paint."

"The babyish voice made Patsy's blood turn slightly sour."

"Dusty's big brown eyes were soupy with admiration."

"He was glugged with admiration."

"The center of a sniggering group."

If you are able to find the words "glugged" and "sniggering" in any lexicon, will you please state their meaning? And since you pose as an educator, let's see if you have the candor and intestinal fortitude to publish this in Vox Pop, in order that your readers, seeing them in a group, may realize the sort of drivel you are publishing under the name of literature.—*Sidney Daley.*

[Our dictionary gives snigger, meaning snicker. And glug is given, too, as an imitative word for the sound of water being poured from a bottle. Furthermore, Mr. Daley—who, if not authors, are better entitled to make words or create new uses for them? English would be considerably poorer without their inventiveness. Just think of the contributions made to our mother tongue by Dean Swift and Lewis Carroll alone. Look at yahoo, Houyhnhnm, chortle, to say nothing of Jabberwocky!—Vox Pop Editor.]

FORTY YEARS TOO LATE

Council, Ida.—In answer to Genuine Progressive, who advocates bridge at funerals (December 5 Vox Pop), I want to say that forty years ago in Ontario, Canada, I remember families baking two and three days before the death of a member, making preparation for "the wake," which usually lasted two days and nights.

I was told that on one occasion the dead man was propped up in a corner, pipe placed in his mouth and his favorite winter cap, the one with fur ear lugs, placed at the correct angle, while his friends and the neighbors feasted, drank, danced, and played cards. The widow got very hilarious and drunk.

How's that, Genuine Progressive, born forty years too late?—*Minister's Wife.*

INVITE EDWARD HERE!

Jacksonville, Fla.—Invite the former King here. A fair exchange is no robbery. They have Lindbergh, a king without a country.—*George H. Dale, a Man Without a State.*

TIME TO DEBUNK EINSTEIN

Kansas City, Mo.—Isn't it about time for the Vox Pop people to debunk Einstein? He has had his own way too long and gets away with it in fine style because no one can follow his dizzy "figgerin'." As I understand it, he claims that the universe is finite—that it is a certain size and no bigger.

All right; he can have his universe any size that suits him and any shape. What I want to know is, when we get to that outside limit, what's there? Some of us lowbrows may take a trip out there sometime, and would like to know when we get outside the boundary line.—*W. A. Logan.*

"AN ARMY OF ONE MILLION—"

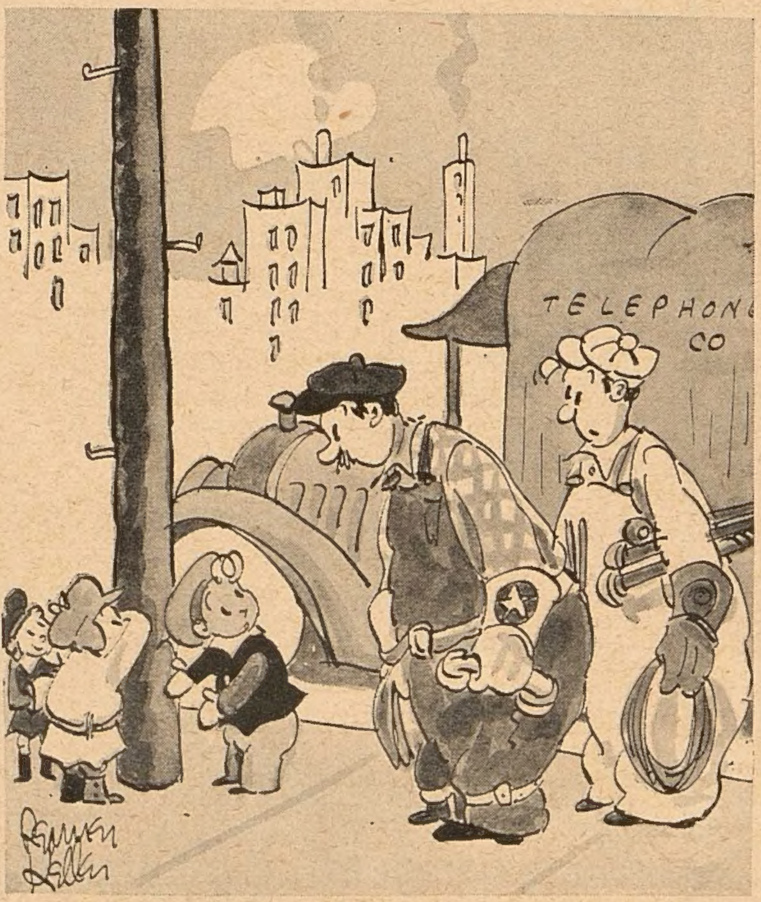
Los Angeles, Calif.—The editorial by Mr. Macfadden on the necessity of universal military training in the United States (December 12 Liberty) hits the nail on the head. If ever a nation needed such training, not for war but for peace, the United States is that nation. The lamentable lack of discipline among its youth today can be traced directly to the lack of such a stabilizing influence as military training. The value of such a course of training to the country would be incalculable in the protection it would give to the country as a whole; but the greatest value would accrue to the men themselves.—*Edgar E. Schliewen.*

Steele, N. D.—We should have "an army of one million," eh? Mr. Macfadden seems at all times to think that the only way any nation of people can keep out of war is to get such a large army that all other nations will be afraid of it.

If these old guys who are always advocating wars had to do the fighting, there wouldn't be any wars.

Just provide by law that no war could ever be declared (unless we were invaded) until and after the people had voted for or against it, and then have each voter sign his or her name to their ballots; and when the ballots were counted, hand out a gun to each one who voted for war, and see to it that they presented themselves as targets; and when you have done that, you have done more for the cause of peace than you would by keeping ten million men in arms.—*J. N. McCarter.*

"HARDTACK"



"Sorry, but you'll have to wait awhile—we're using this pole right now."

DOES A MAN LOOK LIKE HIS JOB?

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Yesterday I had some time on my hands in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and I sat for a couple of hours in the hotel watching people. A dignified-looking man came in and after glancing over the lobby went into the barbershop. I would have taken him for a professional man. In a few moments he came out wearing a barber's coat, got a drink at the fountain, and went back to his shaving.

The question arises, How much is depicted by face or demeanor? In that connection I am prompted to suggest a contest for Liberty. Suppose you print the pictures of a dozen men, each representing a different occupation or profession and selected over a wide area. Give each a number and then let us pick out the doctor, the lawyer, the beggarman, etc.—*Joseph E. Deupree.*

LET EDITORS BECOME CROONERS

Hope, Kan.—I flamed and fired upon reading Dr. High's article in December 12 Liberty! So Franklin D. Roosevelt will be "President of all the people" except the newspapers which opposed his re-election! Has the microphone supplanted the press as a molder of public opinion? If so, learned editors had better become radio crooners.

"Truth" in news reporting will be a matter of New Deal definition. Will American journalists become the mealy-mouthed nonentities they are in Italy and Germany? May God save us from that!—*Mrs. S. Kansas.*

WOODPECKER AND GRASSHOPPER

Viroqua, Wis.—After reading some so-called brain teasers in Liberty, especially the one about "cats and boiled eggs" in December 12 Vox Pop, I would like to accommodate the undersigned, Trebor P., in his request for more problems. So—

"If it took a woodpecker with a wooden bill ten minutes to peck a hole through a cast-iron doughnut on the Fourth of July, how long would it take a grasshopper with a spring-steel leg to kick all the seeds out of a dill pickle the day after Christmas?"

If any one can answer this one he is a better mathematician than any I have found so far.—*F. J. Sprosty.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

FARGO, N. D.—As Margery Maxwell, opera singer, phrased the words, "all things come home to rest" in Delreigo's song Homing, in a concert here, she stopped, waved frantically to the orchestra conductor, and gasped, "I've swallowed a fly!" Amid thunderous applause she left the stage, got rid of the fly, and returned to complete her number.

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Angelo Gianco had an alibi when he pleaded guilty to an auto-stealing charge before Justice Frank Day.

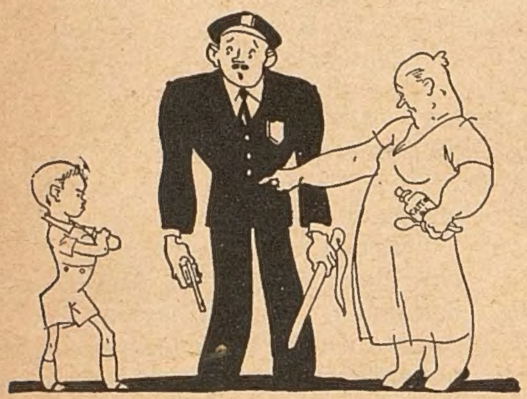
"I just got tired of walking," he said.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—The proprietor of a Harvard Square haberdashery was smoking a cigar when a professor entered the shop to buy a tie. He laid the cigar on a counter. His customer bought the tie, picked up the cigar, said good day, and walked out puffing happily.

ALBANY, N. Y.—When the State Conservation Department decided to enter the business of raising bait fish, Walter Smith of Troy applied for the job. His salary was 3,000 minnows a week.

SAVANNAH, GA.—A woman's telephoned cry of "Help! Police!" sent policemen hurrying to her home.

She wanted her six-year-old son put in the juvenile detention home because he refused to take castor oil.



COLUMBUS, IND.—As an inducement to attend Sunday school at a local church, a coat hanger was promised to every person present. At the end of the services a neat package was handed to each one. It contained a nail.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Roy Herbert was being treated at a hospital for smoke inhaled at a fire.

"Can I have a cigarette?" he asked.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Ted Mohlman told his mother that he had bought a thirty-five-pound pig.

When it didn't arrive by express, she wrote to ask why.

Here's the answer:

"I had to do a lot of night driving. Several times I fell asleep and drove off the road. Something had to be done, so I stopped at a little country fair and bought the pig for company.

"I tied a string around its neck and put it alongside me on the seat. Between trying to keep the pig from jumping out of the car and the car on the road, I managed to keep awake."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY STEPHEN GROUT

WHAT BECOMES OF HOLLYWOOD STARS?

Run over the long list in your mind for a moment —those men and women of the screen who drew their thousands of dollars weekly and the applause of other thousands nightly a few years ago.

Where are they? What are they doing? Have they held on to the wealth that once was theirs? To their luxurious homes, their expensive cars? Or are they—as so many in other walks of life—regretting the good old days before depression, struggling to "make a front" or even to keep the proverbial wolf from the door?

For instance: there's Betty Compson, whose photo is shown at the right; Mae Marsh, Seena Owen, Bobby Vernon, Frank Craven, Theda Bara, Louise Glaum, and hosts of others. How long since you have seen them or heard of them?

Nat J. Ferber in Liberty next Wednesday tells you what has become of these and others once so often in the public eye. The things that he found out in Hollywood will surprise you—some of them probably will startle you. Don't miss this thrilling and entertaining article!

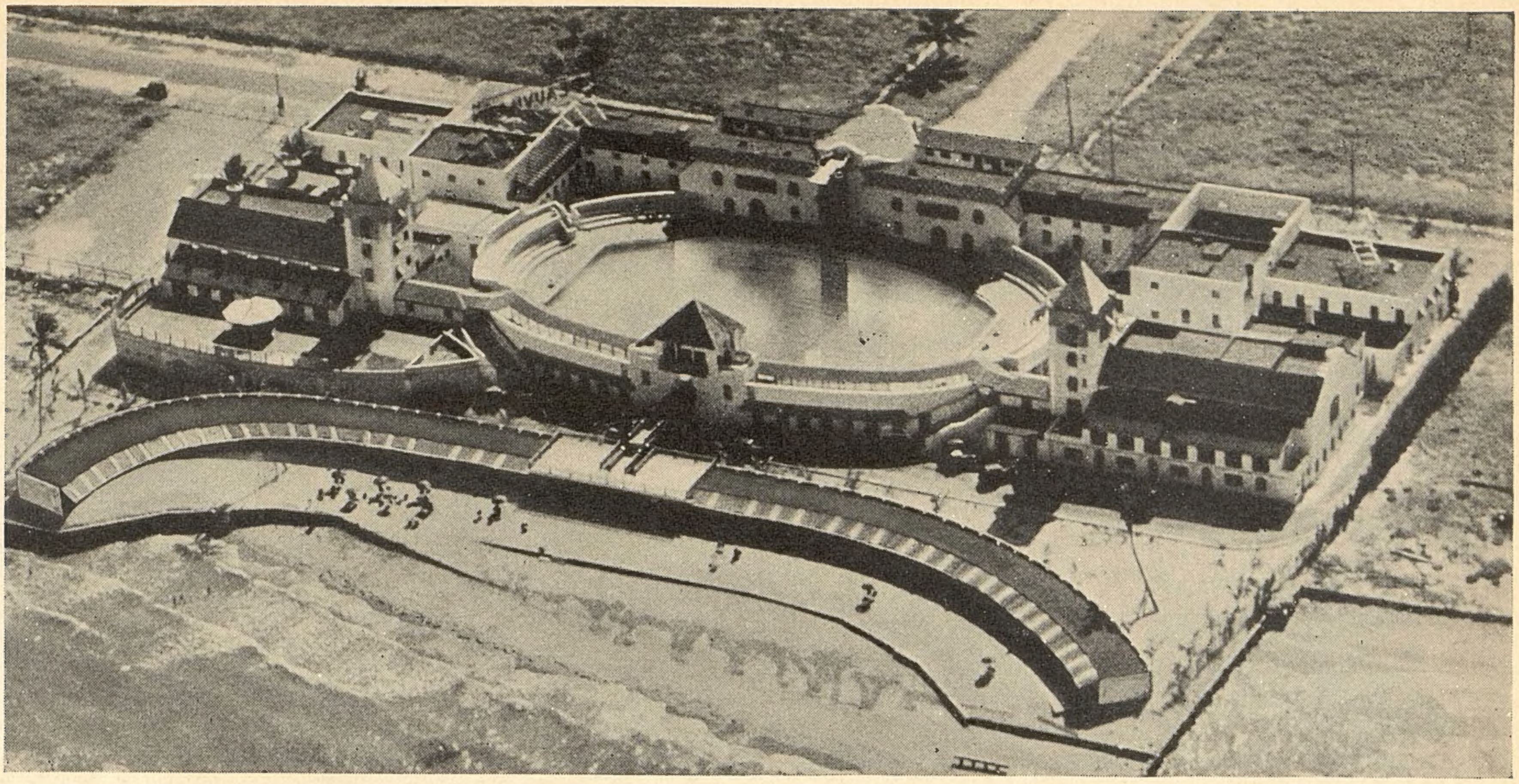
Is a Religious Revival Sweeping America?

Don't scoff at this question! Even though you have read how the churches are steadily losing ground, THERE IS a strong, well marked turn to religion quietly going on. Perhaps your next-door neighbor or the family in the apartment upstairs are members of this little-publicized group which already has made surprising headway in several foreign nations and daily is gaining ground here. In fact, so strong has the movement taken hold in the United States that a concentrated "drive" is due in the immediate future. Will Irwin has seen the workings of this latest religious revival at close quarters; he has talked to members and heard them explain its ideals and aims. He tells you all about it in an engrossingly vital article in Liberty next week.

Also stories and articles by Josephine Bentham, Norman Anthony, Dorothea Brande, D. Thomas Curtin, Edward Doherty, Corey Ford, and others

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JAN. 20

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday



Macfadden—Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida.

Make Getting and Keeping Well a Lot of Fun!

STOMACH trouble, Arthritis, Neuritis and Weight Reduction are our specialties. These diseases fade away when attacked by the latest discoveries in Physiotherapy, combined with Bernarr Macfadden's Physical Culture system of vital building as used in the MACFADDEN-DEAUVILLE Health and Pleasure Resort.

We have one of the most complete Physiotherapy Departments in this country for the application of natural drugless methods in the building of vitality necessary to drive out disease. Here we have the advantages that are given by the German Spas, with numerous other drugless methods in addition thereto. Here you are given food that builds dynamic bodily power. Here we use spinal Kinesotherapy that distributes energy to every organ that functions throughout the body.

This is not a sanatorium—it's a place where we make getting well easy and pleasant. Happiness is the dominant note—dancing—inspirational singing—swimming and specially adapted stimulating exercises help to give you the thrill of life that was yours in the days of boyhood and girlhood. Bernarr Macfadden believes that life should be mostly a joy fest with overflowing vitality; morbidity and monotony are then cast to the winds. Living in the "heights" is then possible. Write us for details of our system as adapted to your individual needs.

Macfadden-Deauville

HOTEL AND PLEASURE SPOT

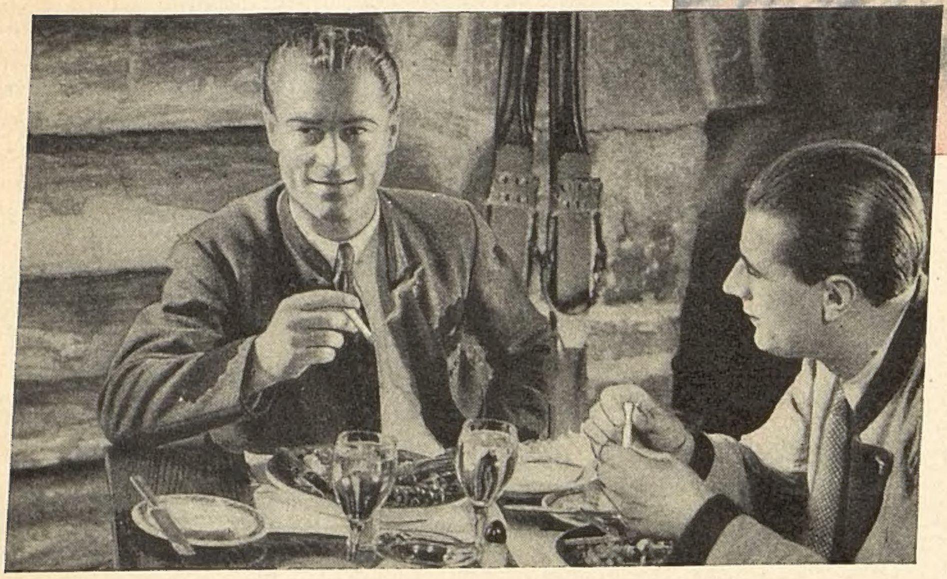
Collins Ave. at 67th Street, MIAMI BEACH, Florida

NEW YORK BOOKING ADDRESS -:- ROOM 1517 CHANIN BLDG.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

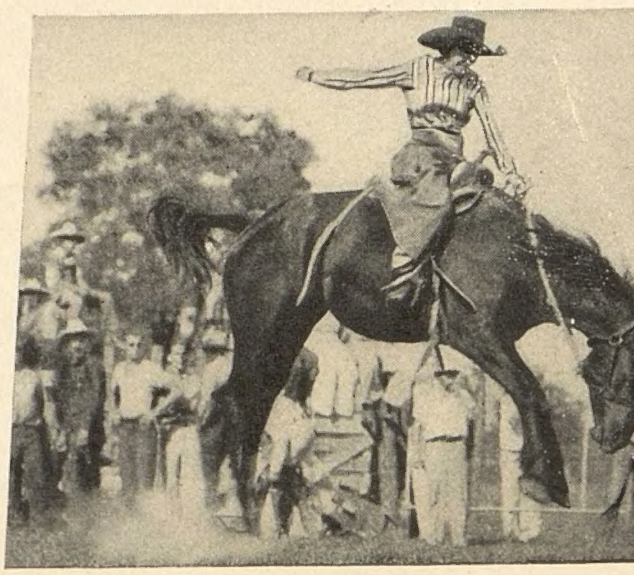
"That tells one big reason why I smoke Camels," says SIG BUCHMAYR, skiing wizard

"THERE are many hazards in skiing," continues Buchmayr, shown executing a difficult jump turn (*right*) and enjoying Camels "for digestion's sake" during a hearty meal (*below*). "Skiing takes a healthy set of nerves and good digestion. I smoke Camels a lot. I know they don't get on my nerves. And they help my digestion. I wouldn't enjoy eating as much if I couldn't smoke Camels at my meals and afterwards. Camels set me right! A Camel gives me new 'zip.'" Vigorous, active people count on healthy nerves and proper nutrition to see them through. Take your cue from them and make Camel *your* cigarette.



WHEN YOU SMOKE CAMELS at your meals and enjoy more Camels afterwards, digestion gets a welcome "lift." The flow of digestive fluids—the alkaline digestive fluids so vital to proper nutrition—speeds up. Strain and tension are lessened. And you have a delightful sense of digestive well-being. Camels are better for steady smoking. They don't get on your nerves—tire your taste—or irritate sensitive throats.

GIRL BRONC BUSTER. Alice Greenough's digestion must stand up under terrific pounding and jolting. "Camels are one of the big pleasures in my life," says this attractive rodeo star. "'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' is my rule at mealtimes."



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